

PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

JAN. 1923

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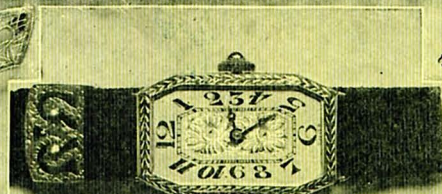
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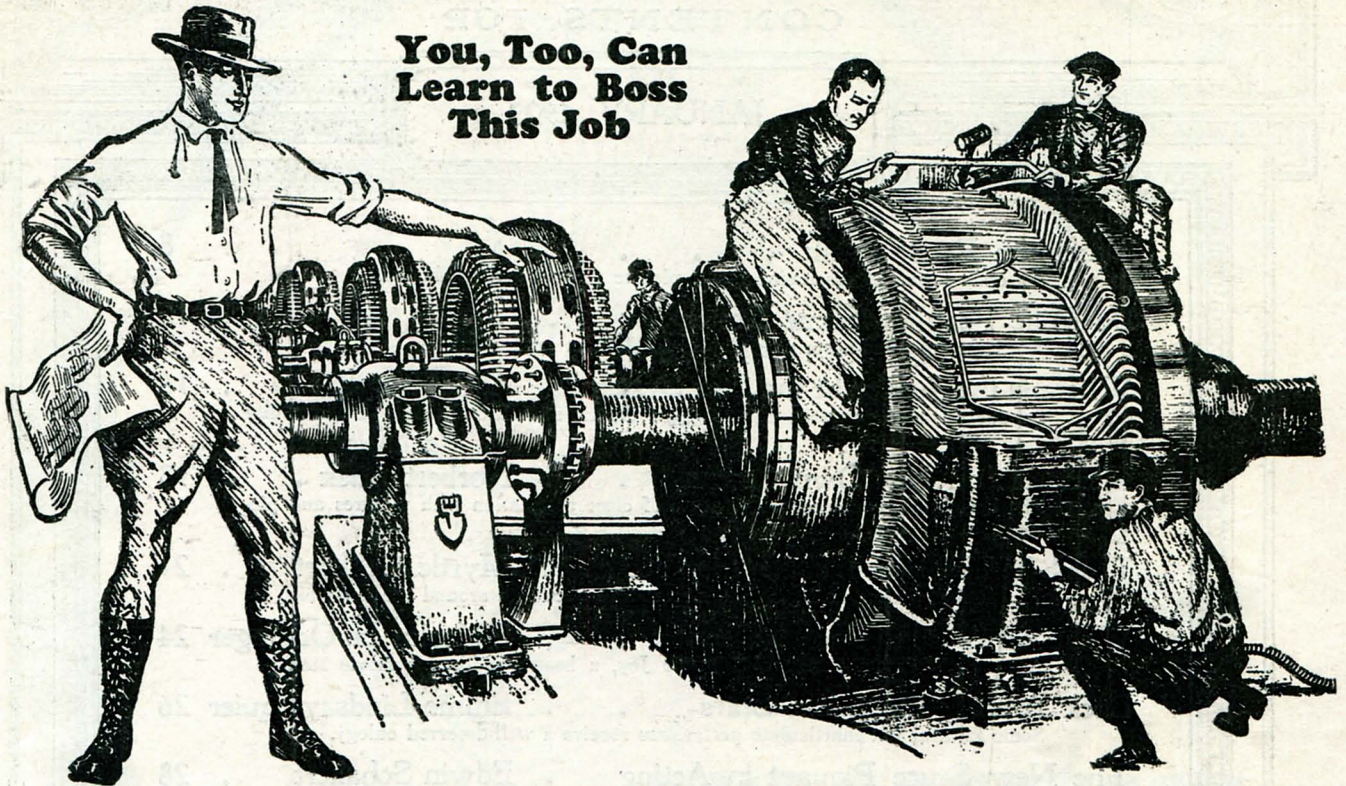
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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"Shopping" for the best pictures

THIS idea of shopping for their photoplays is gradually and surely taking hold of people.

Just the way they shop for suits, rugs or motor cars.

It may seem strange to shop for such a romantic thing as a modern picture but good business methods turn out as well in buying entertainment as in buying anything else.

When you buy an automobile that bears the proud name of one of the greatest firms in the industry you are sure of the finest.

Why? The name.

When you go to a theatre which is showing a motion picture made by the foremost concern in the industry you are sure you are in for a great time.

Why? The name Paramount.

Not only by the title but by the brand-name do the best theatres everywhere announce them—it is the pride of delivering the best.

Go "shopping" and get Paramount.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

A Few of Paramount's "Famous 41" Fall and Winter, 1922

Cecil B. DeMille's "Manslaughter"
With Thomas Meighan
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson
By Alice Duer Miller
Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson

"The Old Homestead"
with Theodore Roberts
A James Cruze Production
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play by
Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods
Scenario by Julien Josephson

Cosmopolitan's
"The Valley of Silent Men"
By James Oliver Curwood
With Alma Rubens
Directed by Frank Borzage

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"To Have and To Hold"
With Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
By Mary Johnston
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

Cosmopolitan's "The Face in the Fog"
By Jack Boyle. With Lionel Barrymore
Seena Owen and all star cast, including
Lowell Sherman. Directed by Alan Crosland

William deMille's "Clarence"
With Wallace Reid
Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy
By Booth Tarkington
Screenplay by Clara Beranger

Gloria Swanson in
"The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
A Sam Wood Production
By David Lisle. Adaptation by Percy Heath
and Monte M. Katterjohn

Thomas Meighan in George Ade's
"Back Home and Broke"
Directed by Alfred Green

George Fitzmaurice's "Kick In"
With Betty Compson, Bert Lytell,
May McAvoy
By Willard Mack
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

Some New Paramount Pictures Coming in 1923

Pola Negri in
George Fitzmaurice's "Bella Donna"
By Robert Hichens
Supported by Conway Tearle and Conrad
Nagel. Scenario by Ouida Bergere
Presented by Hamilton Theatrical Corp.

George Melford's "Java Head"
By Joseph Hergesheimer
With Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan
and George Fawcett.
Scenario by Waldemar Young

James Cruze's "The Covered Wagon"
By Emerson Hough
With Lois Wilson
Produced by the director of
"The Old Homestead"
Scenario by Jack Cunningham

Cecil B. DeMille's Great New Production
As yet untitled
By Jeanie Macpherson
With Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore
Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson, Pauline Jaron

An Allan Dwan production
"The Glimpses of the Moon"
By Edith Wharton. With Bebe Daniels
Scenario by Edfrid Bingham

William deMille's "Grumpy"
With Theodore Roberts and May McAvoy
From the play by Horace Hodges and
T. Wynney Percyval
Screenplay by Clara Beranger

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

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"Wanted—American Boys!"



THAT is the latest cry of the producers of pictures. Ever since the meteoric rise of Rodolph Valentino there has been a great deal of interest not only in this unusual young man, but also in other stars and leading men of foreign birth.

Now the producers feel that it is time to put forward some of the American boys who have been doing good work on the screen, and Helen Klumph, who has been visiting the West Coast studios for the last two months for PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, is going to tell you in our next issue what is in store for some of these young men, and what is in store for you in the way of pictures in which they will appear in prominent rôles. Among these coming juvenile stars which she will tell you about are Malcolm Macgregor, George Hackathorne, Ray Griffith, and, of course, many others. Everyone who likes to keep up with the ever-changing tendencies of the screen—and that includes every regular reader of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE—will find this article especially enjoyable.

No less interesting will be Agnes Smith's "Beauty and the Beast," which has to do with beauty contests, so many of which have been held all over the country with a chance to act in pictures as the goal. Did you ever wonder what proportion of the winners of these contests achieve success of any sort on the screen? You will be fully enlightened by reading Agnes Smith's article.

There will also be—but we must leave a few things to surprise you with when the next number reaches you. It will be one which we believe you will find especially interesting throughout.

The Secret of Winning a Husband

You may not believe it, but there is nothing easier in the world to do—once you learn how

MAN proposes—it is true—but who leads him up to it? Who indeed, but a woman! It is the woman who attracts, fascinates and captivates a man, who leads him on and on until he is filled with the desire to have her for his very own. The proposal is the mere culmination of her efforts. Yet it is all done so subtly, so delicately, that no one would think of accusing a woman of deliberately making a man propose!

Let us think a minute. Let us go back a bit and reason it out. A man is introduced to a girl. He is attracted to her by a glimpse of a pleasant personality—his interest is aroused. There is a desire to further this acquaintance, to know more of this interesting person—a desire to find out how sweet she really is. Acquaintance ripens into friendship. He finds her sweeter, more girlish, more bewitching than he thought any one person could possibly be. The more he sees of her, the more her charming personality is revealed to him, the deeper he falls in love, until finally he proposes.

How It Is Done

It does not seem possible that this could be the result of a plan—a deliberate, never-failing method of winning a man's love. Yet that is the truth.

Once a girl has revealed her charms, once she has brought into play her full arsenal of allurements, and has shown what a delightfully winsome disposition she has, men gather around her instinctively, eager to bask in her sunshine. Everybody—men and women—are attracted to a fascinating personality. People like to be associated with women who are cheerful, lovable, women who attract others to them by the sheer force of their personality.

To be fascinating, to be able to hold the interest and inspire the love of a man is merely the result of developing an inherited, instinctive power that is in every woman. It is simply the ability to reveal all your beauty of character, all your sweetness and womanliness in such a delicate, enchanting manner that you will be instantly recognized as an unusual and delightful person.

How You Can Develop Your Charm

Every girl and woman has within her the power of revealing to the fullest her charm and daintiness. And it is the revelation of her full, enchanting womanhood that holds a man's interest and inspires his love.

Many women are not conscious they possess this power; they know that they are pleasing to men, that men seek their company and they are popular, yet they have found no clue to the reason of their popularity. Others are conscious of this wonderful power and have cultivated and broadened it to the fullest extent.

The large majority of girls, however, do not realize that they have, right at their fingertips, waiting to be put to use, waiting to be cultivated and developed, a personality of irresistible loveliness.

Men are attracted to a woman who is completely feminine—a woman deep, mysterious, enchanting, lovable. When they recognize in any one woman a trait particularly feminine they invariably stop and pay tribute. Once you possess these powers of fascination, nothing is impossible. Once

Do You Know—

The five stages of winning a man?
The quality that inspires love?
Why men are hard to win?
Three qualities in men through which they are always won?
The stratagems that win the notice of men?
Six ways to increase the man's interest?
How the hesitating man is brought to action?
Three ways to inspire the proposal?
How to win favorable notice?
How to remove the obstacles to marriage?
How a long engagement becomes a short time?
How most men propose?
Where and how to meet men?

you disclose how much of a woman you are—that you possess every trait that is ideally feminine, you will find yourself sought after, popular, showered with attention and love.

The Art of Attracting Men

The secret of developing these powers of fascination, which every woman possesses, is revealed for the first time completely in a delightfully interesting set of books called "The Art of Attracting Men." These books cover every possible phase of fascinating womanhood. You learn many things you knew instinctively, but you also learn things you never before realized as the truth.

You learn what a man's viewpoint is of women—how it differs from your own. For you must realize, of course, that men have different standards, different methods of reasoning, and different likes and dislikes than women. What these are, are told so plainly and simply that once having learned of them, you will recognize them as true.

You will learn how to hold the attention of every man you meet, how to arouse his interest in you. And, most important of all perhaps, you will be told where to meet the right kind of men—men you are glad and eager to associate with.

Truly, this is the most remarkable set of books ever published—new, up to date,

authentic. Every example, every instance, every word can be put to practical test. There is nothing to arouse

your antagonism, nothing immodest in its teachings. It is a course in self-development for women and girls who are honestly desirous of meeting pleasant people, who are eager for good times, and who look forward to a bit of romance in their lives.

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Let us send you the complete course of "The Art of Attracting Men" for your examination and study. Read these books carefully, put their teachings to actual test. See for yourself how practical they are. Simply mail the coupon below. When the package arrives, in plain wrapper, deposit with the postman the small sum of \$1.97 (plus few cents postage) in full payment and the course is yours to keep, unless you desire to return it. If, for any reason you wish to return these books, send them back to us within three days and your money will be refunded instantly.

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WHAT THE FANS THINK



"Snap Out of It, Wallie!"

I HAVE been a fan since the days when Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe were the main thoughts in most schoolgirls' heads, so I feel that I can call myself an old-timer. And as an old-timer I want to register a little grievance.

Years ago Lasky was featuring a charming young chap—handsome and altogether likable—a chap who had wonderful gray eyes and a whimsical mouth—a great deal like a little boy who will never quite grow up. I watched him step right along doing good pictures such as "Charm Lady" with Cleo Ridgley—lately lost somewhere in the crowd of newcomers—then came pictures with Geraldine Farrar, in all of which Wallie's work was well worth while. But, all at once Paramount began to feature him with that inevitable automobile and he seemed to begin to lose personality. More and more of these auto pictures were produced with less and less of the old Wallie present. Then a big change—"Peter Ibbetson" was released, and it immediately drew favorable comment from able critics. Many were loud in the praise of his acting and some went so far as to predict a future not unlike that of John Barrymore.

But alas—yesterday I saw "The Dictator" and was sorely disappointed. *Something of his old spontaneous manner is gone.* His mouth is still whimsical, but his eyes look very tired and bored to death with everything. I wonder whether it's his own fault or the director's? I wonder. It looks like total indifference on his own part to me. We all *know* he could do so much better if he tried. I will admit I am prejudiced in his favor—he looks so uncannily like my own brother who went West in 1918 at the big scrap on the Marne—he has the same eyes, the same whimsical grin of just a nice boy who loved adventure and found at last the right one. That's one of the reasons I'm so strong for Wallie, I guess. I go to see him and forget my loss.

I wish all the Reid fans would get together and say with one voice, "Snap out of it, Wallie! Step on 'er and show us again what you can really do!"

"OLD-TIMER."

2137 North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Too Many Sheiks.

I am one who does not care for Valentino or for the pictures in which I have seen him. I do not think they are good for our young generation, and I am not dead with old age, either. Just yesterday I saw "The Sheik of Araby," and a crowd of flappers came in like so many chattering sparrows—all apparently disappointed because it was not as exciting as "The Sheik."

I am all for the flappers and think they need something entertaining and exciting for their young blood, but something different from the "Sheiks" we've been seeing so much. Good luck to all our actors.

New York City

ADAM CENSORIS.

Some Suggestions for Producers.

I was very glad to find out through "What the Fans Think" that some of the players do read this department regularly. After reading their letters, I decided immediately that I would go to the next pictures shown in our town in which Mabel Ballin, Colleen Moore, or Betty Compson appeared and see if they didn't suggest to me something to write to "What the Fans Think" about.

Well, I've seen them all now in their recent pictures, and believe me, I have something to write about. I want to say that these girls are great—but what, oh, what is the matter with the producers? I wish *they'd* read "What the Fans Think" and find out that we are pretty thoroughly disgusted with the sort of pictures they give us. The stories have no character—no distinctive flavor. There is no style in the telling of them. And they are mawkish and sentimental. Whatever subtlety is put into the action by the players is taken out by the subtitle writer.

Why can't we have Betty Compson in a great part like "The Czarina," which Doris Keane played on the speaking stage in New York last winter? The answer to that, now that I come to think of it, is that the censors wouldn't stand for the *Czarina's* numerous love affairs. Well, then, why can't we have her in a film version of "The First Lady of the Land," a delightful play about *Dolly Madison*, which Elsie Ferguson played on the stage a few years ago? And why can't we have Colleen Moore in "Paddy the Next Best Thing?" And as for Mabel Ballin—well, just offhand I can't think of anything worthy of her spirituelle beauty and spontaneous humor.

RONALD DAY.

Great Neck, Long Island.

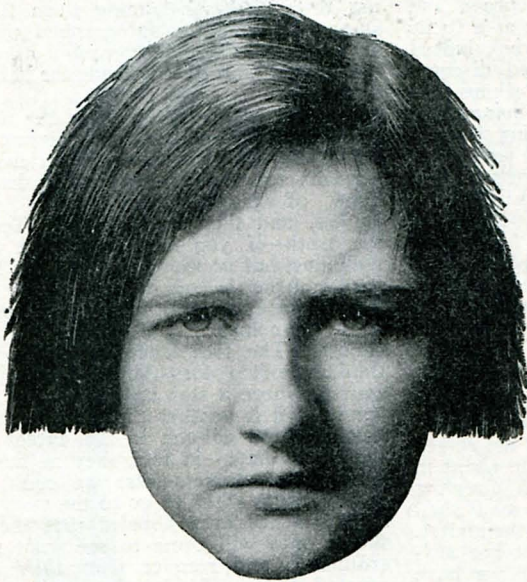
Two Sides of a Question: Do the Players Get Too Much or Too Little Appreciation?

I liked what Harold Lloyd said to Agnes Smith in your November issue. It is inspiring to hear an actor thus appreciative of the efforts of his fellow players—and what he said about critics was good sense not only for them, but equally so for the fans, who might well cultivate loyalty and appreciation. Of course we must look to the critics to point the way, and it doesn't help much when some of them would rather be clever than just; others honestly feel it part of their job to follow up violently the latest enthusiasm; and still others are just thoughtless. Too few are interested to watch and sympathize with the efforts of the players who are so well known that their work has become a standard—who are "old stories," in fact.

It must be discouraging to such stars, to whom understanding and approval still mean more than the public perhaps realizes. A Philadelphia critic, commenting on Wallace Reid's *Peter Ibbetson*, put his finger on a psychological fact when he wrote, "If Reid had been an unknown actor, his *Peter* would have made him

Continued on page 10

Permanent Wave Effect Now Quick, Cheap and Easy



New Liquid Discovery Makes Straight Hair Wavy, Soft and Wonderfully Curly

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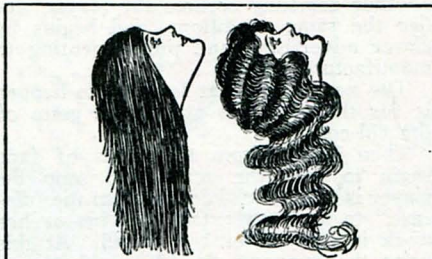
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life of the hair, but they produce curls and waves too artificial looking to be beautiful.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

famous." In spite of his public attitude of cheerful nonchalance, it must have been disheartening in the extreme to Mr. Reid, after giving a sensitive and sincere portrayal of an exceedingly complex character, to find reviewers more interested in his Marcel wave, and whether he could control his trick eyebrow, and quite unable to see him except as a facile light comedian. His recent work indeed seems forced, as if it reflected discouragement and depression. Perhaps because of lack of opportunity—in nearly a year he has been given nothing but inconsequential, warmed-over parts—but perhaps, also, because of the lack of that "friendly rat on the back, when life seems just one film after another," of which Harold Lloyd spoke.

The public really has its responsibilities—it behooves us to see them and live up to them intelligently and sympathetically. Washington, D. C. L. B. H.

In your issue of September, an article by Gordon Gassaway suggests that we movie fans write letters telling what is the matter with the players on the screen and that something will be done about it.

I believe the producers and directors only can fulfill that promise so I shall endeavor to tell what I think is the matter.

The majority of the players are suffering from a disease, which we have named the "col-con"—the colossal-conceit.

When a player of either sex is a beginner his or her thoughts are not so much of self, but of work.

But the player is promoted, given better parts, perhaps a lead, makes good, and then the trouble begins. Either the same company retains the player with a long-time contract and large salary, or another company secures the player, under the same conditions, and begins by clever advertising and press agenting to manufacture a star.

The next thing that is likely to happen is for the player to attract the germ of the col-con.

Then letters from thousands of fans begin to feed the germ, and soon the player is suffering violently from the "disease," to such an extent that his or her work is very seriously affected. At this point the company should be able to retire the player. But do they? They do not. They have spent time, effort, and money on the player and naturally they wish to reap the return they are entitled to. And so, since the player with the col-con keeps on, we, who pay our money, can only sit and watch them in the throes of this disease and fervently long for them to recover and be natural human beings, whose work we could really enjoy.

Now I ask any one to look fairly at the players they see constantly and measure them in this way. Ask yourself, "Has she contracted the col-con? Is he a sufferer from the col-con? How many can you find who have no trace of it at all? Those players who have the col-con remind us of spoiled children. When one sees a badly spoiled child, one usually looks for the cause, and the cause is nearly always an indulgent parent. Now the cause of the movie player's disease is an overindulgent public, the blind acceptance of all the press-agenting, all the bunk advertising, the personal-appearance speeches, et cetera. The producing companies and directors often do their share in "spoiling the child" by paying them such exorbitant salaries, and in sub-

mitting to their "artistic" temperaments. Self-appreciation is all right up to a certain point, but when it goes beyond the point it is all wrong. The public should be more conservative regarding the screen players, should stop spoiling them by writing them silly, mushy letters, sending them presents lauding them to the skies, accumulating autographed photos, forming clubs for the worship of some one player. All of this feeds the germ of col-con.

Now we come to the share the magazines have in fostering the disease under discussion. Too many interviews are printed; too many exaggerated descriptions of players—their homes, their clothes, and their amusements. Tell us the truth—if you dare—and give them their due, but no more. I think the long-time contract is bad, for the player then has a sense of security and can put it over the company and director as they choose. The free lance, to my way of thinking, often does the best work. Of course, where a star has his or her own company it is another thing. Some stars have not the col-con to the extent that the others have—in fact, they all have it in different degrees—else we could not feel it worth while to go to the movies at all. We are ever hopeful that the afflicted ones will come to see what their trouble is and recover from their self-created disease of colossal conceit.

K. M. CHAUVIN.

706 Riverside Drive, New York City.

This Sounds Like a Good Idea.

I'm annoyed. I've just missed seeing one of my favorite actors because his name did not appear on the posters outside the theater and I had no way of knowing that he had a rôle in a certain picture. Producers seem to think that only the names of the director or the star are important in advertising their productions. But I know lots of people who could not be lured by these, but who would go to see a picture because of a leading man or a character player that they liked. Why can't the producers print the complete casts of their productions in the form of posters and put them in the lobbies of the theaters where their pictures are shown? I'm sure such a device would bring a great many more people to the box office than the present method of advertising only the star's name or the director's. J. R. Q.

Niles, Mich.

"Every Knock is a Boost."

There is one sure proof that an actor is on the ascendancy and nearing the pinnacle of public interest: you can tell this every time when you begin to see a good many criticisms of the player.

Do the fans use your columns to hold debates over the second-rate stars? No. But when Mary Pickford was at the very height of her popularity they were arguing back and forth—not only in your magazine but in other columns all over the country—whether or not she could play child parts as well as Mary Miles Minter.

Did any one take the trouble to knock Gloria Swanson when she was an obscure Mack Sennett bathing beauty or, later, a Triangle star? No. But how the brickbats began to fly, as soon as she made a sensation as the central figure of the De Mille pictures. No one ever bothered to criticize Agnes Ayres when she was the "O. Henry girl," but since she

has become a big Paramount star—well, you know how many of your readers have been calling her "unreal" and the like. And was there ever such a storm raised about any players as about Rodolph Valentino, once he had swept the country by storm?

All this is simply to prove that when Ernest Graydon and others write to you to say that Marion Davies cannot act, or that she ought not to be a star, *they are simply demonstrating the opposite*. To have carried off the leading part in so marvelous a production as "When Knighthood Was in Flower" the way she did, in company with such a splendid cast of players, was a feat that would have taxed the ability of any star, and, as every one who saw the picture knows, she did it splendidly. I only hope that she will continue to have pictures of as high a class as this one.

MRS. HENRY R. WENWOOD.

Newark, N. J.

A Fan Who Differs With Our Reviewer.

I have just finished reading "The Screen in Review," by Alison Smith, for the November magazine. I was very much offended when I read the criticisms of Miss Marion Davies in "The Young Diana." I have been reading the magazine for a long time and think it the best of the screen, but I saw the picture and think Miss Davies *did* make a difference between the spinster and the young Diana. I am a great admirer of Miss Davies and I have also noticed that some of the stories she has had of late have not been so very good. "The Young Diana" was, I think, a very poor one. Marion Davies is perhaps not a *perfect* actress, but she does much better than Alison Smith indicated. I saw Miss Davies smile, but not enough to be criticized for. Every one must admit she is one of the best-dressed actresses of the screen.

I like your magazine and hope I will see no more unjust criticisms in it—ones that would spoil any good magazine such as yours. Yours sincerely,

NANCY MAW.

73 East Eighty-eighth Street, New York City.

Let's Make "Fan" and Fair Play Synonymous!

It seems to me that your November department of "What the Fans Think" is the sanest, as a whole, of any yet printed. The thing that has struck me most, during all the time I have been reading this department, was the *unfairness* of most of the fans. In so many cases they seem to have read something which they felt uncomplimentary to their particular favorite. Then they burst forth with ravings and abuse.

When I was young—much younger, that is, than I am now—my favorite was Marguerite Clark. I adored her. To me she was *quite* perfect. One of my best friend's favorites was Mary Pickford. She felt toward her as I felt toward Miss Clark. The jealousy which each of us felt for our own particular star almost broke up our friendship, for she repeated all the gossip she heard of my "crush" to me, and I almost *hounded* hers to discover something discrediting.

The criticisms of a number of the fans seem to me to be foisted upon us as a result of this same sort of jealousy. None of them seem to be able to like Rodolph Valentino and still have room for Wallace Reid. Why not? Why attack one merely because you like the other? It's a regular Chinese puzzle.

Personally, I don't believe that *such*



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criticism helps any one. If I were a star—a rather remote contingency, I must admit—I think I should utterly disregard all such letters, whether they praised or panned me. Also, I would disregard those without any name signed. I agree with Griff Gordon that *we should be willing to back up our statements at least to the point of having our names there.*

I also agree absolutely with Anthony A. Abbott in what he says about Leatrice Joy. She is my favorite actress, though I have had the opportunity of seeing her but three times. She is lovely.

And speaking of Leatrice Joy, I have seen "Manslaughter" and, oh, but I'm disappointed! The novel was splendid and Miss Joy and Thomas Meighan were splendid. But, oh, oh, oh! That scenario! Why won't the directors give us pictures that are like the novels? Those who like the two stars, and who didn't read "Manslaughter," will enjoy the picture. Otherwise—

I should like to give three cheers for all—or practically all—the contributors to the November "What the Fans Think." Nearly all of the letters brought honor instead of ridicule to the name of fan, to my way of thinking.

Come on, fellow fans! Let's be reasonable. We're all interested in your personal opinion, so long as it's reasonable, thoughtful, and just. So let's band together and make fan and fair play synonymous!

CLAYTON CALLAWAY.

262 Myrtle Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Praise for Tommy.

At last the "What the Fans Think" department has come to the notice of people who appreciate the natural, sincere, intelligent, masterful acting of Thomas Meighan, and place it above the tempestuous and sensational love-making of a young idol like Valentino.

I have watched your columns and waited for some one to sing the praises of Thomas Meighan, and finally Mrs. N. C. L., in the September PICTURE-PLAY, has expressed my opinions better than I can myself. It is his twinkling eyes and whimsical smile, as well as the pathos and remorse he so ably portrays, that endears him to many of us. What a fine, versatile array of plays he has given us—from "The Miracle Man" down through "The Thunderbolt," "Why Change Your Wife," "The Prince Chan," "Civilian Clothes." What a wonderful portrayal of the innocent convict he gave us in "The City of Silent Men." And then how fine he was in "Cap'n Ricks," "The Bachelor Daddy," and "Our Leading Citizen."

As Mrs. N. C. L. stated, his congenial marriage and high regard for his wife help to gain admiration and respect. One reason why your columns lack enthusiastic praise of this pair among screen actors is because his following consists largely of the more enlightened men and women of the country, who indulge in intelligent criticism and sincere admiration, but who are not inclined to write mushy letters about their hero. I, for one, would never dream of writing to him or asking for a photograph, and still my enthusiasm for his work is as ecstatic and staunch as that of any fan of the movies.

541 Sixth Avenue, Rockford, Ill.

From an Admirer of Toney Moreno.

I resent the extremely unjust remark about Toney Moreno made by Miss MacKenzie in "What the Fans Think" of the September number of PICTURE-PLAY.

Why hasn't Tony as much reason to be conceited as Rodolph Valentino? Tony is a more sincere actor, better look-

ing, has a better personality than Valentino, and can also play a variety of rôles. But Tony is too level-headed to become conceited. Of course, every one has a right to her own opinion, but need she draw some one else's name into it in such a manner? When Miss Shelly made the statement mentioned by Miss MacKenzie she certainly ought to have known what she was talking about, having seen them both.

Is it Tony's fault that Vitagraph held him down with poor pictures during a long-term contract? I feel that he is going to gain much popularity from now on, and when he does I am sure he will not lose his head.

I suppose the adorers of Rodolph will be very angry with me, but I believe in giving praise where praise is due. It would certainly be a great relief to his nonadmirers if they could see more praise about some one who deserves it and less about the latest idol.

HELEN LARKCOM.

3219 Eastern Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

A Cry for Better Stories.

After having read the fan letters in your October edition, I feel called upon to give voice to what I think is a reasonable complaint. It is the miserable quality of the material given to some of our very best stars that has struck misery into me.

Take the case of three varied but extremely competent actresses, Pauline Frederick, Anita Stewart, and Corinne Griffith. These women can really act or they would not have held their own with the fans despite the succession of poor stories that have been inflicted on them. Do you remember the wonderful things Miss Stewart did back in the dark ages when she was with Vitagraph? She still has the power to portray a good rôle if one were given to her, but there seems to be little hope of her ever having one again. The direction of her pictures is another millstone about the poor girl's neck. Vitagraph seems to have decided that Corinne Griffith is utterly incapable of playing a rôle which requires acting ability, so they diligently avoid giving her a rôle worthy of her talents. I believe that one really good picture would bring Miss Griffith into great favor with the fans. Pauline Frederick has, besides her undeniable beauty, more acting ability than almost any star on the screen. There were moments in "Madame X" and "The Lure of the Jade" when she rose to great dramatic heights. For the good of motion pictures Miss Frederick should be brought back to the screen and allowed to play in pictures worthy of her great talents. If the public is forgetting these old favorites and turning to newer faces, it is because the former have not received a fair deal as to the material for their productions. Can Agnes Ayres or May MacAvoy or Alice Calhoun touch Miss Frederick, Miss Griffith, and Miss Stewart at their best? I think not.

Louisville, Kentucky.

G. B.

What One Fan Likes.

There are just two kinds of pictures I really care to see.

The kind that I enjoy most is the type of picture that drives away my troubles, makes me laugh, cheers me up, and makes me leave the theater with the idea that life is not so bad after all.

The other kind is the serious picture, the kind that makes me think.

The first kind is to be enjoyed on the spot. When I leave the theater I most generally forget all about it, and if I

Continued on page 106



Elizabeth Thacher

A Housewife—

who found that *she* could do it

We Pay \$1000 and Royalties

to men and women anywhere, of any age, who can learn to write photoplays. A novel, free test, made at home, will tell you if YOU can learn as Mrs. Thacher did.

UNDER the new Palmer Photoplay Production Plan we pay a minimum of \$1,000 cash for scenarios which are acceptable for our own productions.

In addition, we pay royalties on the profits of the picture. This permits new, Palmer trained writers and photoplaywrights, for the first time, to share in the success of the screen stories of their own creation.

At the same time, we continue to be the largest single agency for the sale of scenarios to the great producing organizations of the country. They gladly pay \$2,000 and rarely offer less than \$500 for acceptable screen stories.

Yet the demands are far from adequately filled. These fortunes are actually going begging because many men and women, endowed with story-telling ability, have not discovered it. So we are searching the land for this hidden talent which we train for success in this rich field of endeavor.

We Will Test YOU without cost or obligation

THIS search is being tremendously successful because of a novel Test Questionnaire developed in collaboration with H. H. Van Loan, the well-known scenarist, and Malcolm McLean,

formerly of Northwestern University.

You may test yourself under this plan without cost or obligation. Send the coupon below. Your answers to the questions will indicate whether or not you possess the creative imagination which opens this rich field to you.

We hold your answers confidential, of course. If they indicate that you are endowed with this ability, you will receive additional information relative to the Palmer Course and Service, which will fit you for this work. If you are not so endowed, we will tell you frankly and courteously.

The Experience of Elizabeth Thacher

NOT long ago, Elizabeth Thacher, a busy Montana housewife, little dreamed that she was different from thousands of other housewives.

Yet she took Palmer training and soon wrote a successful photoplay and Thomas H. Ince was glad to buy it at a handsome figure—the first she ever tried to write.

Never before had she even written for publication. And, in fact, had no desire to write, until one day she saw an advertisement like this one which told of the opportunities for new and unknown writers of ability and training to earn rich rewards.

When shortly after her enrollment she sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince, she wrote: "I feel that such success as I have had is directly due

to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Know About Yourself

MANY men and women, like Elizabeth Thacher, have the ability to win success in this field. We are preparing qualified men and women, not alone for scenario writing, but also for positions of all kinds in the producing companies.

And many others, with no desire to become professional screen writers, are developing under our training their power of Creative Imagination, for they realize how much more success, in any field of endeavor, comes to those who possess this power, properly developed.

You may know whether or not you are endowed with Creative Imagination, if you will but ask for the Creative Test Questionnaire. There's no cost—no obligation. It may discover to you this gift that you will want to develop.

Perhaps your life holds stories which the world is seeking and for which the world will pay you well.

Mail the coupon. Test yourself. Know if you are wasting these hidden talents.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education, Sec. 1301,
Palmer Building,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me the Palmer Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.

*Washed 10 times with
Ivory Flakes*

Imported French hand-made blouse. Pure white crêpe de chine. Embroidered with silver thread, and delicate shades of blue and orchid.

Price, \$29.50

Though warned against *washing* this blouse, its purchaser confidently laundered it with Ivory Soap Flakes *once* (safe), *twice* (safe), *ten times* (still safe).

Still pure white, embroidery unfaded, fresh and charming as when it left the store.

"I have found it difficult to convince my friends that I have washed it *at all*," says the owner's letter.

(Blouse and owner's letter are on file for inspection in the Procter & Gamble offices.)



FREE

*This package and
booklet*

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 47 AF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Crêpe de chine? Wait!

First consider this test for laundering safety

CAN "good soap" ruin a delicate silk blouse or a chiffon negligée—or even a woolen sweater—in *one washing*?

Yes, of course it can! "Good soap" may not be *good enough*!

How, then, can you tell—*before* you run the risk—whether or not any *particular* soap is good enough—whether it will ruin your *really precious* garments? Of course, a white soap is needed. Here is a simple test that will prove soap safe or unsafe as easily as you tell night from day:

*Would you be willing to use that
soap on your FACE?*

Think of Ivory Flakes in this way.

At once you are *sure*, for Ivory Flakes is just Ivory Soap in flake form—the very same Ivory Soap that millions of women during two generations have found mild and gentle for the skin.

What a relief it always is when a woman first realizes that with Ivory Flakes she need no longer fear for the safety of her most precious garments!

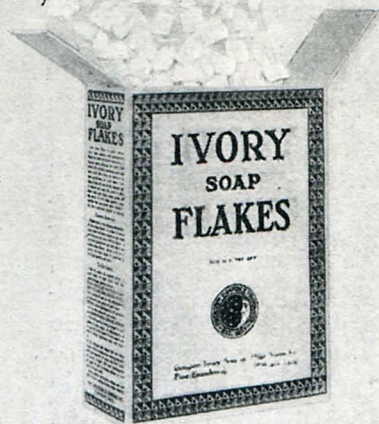
A teaspoonful or so of these delicate, petal-thin flakes; instant suds; a few moments of dipping and squeezing—and the gently cleansing soap has done its work—safely, yet thoroughly.

Ivory Flakes is *economical* enough even for the family washing, but it has that unique *margin of safety* which distinguishes its use for the washbowl laundering of exceedingly *precious* garments.

May we send you a small package of Ivory Flakes with our compliments and a useful booklet of washing and ironing suggestions? You will find the proper address in the upper right-hand corner.

*The full-size package of Ivory Flakes is
for sale by grocery and department stores.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

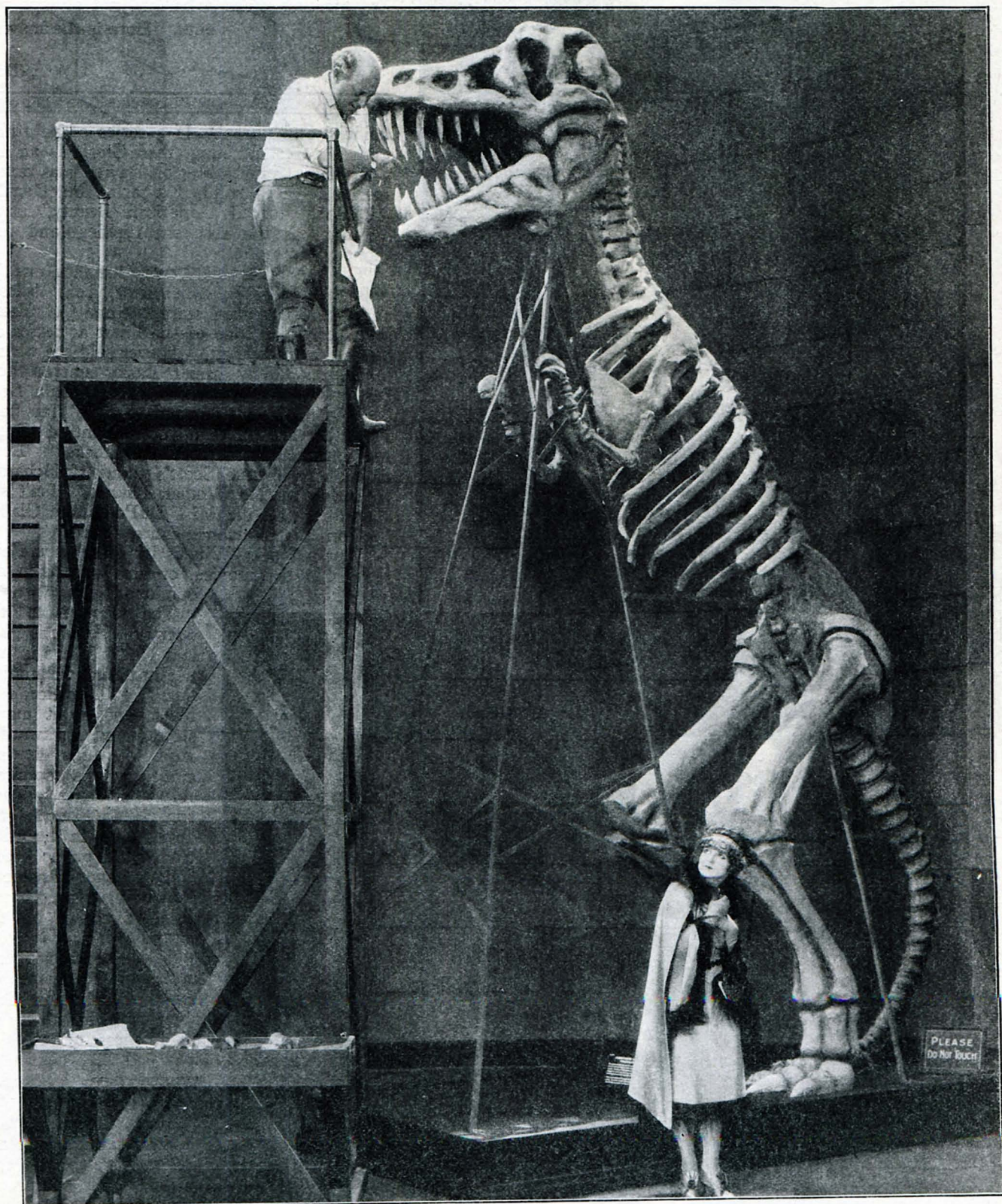
Makes dainty clothes last longer

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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DE MILLE FEATURES SOME BONEHEADS

APPARENTLY tiring of Babylon and ancient Rome, Cecil De Mille goes even further back in history for something new in the way of atmosphere to feature in his next production. An old museum where stand the skeletons of huge, prehistoric animals will form the grim, fantastic background for the blond vivacity of Pauline Garon, the new De Mille heroine.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Gloria Swanson was starred because she was a big box-office attraction.

I HAVE before me a letter from a motion-picture fan who, like most fans, is also a critic. I shall quote part of the letter because it represents the opinion of a great many persons who spend their quarters to keep the cameras grinding. The name of the writer of the letter will be omitted because I don't want the gentleman murdered by any prominent stars.

However, this particular fan writes: "My special grievance is this: Why are certain players starred while others with much more talent and every bit as much beauty are relegated to supporting rôles? Take such widely advertised stars as Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, and Katherine MacDonald. Is there any acting ability in the entire lot? Why is Gloria Swanson a star? To me she is the acme of everything

Lois Wilson lends excellent support to tottering stars.

Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes



Where is the the Star

Fans ask that question again and again porting stars who are not always re-ents. Here is the answer

By Agnes

artificial and unreal. If a series of painfully studied poses is acting, then Gloria is an actress of first rank. Marion Davies is as pretty as she is vapid, while Katherine MacDonald, the much-vaunted 'American Beauty,' is as beautiful as the rose she typifies—and just about as dramatic.

"On the other hand, why aren't Anna Q. Nilsson, Mabel Julienne Scott, Lois Wilson, and Grace Darmond stars? Anna Q. Nilsson is, to my mind, one of the finest actresses on the screen to-day; and whoever said she wasn't beautiful? Why hasn't Lasky starred Lois Wilson? Isn't her work in 'Miss Lulu Bett' and 'What Every Woman Knows' far finer and more artistic than any amount of 'Great Moments' and 'Beyond the Rocks?' Look at Mabel Julienne Scott's thoughtful characterization in 'No Woman Knows.' Isn't she superior to all the Miss DuPonts and Gladys Waltons that Universal can put forth?

"Again I ask, 'Why is it?' Isn't there any justice in the movies, or am I alone in my opinions?"

The answer to the query of the fan is "Yes and No." There is justice in the movie studios, but, like all justice, it is blind, and so it moves slowly and awkwardly. And the fan is not alone in his opinions. After evincing a taste for beautiful girls dressed in beautiful clothes, the public is now fiercely and insistently demanding higher standards of acting on the screen.

Since the fan critic has mentioned the names of some of our most dazzling stars, I shall try in all fairness to tell him why these particular women have been singled out for prominence.

Gloria Swanson is "artificial and unreal." And that is her attraction for a flock of admirers. When she first appeared in Cecil B. De Mille's productions, she was a new type; she was chic, bizarre, and piquant. Moreover, she wore extravagantly beautiful

Justice in System?

when they see skilled actors sup-
garded as players of great tal-
—frank and true.

Smith

clothes. And to give her full credit, she was a rather clever actress.

Why was she made a star? Because the producers found that she was a box-office attraction. Women—especially young women—went to see her pictures because she served as a useful fashion plate and because she acted as a sort of model for “easy lessons in refined vamping.” Strange to say, I have talked with few men who like her type—on the screen. Men are supposed to fall for sirens, but when it comes to picking a wife or a favorite movie star, they usually select simple, unaffected girls like Lois Wilson or Helene Chadwick.

If the peak of Gloria's popularity has passed—and many fans seem to think it has—it is because she has made no noticeable progress as an actress and because her rôles have lacked variety. She has failed to give the public that human touch that it wants in pictures; she still remains the gorgeous Gloria, and her costumes are wonder-



Photo by Abbe

The success of Bebe Daniels and a few others who had humble beginnings in motion pictures led producers to believe that it was good business to catch them young and star them suddenly.

ful. But she has been branded as “artificial and unreal” and her place in the De Mille productions has been taken by the more approachable Leatrice Joy.

Now for Marion Davies: Marion Davies has been both lucky and immensely unlucky. Without any considerable amount of previous dramatic training or experience she was taken from the Ziegfeld “Follies” and forced into a sudden stardom by a company of apparently un-

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

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Memories on My Own Screen

The third installment of a series of personal impressions of a group of famous stars seen—not through the eyes of an inter-
viewer—but through the eyes
of a fellow worker in the
studios; a point of view
most penetrating—
and illuminating.

By Norbert Lusk

Many actresses have had hats, perfumes, and the like named for them; but Mabel Normand stands alone in having inspired the coining of a new word to fit her personality.

IF you remember, last month I coined a word, "mabelescent." It may have explained itself by its nearness to the name of Mabel Normand. Then again it may weigh on your mind to learn that Noah Webster didn't share my fondness for her by creating an adjective in her honor. Anyhow, in my private dictionary it means "merry, madcappish, warm-hearted, true." In short, like Mabel Normand.

It was the madcappishness in her, perhaps, that spun the yarn about what Mrs. Woodrow Wilson said when they met. She vowed, big-eyed, that she was not flirting with facts, but tattling the truth. This is the story. Incidental details may intensify the spotlight on the general impression of her.

When Mr. Wilson was president it happened that a motion-picture matinee was arranged in Washington for the benefit of a charity in which Mrs. Wilson was interested. By means dark to me the picture chosen was Miss Normand's "Joan of Plattsburg." As an extra special super-de-luxe attraction the star herself would appear with it.

I don't remember how many thousands of dollars it was said her absence from the picture then in the making would cost the company. One was led to believe it meant financial immolation for some one; it was atoned for, however, by motives of patriotism—there were soldiers in "Joan of Plattsburg." Howsoever, Mabel didn't give a hang how much it cost. To prove it, she refused to accommodate herself and maid in the room provided for the day at the best hotel. Parlor, bedroom, and bath—or nothing. With a toss and a stamp she elected herself prima donna. Washington was congested, space was at a premium, but the suite was hers. For all I know a senator strolled the streets, homeless, that she might have it. Contrarily, she spent much time outside. Laughing with the telephone oper-

ators, to whom she gave candy lavishly, afforded her the comfort lacking in her rooms.

The matinee was a success. Mabel was solemnly presented to Mrs. Wilson by the manager whose awe of the two great ladies lowered his voice to a whisper, and drawn through curtains into the royal box. Then she appeared on the stage and captivated all by being her lively self.

"What did Mrs. Wilson say to you?" she was asked.

"Oh, she's having trouble with the White House help," Mabel averred. "Just can't do a thing with them. It's the war I guess, and they want more money like everybody else. She says I'm her favorite star."

This seemed singularly informal, to say the least, but as Mabel sulked on learning that she was billed to appear in seven other theaters, the matter could not then be pursued. She declared that her good-natured willingness to come had been taken cruel advantage of. She had, she said with burning eyes, been deceived. Worse still, she blamed me, forgetful of that chocolate cake more precious than pearls. I was silent, crushed. To this day I am in doubt of what Mrs. Wilson really said.

That night when she had made her last bow and blown from her palm the last kiss, on boarding the train she embraced all whom she had previously snubbed. She confessed she'd been rude, hoped we didn't hate her—she couldn't bear that!—and explained that the strain of appearing in person always made her nervous. And she had to have that suite because Mae Marsh was always given one!

It never was my lot to escort Miss Marsh on similar expeditions and see for myself. But a friend of mine did. The city chosen for a glimpse of "the whim girl of the screen," as she was then press-agented, was Buffalo. For all I know the star and her sister—who had confided to me that studying astrology and eating green almonds were the joys of her life—may have had a whole floor.

Photo by Mandeville



At any rate, instead of bubbling conversation as Mabel did, Miss Marsh copied the reticence of the clam. Except for remarks made from the stage she was heard to say not a word by the man who made all arrangements for her comfort on the trip. Stepping into her motor, the ice of her reserve did thaw.

"It's nice," she said in dismissal, "to be in New York again." Only that and nothing more. Oh, the Goldwyn girlies carried on life with a high hand! And they got away with it, too.

Not that Mae Marsh impressed me as lacking feeling. Rather she was shy, bewildered by responsibilities thrust upon her, and mindful, I suppose, of the sad fact that in her new work she was no longer under the magic guidance of Mr. Griffith. Also she was head of her family, a bounteous lady bountiful.

It was as difficult to fit her with rôles of a kind to bring out her quaint charm as it was to find a director capable of transferring this elusive quality to celluloid. Several attempts were made, then it was given up, and melodrama became her unhappy burden. She was wasted on that sort of thing. Knowing it, how could she have failed to be withdrawn and unhappy? In exchange for a colossal salary she was losing the precious reputation achieved in "The Birth of A Nation," "The Escape," and many short Biograph pictures, all produced by Mr. Griffith.

Still, when given half a chance Mae Marsh's delicate, wistful self came to the surface. In "Polly of the Circus," which took nearly a year to make, there were radiant moments. In "The Cinderella Man," an exquisite gem, she was superb. Small wonder, for George Loane Tucker made it a personal expression, writing the scenario and directing, cutting, titling the picture. It should be revived, lest we forget.

The story oftenest told of Mae Marsh's first experience before the camera bears repeating. In California she haunted a studio day after day, but always there was no work for the thin girl with too many freckles. This went on for a long time. The answer was forever "No." The last rebuff hurt more than any other. She raised eyes in pathetic appeal, and big tears brimmed and fell. At that fortunate moment a director passed and recognized in her all that she later fulfilled. The man was D. W. Griffith. Neither he nor Miss Marsh told me this, so it must be taken with a sack of salt. But it sounds as though it *ought* to be true, even if it is not.*

After her marriage to Louis Lee Arms, of the New York *Tribune*, she came to California to make her last picture for Goldwyn. She was a new Mae Marsh, brighter, more light-hearted and warmer than I had

*We doubt the authenticity of the anecdote. Miss Marsh once told us some years ago that she had read at least a dozen totally different accounts of how she got into the movies, but that not one of these was true. Apparently Miss Marsh's appealing personality made the writers of that day feel that something more poignant was called for than whatever commonplace facts constituted the real story.—EDITOR.



Photo by Mishkin

In the early days of Goldwyn Mae Marsh appeared shy, bewildered by the responsibilities thrust upon her.

Madge Kennedy, as she appeared in one of her early Goldwyn productions.



Photo by White

ever known her. Zestfully, even gayly, she finished her picture under the direction of Laurence Trimble. I knew that she had found herself. In love she was even happier than could have been foretold by her sister's most recondite horoscoping, and the arrival of her baby later on added more to her happiness.

Except for her intimates few know that Mae Marsh is a sculptress of real talent, and her voice, rich and flexible, is one of the few vocal gifts I've found in a studio that deserved the acoustics of a stage.

On the other hand, Madge Kennedy came to the studios with a stage reputation made right on Broadway. "Baby Mine," a farce known all over the world, was chosen for her screen debut. "Nearly Married," her second piece, was a better picture. I met her then.

Her success as a *comédienne* had been won in plays slightly risqué. Not to the extent such plays nowadays are, but seven or eight years ago they were innocently naughty. Much of the laughter she evoked came from the un-self-conscious way in which she said rather daring lines. All the more interesting, then, it was to see her off-stage and to find that her whole existence seemed to be guided by a book of deportment written fifty—well, at least twenty-five years ago. She was *that* correct!

Perfectly poised, perfectly modulated, perfectly dressed, perfectly punctual, perfectly controlled, perfectly interested in the task at hand, perfectly polite to one and all—had I not seen her trifling with a perfectly dressed salad I should have thought that, like an orchid, she achieved her beautiful perfection by living on air, sterilized air. Always a lady, a perfect, a pluperfect lady. One of her early films was "A Perfect Lady."

Yet behind the footlights she was a farceuse of the scampering school, with its lingerie, cocktail shakers, and twin beds. Ah, to know the players as they really are you must see them day in and day out in a studio rather than on the stage.

Miss Kennedy's perfection is very easy to look at and to listen to. She is really taller than she seems on the screen, while it is just the opposite with Mabel Normand and others, and her eyes are big and brown and bright. Seeing her small head framed inside a limousine you would never guess that she was a star bound for the studio or, for that matter, an actress at all.

A small dark hat, the smart simplicity of a Harry Collins suit, a frill, a bit of lace, and a pale olive face untouched by a fleck of make-up. Watching her alight you would think you saw a debutante of a very conservative family, or a sweetly serious young woman on her way to preside at a meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Flappers.

Naturally enough, as befits so gentle a nature, Miss Kennedy is opposed to the slaughter of birds and does her bit to curtail that crime by declining to wear feathers. She never told me, but I rather think she's a vegetarian, too. Her tender forking of a lettuce leaf points to that.

In California she had the drollest, most interesting pet it has ever been my pleasure to encounter in the retinue of a star. Usually "mamma" is pet and keeper combined. Miss Kennedy has a mother—perfect, too!—so her pet was kept in its proper place, the garage and the garden. It was an Australian kaola bear facetiously named "Oscar." Never have I seen an animal at once so curious and comical as he was. A face like an ant-eater's, the bashfulness of a fawn, and a monkey's agility. Oscar lived on eucalyptus leaves, so Miss Kennedy considerably left him where he could enjoy them whenever she came to New York to spend a week-end with her husband, Harold Bolster, called for short "Bo."

So far as I could judge this abbreviation was Miss Kennedy's only lapse into what might be called triviality. It stood for what was largest in her life, happiness in loving her husband.

Often at the Fort Lee studio, before California became the scene of action, I had cause to contrast the new way of producing pictures with the old. No longer was it necessary to consider how sparingly a picture could be put together. Here the rule was to do the work with magnificent indifference to trouble, time, and cost. Not how quickly a scenario could be rushed through and hurled, a strip of celluloid, at the public,

but how slowly, painstakingly, and how perfectly it could be done. This was the new order of things.

The aim was to appeal to the intelligent public. The principle at work in this case was the expenditure of more money than had ever been spent before. Beginning with the stars, who were the costliest in captivity, the tiniest detail in creating a chalice for their art was sure to cost more than the same detail had ever cost before.

I venture to say that if, as in the Nickel Age of the movies, an actor had tried to get by with tan shoes on the score that they would photograph black, he would have been sent away in a patrol wagon or otherwise banished from that gilded Eden!

Little wonder, then, that the starlings basked in a luxury undreamed of by my old-timers. Limousines choked the studio entrance, and pearl strings were forever snapping. Those humbler ones who came on foot had almost to step through somebody's car to gain the doorway. The dressing room once occupied by Rosemary Theby, who had in it the conveniences of ironing board, percolator, and a box of soda crackers, now cloistered objects of art from Hickson and Lucile, to say nothing of Mabel Normand's scented self. She seemed not interested when I tried to joke about a spectral ironing day.

Consider, please, how many real celebrities did people the place. Jane Cowl, Maxine Elliott, Tom Moore—not yet a star—besides Mabel Normand, Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy, with Mary Garden soon to join the constellation and rumors that the one and only Geraldine Farrar would do likewise; and one day Pauline Frederick would brighten this firmament. Playwrights, painters, and directors as well known to a smaller public were already there.

Instead of settings such as I had once known—rooms one sees displayed in shop windows offering everything for the home on installment payments—the simple lines and pure beauty of real art now obtained. Costly, but what mattered it?

Hugo Ballin, the first painter of reputation enlisted in such work, brought to the screen the classic traditions of Old World architecture and decoration. At that time his big task was the much-advertised pomp and passion of a story chosen for the debut of a great star, a celebrated artist lured by the immortality of gelatin. I refer to the broadcasted splendor of Mary Garden's "Thais." As it turned out, the scenery was all the splendor that got on the screen. Poor Mary

Garden came to conquer and went away to weep.

My first off-stage sight of her showed the difference between singing in opera and working in the movies. It was an outdoor scene, and the month was November, chill, frosty. She stood, sealskin from throat to ankles, in a doorway, awaiting her cue. When it came, her maid whose plainness strengthened Miss Garden's claims

Continued on page 100



The personality of Mary Garden was a vibrant, challenging one.

Thumb-Nail Impressions of the "Hey-You Bunch"

Picked at random around the lot.

By Myrtle Gebhart

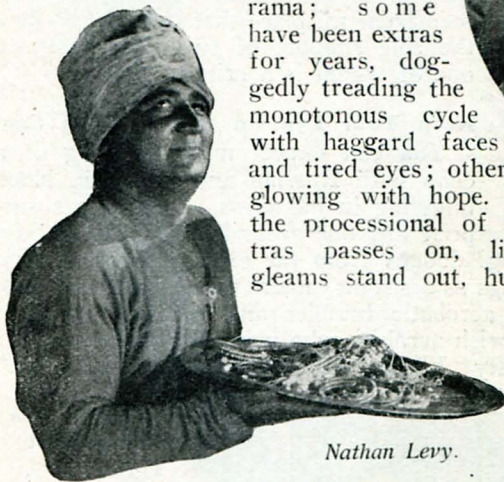
FROM Arabia and Tuscaloosa, from Paris, France, and Paris, Texas, troop the girls and boys, old men and humpbacked women, duchesses and dishwashers, to make up the "Hey-you bunch" of the mob lot, the atmosphere of the movies. A mottled throng, gay with bright costumes like oblong sofa pillows strewn upon the green couch of studio lawns. At times a mass of dribbling gray forms, like dirty water from an upturned dish pan, trickling before the camera—when the scene pictures the dregs of some big city's slums.

Sometimes I recognize old faces, pick them out from the constantly changing panorama; some have been extras for years, doggedly treading the monotonous cycle with haggard faces and tired eyes; others glowing with hope. As the processional of extras passes on, little gleams stand out, human-interest stories of tragedy and of humor. Sometimes they make me choke all

medium height, but very husky, with muscles few men can equal—they say she once harpooned a shark single-handed. But to Joan making a silk dress is a much more difficult process, and girls gifted with the needle win her profound admiration. She is dusky, black-haired, her skin tanned by torrid suns. So you girls forced to live in small towns where there are so many of your own sex and so few eligibles among the he-creatures, just think of Joan who at sixteen first saw another girl!



Helen Joan Lowell.



Nathan Levy.

up in my throat and want to cry, these little commonplace tales of bravery, of sacrifice; more often they make me laugh, for beneath the heartless struggle of these bits of human driftwood there's almost always a chuckle.

Come with me around the lots on a warm California day.

She Never Saw Another Girl Until She Was Sixteen.

Here's Helen Joan Lowell. When Joan was sixteen her father presented her with a birthday gift she'd always wanted—he showed her *another girl*! When she had reached the ripe old age of three months her dad, a sea captain, took her on his trade schooner to sail the seven seas and kept her with him throughout the years. He wanted her to grow up clean and strong and free from civilization's evils. So, beneath the warm sun of the somnolent tropics, Joan grew to budding womanhood, seeing only the men of her small world—her father and his crew—and cherishing her dream of meeting other girls. When she was sixteen, her father realized she must have her chance in the world. Joan, now eighteen, is an extra at Goldwyn's, and you ought to see her dark eyes sparkle with delight when the other girls show her their new dresses. She is of



John MacKinnon.

All Roads Lead to the Films.

One way to get into the movies, according to Mose Craddock and Nathan Levy, is to black the boots of the stars or else feed them hot dogs. One day at the United Studios the extras called to play eunuchs in "Omar the Tent-maker" failed to

show up, so, rather than keep the actors and set waiting, the director drafted Mose and Nathan. Mose is as black as the ace of spades and Nathan Levy—well, Nathan is *not* Irish and couldn't see the joke. After it was over, they sighed thankfully and turned to their respective stands. "I can't say I approve of this heal acting," said Mose, wagging his head knowingly, "but then I'm kinda proud of my talent check."



Mose Craddock.

He's Tired of Buttlng.

John MacKinnon, who has been playing butler rôles for years, recently struck for another part. But nobody else could quite get that "Yes, milady!" slant to his eyebrows, so they raised his salary—and he's still a butler. His father was one of Scotland's greatest pipers, and he himself served in the British army in 1873 and later conducted the Grenadier Guards' Band in Folkestone and in London. Beneath MacKinnon's precise posture and his aristocratic eyebrows is a story that clutches the heart—a story of a blasted musical career, of disappointments, of a heart courageous. So next time you see *Hawkins* serving Gloria Swanson tea, just give a bit of attention to a soul who has earned it. He may, at one time, have been a person of distinction.



Big Tree.

And the Mighty Fall.

Here, crouched on a bench in the corner of the lot, is a man once famous in the annals of picturedom, having directed some of Theda Bara's successes in her halcyon days. He's an extra now. Ah, well, time brings changes.

He's a Heap Bad Injun.

Big Tree, chief of an old Indian tribe, is only one of the many redskins who scalp fair Lasky heroines, as per directorial orders.

Here's a Likely Young Chap of Ninety-eight.

We wear carnations on Mothers' Day and Fathers' Day—but only in the movies does grandpa have his day. The folks back in Carthage, Illinois, where Samuel Yetter, now a sprightly lad of ninety-eight, spent eighty-four years of his life, nearly passed out from shock when they heard Sam had set out to be a movie star. Two years ago he was injured breaking a bumptious horse, necessitating his using crutches, and decided to take his first long vacation and visit his grandson, Raymond McKee. When Ray took his grandpop to the Goldwyn studio, Sam determined to stick around. Truth to tell—I know the family and, with Ray's sister, have taken the old fellow driving—Sam has a weak heart for young persons of the troublesome sex, and when they started flirting with his ninety-eight-year-old heart it was all up. He got out his comb, which he always carries in his pocket, spruced himself up, and captured a job as an extra in "Hungry Hearts." He is very proud of the little lock of white hair which must be just so on his forehead. And Sam says this sporty life agrees with him, and he's liable to throw away those dinged old crutches soon.



Samuel Yetter.



Doctor J. S. Garthwaite.

California Climate Drives Physician Into Movies.

Here's a nice gray-haired gentleman holding the star's hand—and in her bedroom, my dear! Doctor J. S. Garthwaite used to be a railroad physician—the Grand Central. I think—but when he moved to California he didn't have anything to do, so from sheer ennui he had to go into the movies to occupy his time. (Out here people

live until they get run over by automobiles.) "I'm the only man," boasts the doctor, "whom the hero will allow to hold the heroine's hand without a fight. This counting pulses is great—in the movies."

His Old Trade Comes in Handy.

When Nick Shaid was a potter in far-away Persia he never dreamed he'd one day be acting in the movies. He came to this country as an immigrant laborer and eventually rose to be foreman of a labor gang on the Pacific Electric Railway. When they needed an expert to supervise the pottery scenes in "Omar the Tentmaker," he volunteered—and liked the studio so well he refused to be fired, so they put him to acting. You will see him as the stalwart guard at Shireen's garden gate in "Omar."

All that Smiles is Not Joy.

Apparently Irene Lentz is just one of the smiling joy-girls who play about in the movies in silk evening gowns and foolish little bathing suits and have a good time, to the envy of thousands of girls back home who see her in the films. But there's a story of sacrifice behind her brave little smile—I've never seen Irene misplace that smile. For she's the sole support of two little brothers, one of whom is a cripple.

Keep Your Eye on Sam—If You Can.

You can expect most anything of a chap with Russian and Hawaiian blood mingling in his veins, so it doesn't surprise any one around here the way Sam Mogi dodges from the extra ranks to taking flings as assistant camera man. Sam was quite an acrobatic tumbler and led the troupe of dervish acrobats who made life unpleasant for Lefty Flynn in "Omar the Tentmaker."



Sam Mogi.

Martha Florine Has Recipe for Eternal Youth.

Martha Florine was an animal trainer for ten years with the Al Barnes Circus until injured doing one of her hazardous stunts which so delighted the youngsters. Now she's one of the inconspicuous members of the "Hey-you bunch." Martha Florine is a fetching blonde whom all the casting directors describe as cute, and you'd never guess she's close to the half-century mark. How does she do it? That's Martha Florine's secret.

Beauty Contest Winner Tries the Movies.

Splashed among the wrinkled and aged are faces of compelling beauty—flowers blooming with the weeds. Rhea Le Fort won the *Times* beauty contest for California and is now exposing her pulchritudinous charms as an extra in Marshall Neilan's "The Stranger's Banquet." Winning a contest doesn't lead at once to stardom.

Martha Florine.



Nick Shaid.

From Arabia to Hollywood.

Captain Richard Pennell, bearded soldier of fortune who fought in many a skirmish on the sands of Araby while following the call of adventure, often is seen as commander of the Northwest Mounted Police in Paramount pictures. Captain Pennell speaks a number of languages and acts as technical expert on Oriental scenes as well as acting before the camera. When there isn't any experting job on hand, he works as an extra just to keep busy.

"Appetite Bill" Leans on Air.

It's a positive fact—attested by my own two eyes—that "Appetite Bill" Gordon can lean on air. I have seen him swaying so far back that any other man would topple over, leaning apparently against the air. He swears that he has some secret nongravity recipe. "Appetite Bill"—can you guess why they gave him that nickname?—walks with funny high-stepping strides, suddenly halting with one foot high, swaying backward against the air. Bill, who is an ex-cabinet-maker, often plays sheriff in Paramount pictures and broke into the movies in a unique manner. Chap named Doug Fairbanks once dared him to ride a motor cycle adorned with a live and growly bear on its handlebars into a Los Angeles railroad station at train time to greet the effete Eastern tourists. Doug was joking; but a dare's a dare to Bill. Doug was so impressed he gave Bill a job. Ambitious young fellows, here's an idea—but be sure Doug is in the offing when you put on your stunt.

Ching, Chang, Chinaman.

Goro Kino has long been a merchant and a sage of repute in Los Angeles' Chinatown. He is one of the quietest, most intellectual of Chinese—but you'd never dream it when you see him, as leader of some Oriental gang, craftily planning the hero's death in one of those unique torture chambers.

Ex-Minister Mingles with Cutthroats.

Reverend Sherrod, an ex-pastor, mingles daily with the worst cutthroats and doesn't attempt to reform them. Why? Because the director won't let him. And because he sees the desperadoes at church every Sunday, anyway.

Virginia Took Her Mother Along.

Even mothers of film actresses are not immune to the siren call of the grease paint, so one day when Virginia Browne Faire took her mother to the studio with her, that worthy lady just appropriated a costume from the wardrobe department and had been an extra for half a day before Virginia knew it. There are lots of ways, you see, to break into the movies.

What's a Language When You Have Such Eyes as Estes?

Estes Chung, an adorable little ivory-and-jet-tinted Chinese girl, doesn't know a word of English, but that doesn't keep her from being pretty regularly employed at the Lasky studio. There are always other Celestials around to interpret for her—and Estes is very, very ambitious.



Goro Kino.

Marries 'Em Before and Away From the Camera.

Reverend Neal Dodd, Hollywood's "Movie Chaplain," is now marrying couples before the camera in Neilan's "The Stranger's Banquet," but says if any one feels a real marriage coming on he'll stop his camera activities and tie the knot.



Reverend Sherrod.

Pop Believes in Realism.

"Pop," in Metro's "Quincy Adams Sawyer," draws the softest job of all the extras in the country-store set. He is deaf, so the director tells him to lie upon a pile of straw and pretend to be asleep. Pop does his job so well during the rehearsals and filming of the scene—adding realism by a very audible snore—that the director calls him to compliment him upon his acting. But he doesn't answer—Pop is sound asleep.

Aristocracy Stoops to the Films.

Lady Popham Young is swathed in furs to-day despite the heat, for it is a New York scene. Both she and her distinguished husband, Sir Popham, a scion of English nobility, tried playing extras for a lark and liked it so well they decided to continue. Who says the films are made up of ex-shop-girls and bootblacks? Her ladyship is talking to Tim Gullivan.

He Didn't Get to the Old-Soldiers' Home.

Meet Tim Gullivan, folks, Tim that fought as a lad in the Civil War. Shure an' pwhat would ye have an auld sojer do, but traipse it to the Home was just pwhat Tim

at Sawtelle? That Gullivan was doin'

when along came a bunch of movie hyeenas a-takin' of a picture. "Why hurry," asked Tim of himself, "when Oi've got the rest o' my loife to get to the Auld Sojer's Home?" So Tim found a box an' himself sat down to watch his first movie made. But an individual wearin' funny britches an' a grand

Continued on page 101 Estes Chung.



Captain Richard Pennell.



Rhea Le Fort.



Virginia Browne Faire's Mother



"Appetite Bill" Gordon.





Being natural is one of the relaxations she enjoys while away from the studio.

WHEN Leatrice Joy contributed her well-nigh flawless performance to "Manslaughter," people began to realize that her promise in "Saturday Night" was being fulfilled. In the latter picture, it was apparent that the latest beauty unearthed by De Mille evinced strong possibilities. The fact that he chose to use her caused much critical attention to be drawn to her. In the spooled edition of Alice Duer Miller's story of society, speeding, and Sing Sing, the newest De Mille find convinced the powers of Paramount that here was star stuff.

The sages of Hollywood say that to play a lead for Cecil De Mille is to make a running jump toward incandescent prominence. To back it up they ask you to look at Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres—types modeled according to the usual suave specifications—ladies with lovely bodies who were to become heavenly bodies, stars, in short, who were, somehow, excused from what is commonly designated as acting. Rich silks and imported gowns and trick coiffures made these ladies De Mille stars, glorified manikins.

What An Actress

Of Leatrice Joy and how she impressed jump from parts to prominence; how the screen

By Malcolm H.

To my mind, the demure Agnes Ayres did not belong in this fleshly array. She did not fit into "Forbidden Fruit" any more than did Ann Forrest, whom De Mille rejected for the very reason that she lacked that high sex voltage his gaudy scenarios require. Without going into a discussion of her acting, it is relevant to dismiss Miss Ayres as a De Mille type on the grounds of frigidity. At no time does she caress the errant senses as do the lush Swanson, the voluptuous Bebe, the alluring Blythe—a De Mille creature if ever camera caught one.

Following the introduction of Agnes Ayres came Leatrice Joy and Edith Roberts, in "Saturday Night." Fate decreed that the first-named should make the grade. The little Roberts girl gave a conventional performance; the less sympathetic rôle was carried off nevertheless triumphantly by Leatrice Joy. When she repeated her success in the following De Mille play, she distinctly arrived.

On the screen she has much of the warm appeal that makes Gloria Swanson a box-office empress, a decided suggestion of aristocratic poise lacking in la belle Swanson, but glinting through the rather icy performances of Agnes Ayres, and in addition to these indubitable assets, she has acting ability of no uncertain stamp.

Letters to PICTURE-PLAY have already expressed wonder concerning this new stellar light: Is she a beauty *with* brains? they ask. If she has brains, will De Mille shroud them? Will she lose that sincerity gracing her work in "Manslaughter?"

After meeting her, and talking with her, and asking her all sorts of pertinent questions, I find it a comparatively simple task to answer these queries. She is a beauty of intelligence, and in all likelihood her sense of humor will protect her from the hocus-pocus with which Cecil camouflages his players for public view. Gloria Swanson stayed "in character" when I met her; she was the svelte sultana of the gorgeous make-believe demesne created by De Mille. Leatrice Joy told me that being natural was one of the few relaxations she enjoyed away from the studio. She looked upon our meeting as an informal introduction of a rising star minus her make-up-box manners to the thousands of persons curious for a glimpse of the woman rather than the actress. And this, I may say, is as refreshing as it is uncommon.

High noon at the Algonquin brings out many sunflowers: Mabel Ballin and her husband strolled through the lobby to the dining room; Elsie Ferguson paused in her majestic movement to greet old George Fawcett; Lenore Ulric pattered hurriedly from a tardy breakfast to a waiting taxi; there was a general craning of necks as Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks entered, immediately to be taken in tow by Frank Case, the Host of the Hostelry himself.

Thinks About

De Mille; how she made the she feels toward posing—on and off.

Oettinger

In all of this glittering ebb and flow of names you might not have noticed Leatrice Joy. She was dressed smartly and inconspicuously: the simplicity of her dress served as a foil for the sparkle of her manner. At times she was naïve, at times vivacious, at times drolly amusing, but never was she striving for effects.

"Of course there is a lure about being an actress," she confessed. "But I prefer to forget the fact when I'm away from the lot. I love to go to theaters where Leatrice Joy is showing, and hear what people say about her. There is a tremendous thrill in that!"

Four or five years ago the Nola Film Company, working in New Orleans, Louisiana—the city from which it derived its name—tried a local girl who lasted as long as the company did. Then, despite some opposition, she left home to cast her fortunes with a Northern group practicing macksennetry under the name of Black Diamond Comedies. It was never a rich vein, however, and the girl reinforced with the experience taught by pies and break-away ladders, finally made the cross country pilgrimage to the great open spaces of Hollywood.

At Goldwyn, Leatrice Joy was received with rather warm hospitality. It is a fair guess that her smile—a dazzling affair—and her innately well-bred manner were responsible for the reception. It is a fair guess that these attributes will go far toward establishing her as a star in 1923.

"After doing a couple of pictures, I realized that to be Somebody I should affect a pose—a successful pose. I didn't propose to be a colorless creature doing sister parts and sympathetic friends. My chance came when they cast me in 'Ace of Hearts.' I began to create for myself."

In playing the part, Miss Joy imagined her shoulders weighed down by an intolerable burden, then arched her neck and held her head proudly aloft—the grandeur of the latter gesture being sharply brought out by the contrast with the protesting shoulders. The pose was an achievement, focusing the attention upon her. Cecil De Mille saw "Ace of Hearts" and sent for Leatrice Joy.



"Java Head" will present Leatrice Joy in a character part that will call on all her resources.

"It was my ambition," she said, "to play under his direction. In his productions one has rich settings, beautiful gowns, tactful lighting. One gains *prestige*."

"When he interviewed me, I was obliged to act. He had seen me as the proud woman with the well-known secret sorrow. I simply had to keep in character. When he asked me questions I was all nerves. I kept telling myself not to giggle, and spoil everything. Whenever I felt my sense of humor slipping into the conversation, I'd yank it back. He decided to give me a test. I was surrounded by maids, hair dressers, modistes, manicurists. When they had done their work, I was a De Mille type. As I swept past a pier glass in a slinky black-velvet gown that trailed out to Vine

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Close-ups are Pepper Sennett's pet detestation.

I CONFESS freely that during the year I recently spent in the East my interest in things cinemactical was focused more on the stars with four legs than on those with two. I was not nearly so excited about Charlie Chaplin's love affairs as I was about the news that Joe Martin had "gone bad," and I was not nearly so worried over the rumors that Ben Turpin is achieving temperament and becoming every inch a star, as I was about the report that Charlie, the Universal elephant, was becoming so difficult to manage that he was soon to be condemned to death.

You will have to pardon me if I seem unduly interested in these four-footed actors. I have known them for a long time, you see. I knew Pepper, the Mack Sennett tabby cat when she was just a plain gray pussy who believed that a lady cat's place was

Back Among the

Turning the attention upon some worthy and faithful

By Emma-Lind

by the fireside. No one would have dreamed, to see her then, how she was destined to rise in the world.

I knew Teddy, the Great Dane, when he was a hard-working extra dog who thought that one bone a day was ample compensation for jumping off a cliff into a lake to rescue Baby John Henry or pulling a wagon around on a hot summer day. I knew Snooky, the Chester chimpanzee, when she was quite contented to be known as Mrs. Joe Martin, before she had renounced matrimonial life with the great Simian actor in order to be starred in her own company under her maiden name.

So you will understand why when I returned from New York my first inquiries were about these former friends of mine. And I am sorry to tell you that some of them have been observing the human stars too closely and have been hopelessly inoculated by the movie bug known as "ego."

Take for example the case of Mrs. Pepper Sennett whom I have already mentioned. Not content with having a large airy cage all to herself with all modern conveniences, including hot and cold milk at any hour of the day, and a life insurance policy that would do credit to Mary Pickford or Rodolph Valentino, she has developed a streak of temperament and an absolute disregard for the wishes of her directors. Do you know how to make a Maltese cross? Try to take a close-up of her. That is Pepper's pet detestation. In this way she differs—most sensibly perhaps you think—from

the usual feminine star who asks nothing better than a long series of them. But worthy as Pepper's motives no doubt are, I feel—and it is rather the unexpressed sentiment of her fellow workers on the Sennett lot—that in this abhorrence she goes too far. In her last picture with Louise Fazenda she refused absolutely to be shot from the distance of four feet, and she



Joe Martin isn't bad. There were extenuating circumstances for his recent lapse from gentlemanliness.



Charlie Elephant is getting old, but when handled properly is tractable and intelligent.

Silent Stars

screen performers who never give out interviews.

say Squier

would not listen to blandishments nor yield to bribes. She simply would not stay put. So it became necessary, as has been the case many times before in the annals of filmdom's history, that a double had to be procured who looked enough like her to be able to take her place without the fraud being detected.

It is customary of course for stars to use doubles in risky feats or in long shots, but it is the first time to my knowledge that a star has demanded a double for a *close-up*! An advertisement for thin, gray cats was inserted in the newspaper, and a whole day was devoted to selecting from the throng of applicants a Maltese who was fitted by nature as well as by amenable disposition to pose in Pepper's place.

Teddy, the Great Dane, is trooping away as hard as ever and retains his calm unruffled disposition together with a solemn philosophy of life which makes him quite above the frivolous advances of film-struck puppies and gushing lady interviewers. I understand that the picture which Louise Fazenda and John Henry are now working in is named for one of Teddy's recent remarks. It is called "Bow-wow."

While I am on the subject of the Sennett lot, I will announce that there is a young, budding comédienne who, if the rest of the Sennett stars are not careful, will entirely steal their laurels. Her official name is Molly-O, having been christened thus by Mabel Normand, but every one on the lot calls her "Cubby;" and although she is only thirteen months old she already displays symptoms of genius and has a kindly humorous



Molly-O, the Sennett bear, impressed me as having symptoms of genius and a kindly, humorous disposition.

The sweet disposition of Ethel, the lion baby who used to live in the same cage with a collie pup, remains unspoiled.



Teddy, the Great Dane, retains his calm, unruffled disposition.

disposition as well. The bare facts concerning Cubby's advent into the films are that she with her brother Mickey—who behind his back is called "the dumb-bell"—were captured in the wilds of Mount Rainier, Washington, when they were mere infants. They were presented to Mabel Normand, and she in turn presented them to the studio with the proviso that they should be well treated and thoroughly educated. Cubby has already learned the ropes. She knows when the camera is grinding, and she obeys her trainer's instructions perfectly. Just now she is being initiated into the mysteries of roller

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The New Sauce Pi

You have to be versatile and a student

By Edwin



Lon Chaney has abandoned his gruesome characterizations such as "Fagin" in "Oliver Twist" to play a rural comedy villain rôle.

THAT'S just what he said; said as how I couldn't get in the pictures because my legs wouldn't fit—me, as has done extra bits in a million dance-hall scenes, and fought a whale of a battle in 'The Flame of the Yukon'—or *was* it 'The Flame of the Yukon?' I fergit—and hit a fellow twice my size across the bean with a prop bottle to look like the real thing, and, well—I don't care—p-p-pictures can g-g-go to the d-d-d—"

But at that moment "Snag" Harry's utterance stampeded and left him stuttering and gasping in front of me. All that he could finally blurt out was, "I'm through!" Then somewhat regretfully, he murmured, "It would have been a fine job, too. Months o' work. Costume pictures! The bunk! If they're startin' in pickin' men for their legs, I had just as soon go back and try for the New York 'Follies!'"

In spite of the fact that he had spluttered all over me in his exasperation I somehow found the discourse of my extra friend—so Snag Harry assumed to be—uniquely interesting. I imagine you too will sympathize with his emotional upheaval once I have explained its source.

Called Snag because of a protruding tooth and gifted with a shambling walk, he had gone out to apply for a job in a period costume film—I don't recollect just which of several at the moment. Being a veteran in the extra world, he considered himself entitled to special consideration. He didn't receive it, however, for he was rather bluntly refused.

As he was shrewd enough to know that such productions generally mean several months' steady employment one attempt at obtaining a berth hadn't satisfied him. He had returned to the fray so often that his persistence had eventually upset the nerves of the casting director, who had succinctly told him that men who were not gifted with noble and chivalric bearing and countenance were barred from this particular

feature, no matter what might be the excellence of their past extraing. Then waxing irate, or else facetious, the C. D.—or mayhap it was his assistant; I couldn't quite make out—had ventured some smart crack about Snag's legs not being esthetically shaped.

The effect of this entire proclamation on an extra who had had a long career in movies, more or less primitive and Western, can hardly be measured in the language of the drawing-room. Snag Harry left the office exhaling hot superlatives. He met me just after his disillusioning encounter, and exploded on me the dynamite of disgust.

At first I was inclined to be disinterested, because old-time extras are not above becoming greatly exercised occasionally over small-time woes. But when he had fully expounded to me his predicament—the fact that his "legs did not fit"—I really could not help feeling his dismay. No doubt, as he mentioned pathetically on parting—"The pictures sure were changing."



Jane Novak's rôle in "Thelma" is a distinct departure for her.



The picturesque emotional ability of Gladys Brockwell should shine again in "Oliver Twist."

quant in Acting

to succeed in pictures nowadays.

Schallert

This was some months ago. It was the first time I had heard of such a thing. But now, I can recite many correlative anecdotes. This, however, will fulfill my purpose.

We will, instead, cut right up to the present. That will be infinitely more pertinent and perhaps more exciting. Because it will show directly what a radical variation has lately been taking place in what we are pleased to call acting and types, which variation, I believe, constitutes one of the most important of recent evolutions in screen drama.

By the time this article is printed you may have seen "Robin Hood." If you haven't you are no doubt living in keenest anticipation of its advent. I take it at any rate that you have already gazed intently on "Blood and Sand," with Rodolph Valentino reincarnating an epic bullfighter in the land of matadors and tabasco sauce, or filled your eyes with "The Prisoner of Zenda" and its lovely whipped-cream-and-pastry romance of a Graustarky kingdom beyond the seas.

The thing that I am concerned about chiefly is—what did you think of the acting? Didn't it astonish you? Didn't it give you a fresh viewpoint regarding some of your pet stars like Valentino and Douglas Fairbanks, or say, even Lila Lee, Enid Bennett, and

Rodolph Valentino's versatility is taxed when he plays a Hindu mystic in "The Young Rajah."

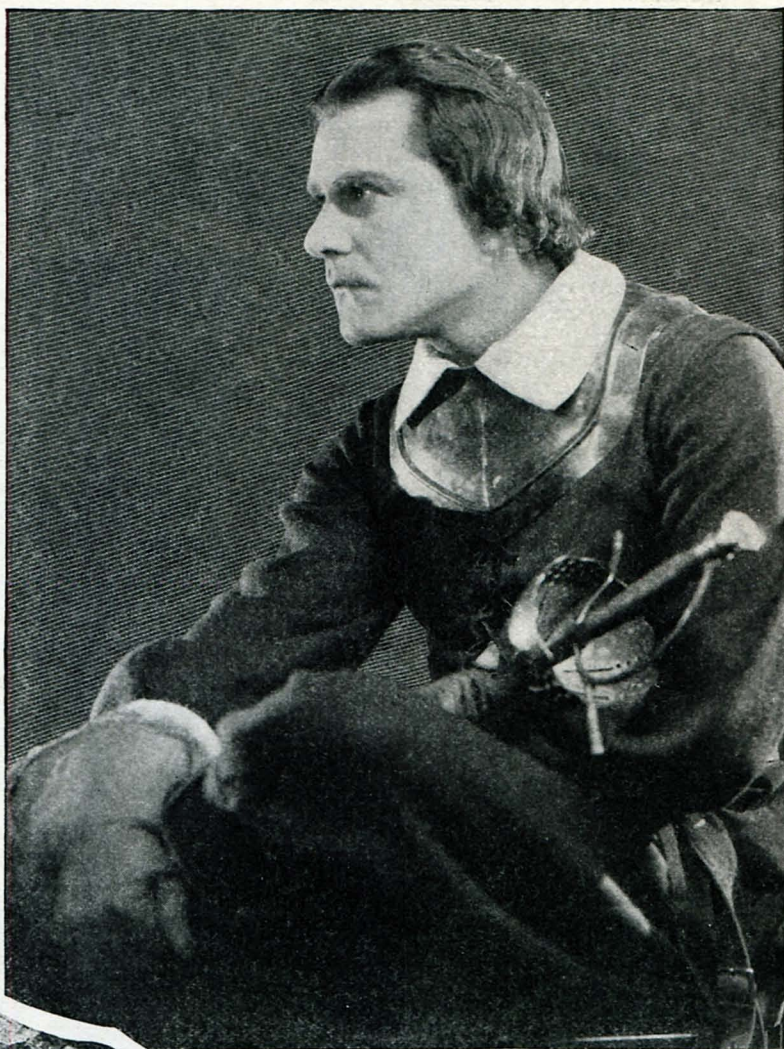


Photo by Donald Eiddie Keyes

Bert Lytell should find his forte in romantic pictures such as "To Have and to Hold."



Alice Terry? What is more, did not these new features bring before you, among the lesser characters, some familiar figures and faces in most unfamiliar guise? Personally I felt that they did, and I am wondering whether yours was not the same impression.

Filmdom has literally upset its precedents in personalities. The new and bigger pictures have caused such radical departures in acting and also casting that you simply cannot tell in what kind of rôle a star is going to bob up next. Cut-and-dried identities have been going out of fashion just as rapidly as the picturesque and romantic environments have been coming in. A new imaginative vigor that is like a sauce piquant dominates cinematic enterprise, and its influence can be traced even in the visualizing of the homelier themes to which directors and players are at the moment beginning to turn.

A new versatility is being demanded of screen actors everywhere. Our familiar types are being lifted out of the rut by being switched from comedy to drama and drama to comedy, or by being transported, in imagination, at least, to colorful distant locales where the costume is orientally, tropically, or arctically different and oftentimes alluring. What is even more interesting is the way villains are being turned into heroes, and heroes are acquiring small traits of villainy that

Theodore Kosloff gives life and color to the European courtier.

make all their characters assume a new attraction. Most surprising are some of these transformations.

Why, it's getting so that some of the actors, like that good old reliable heavy, Wallace Beery, or say Walter Long—if you recall his dour visage—don't know where they are going next any more. In one picture, Long was a wicked murderous sheik, in the next he was a comedy taxi driver, and right after that he showed up as the ill-fated bandit in "Blood and Sand," who is neither villain nor hero, but just generally blessed with bad luck. You can't tell what he will be doing next!

"I'm a husky good boy in one picture, and an out-and-out egg the next," wailed Beery in humorous woe one day. "Think of it—me good! A hero! Whoever heard of such a thing? In 'Robin Hood' they even put a crown on me—I who have done nothing but crown heroes all my life. And now they want me to play a good sea captain—good sea captain! Thunder!"

As you probably know, Beery portrayed *Richard the Lion-hearted* in "Robin Hood," whose heroic qualities were made familiar to the world in the story of "Ivanhoe." Beery was selected as an ideal *King Richard* because his voracious exterior had always been illuminated by a flash of neglected humor. "Richard, as I conceive him," said Fairbanks in explaining the choice, "was a powerful, sincere, but gross personage, who liked to gnaw huge shoulders of meat and joints, while he looked on with capricious zest at the clashing swords and lances of the knights on the tournament field. In that day, kings were big, rough boisterous men, who held onto their crowns oftentimes by the strength of their right arms. Beery, according to my idea, might actually have been *Richard* had he enjoyed a previous incarnation."

The majority of the men in "Robin Hood" qualified for their parts and extra bits because they were tall and of fine build. They all had to measure up to a certain physical standard, and Doug himself took an intensive course in athletic training for this picture.

The women in "Robin Hood" were also selected because they were of good height—contrary to the usual rule—and because they had light hair and blue or gray eyes of the Anglo-Saxon. Many of them, I am told, were without a great deal of previous experience before the camera. And it is not beyond belief that the Fairbanks picture will set a new pace in casting, and give the tall girl a long-neglected opportunity to find herself on the screen.

Enid Bennett, who, as it happens, is rather petite, was chosen for the rôle of *Maid Marian* because of her

definite Anglo-Saxon beauty. She was born, you know, in Australia, is what you might call a medium blonde, and has hazel-gray eyes. Also she registers a clinging-vine presence that might well be associated with a more delicate heroine of the *Moyen Age*. Her appearance in the regal costumes contrasts astonishingly with her previous weepy society rôles in plays about misunderstood wives and silk stockings.

I am much interested in the costumed future of some of our stars who have not been uniformly successful in the portrayal of so-called straight rôles. They tell me that Bert Lytell, who has often failed to achieve an adequate interpretation of plain ordinary heroes, will be seen to great advantage in "To Have and to Hold." It is Bert's peculiarity that he needs either a character rôle such as he had in "The Right of Way," or, perhaps, ornate garb to conceal a certain affectation of manner. Costumes are naturally associated with affectations and consequently he is regarded as just the type to find his forte in romantic acting of an early seventeenth century tale of pirates and blunderbuss conquests.

Gladys Brockwell, who has a remarkable native talent, and a curiously colorful personality, is another type who faded out completely during the rush toward parlor naturalness on the screen. She is now making her return in "Oliver Twist." Her charm has always resided in her picturesque emotional ability. The deep mauve of her personality is utterly lost in the glittering setting. What she needs is a bit of the gypsy atmosphere about her, and I can see her revealing a somber and pathetic impression as *Nancy Sikes*, which rôle, I have no doubt, will mean new acclaim for her.

In the newer films one catches, en passant, many evidences of the new note in characterization, whether the stories be modern or period. Curious changes of customs and costumes abound in the cinema world. Jacqueline Logan's skill as a dancer, for instance, is being utilized in a novel way in "Ebb Tide," from the story by Robert Louis Stevenson. In this she portrays a South Sea Island native, girt chiefly in a red sash, and using a brown stain make-up. She will probably do several naughty hulas during the course of the story. Lon Chaney has chucked his crutches and gruesome decorations, and is playing semi-comic rural "willun," just about straight, b'gosh, in "Quincy Adams Sawyer."

Monte Blue, still fresh from his astounding success in

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Thomas Meighan makes a convincing conquerer in the Roman episode of "Manslaughter."

Over the Teacups

Old stars, new stars, stars to be—they're all interesting to Fanny the Fan, provided they furnish gossip for her restless tongue.

By The Bystander

MY dear!" Fanny clutched me by the arm just as we were sauntering along Fifth Avenue past the Cathedral. "Do you realize that we haven't had an oyster stew at the Grand Central Station this year? It's scandalous. Come on—let's go down there now."

"All right—but you won't see any movie people in that oyster bar," I warned her.

"Don't need to—I know all the gossip already," she retorted. "Also, I could prophesy some more, if I wanted to. I'm a good prophet, too. Don't you remember, when Evelyn Greeley got home from Holland looking thinner and more wonderful than she ever had before in her life, I told her that she'd be married before Thanksgiving? She was so good looking that I knew every man who saw her would beg her to dash off to a justice of the peace with him. And sure enough, the first thing anybody knew, her engagement to John Smiley was announced, and the world learned that they'd spend six months traveling around the world on their honeymoon. Doesn't that make you envious?"

"It does not," I retorted truthfully. "For me it would mean six months of sea sickness. However, Evelyn is a good sailor. Who is this John Smiley?"

"Oh, he's a member of some big engineering firm, and a steel man, which sounds like oodles of money, doesn't it? Well, there must have been almost as many millionaires who wanted to marry Evelyn as there are who want to marry Claire Windsor. I don't blame them, either!

"And speaking of matrimony, fancy New York without Rodolph



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Fanny thinks that every day in every way the ex-Sennetters are improving. Marie Provost is gorgeous in "The Beautiful and Damned."

Valentino in the offing! I run into new evidences of his presence every day. I went to the theater a while ago, and he and his wife—his current wife, I mean; I have to explain because Jean Acker Valentino is making a picture now, with Martha Mansfield, and she's up and down Broadway, too—well, as I was saying, he and his wife were there, and people almost mobbed them when they arrived and during the intermission. But after the show was over—well, they almost had to fight for their lives. Really!

"Finally the doors of another theater were opened to them, when it was seen that they couldn't even get to their car because of the crowd, and they stepped inside, and the doors were closed behind them. I suppose they stole up the alley and got home that way. But the funniest thing was the policeman who tried to

Photo by
Ries Bros.



Photo by Witzel

The selection of Florence Vidor for "Alice Adams" has Fanny's unqualified approval.

protect them. He turned on the crowd and said, 'Buy a magazine and see his face there. Give the man a chance!' I wanted to slip him a dollar and get him to say, 'Buy PICTURE-PLAY,' but the family wouldn't let me.

"And then, the other night, I was having dinner at a funny little Spanish restaurant that's about half a block from Broadway, and in he walked, with his wife and a man. The restaurant is kept by a Mexican or Spaniard or something, and is very foreign, from the food to the music and the pictures on the walls. And the manager simply runs the place—you don't argue with him if you value your life.

"Well, Mrs. Valentino didn't care for the dinner, and wanted something different, and the manager wouldn't make any changes, and rose up and told everybody—in Spanish—just exactly what they could do if they

didn't care for what was set before them. Personally, I didn't blame her; the chef in that place seems to have a poached egg complex—apparently he can't prepare anything from soup to chocolate cake without looking at it and saying, 'That's all right; all it needs is a poached egg.' He puts them on everything. Well, Mrs. Valentino and the man went out, and came back with some avocados and other things, and ate those, but Valentino ate straight through the dinner, poached eggs and all, and seemed perfectly happy.

"And speaking of Valentino reminds me of costume stuff—which is a perfectly obvious connection, of course, so don't try to look dazed. Did you hear that Marion Davies is going to do another story by Charles Major, since 'When Knighthood Was In Flower' has been so successful? Well, she is—at least, she's bought one. And she also has an option on 'Alice of Old Vincennes.' And what do you think she did? She had been given credit for selecting 'Knighthood' for herself, because it would make a good picture. Well, she announced for publication that she didn't select it at all, which about one star in a thousand

would have done. She said that William LeBaron, of her company, asked her to read it, and said that she would make an ideal *Mary Tudor*, and she did read it and thought it would not go because it was a costume picture.



Viola Dana fell a victim to the costume craze and looks adorable in "Miss Emmy Lou."

But Mr. Le Baron stuck to it, and finally persuaded Robert Vignola to make it. Then, later, the press stories gave her credit for choosing it, and she calmly rose up and told the truth. Do you know, the more I hear about that girl the better I like her—especially after seeing the way some of these people in movies grab the credit for everything, whether they did it or not."

"What's the news of the Talmadges?" I asked, as we arrived at the oyster counter.

"Well, what would you expect? They're having a marvelous time, of course. Constance has been chosen as the mascot for the American team that's to shoot in the international pistol tournament at Milan, and all Paris trots around behind her and calls her '*Tres jolie Constance!*' Norma went to the theater, and when she was applauding one of the dancers, a favorite of Paris, the dancer recognized her and exclaimed 'Norma Talmadge!' Later they were introduced, and the dancer gave Norma the biggest Spanish comb in captivity, one of those huge things that you almost have to hold on with a rubber band around your head. I hope she doesn't wear it when she gets home—I've been prying them, but they're so expensive that I was forced to decide that one wouldn't be becoming to me. However, if Norma wears hers I shall buy one if I have to give up Turkish baths to do it.

"But speaking of costume pictures—as I really was, and my dear, did you ever taste anything so hot as these oyster stews?—well, even Viola Dana fell a victim to the craze, and is doing 'Miss Emmy Lou,' and wearing costumes that make her look absolutely adorable, of course. Whenever you think Viola can't do something, she does it, and does it so well that you're simply floored. Louise Fazenda does that, too. They say she's marvelous as the vamp in 'The Beautiful and Damned'—but fancy her



Mildred June in Sennett comedies, looks as if she were of the stuff that stars are made of.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Every one is crazy to see Phyllis Haver's first serious work in "The Christian."

without her pigtails! Marie Prevost is gorgeous in it, too—really, every day in every way the ex-Sennetters are improving!

"I suppose you've seen Doug and Mary? I did an awful thing—pursued a man who looked exactly like Douglas down a hotel corridor to the very door of his room, and then when he turned around he wasn't Doug at all. I walked past trying to look nonchalant, and he looked guilty, as if he feared I knew that the package he held in his hand was really something he bought from a bootlegger and not a perfectly innocent bottle of ammonia or milk for the baby or anything like that. Well, even the mighty Douglas does embarrassing things at times.

"Leatrice Joy has signed a new contract with Famous Players-Lasky and is going to be starred. Isn't that gorgeous? She's worked so hard and

Continued on page 84

Peg Writes Her Epitaph

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

A SMALL room, hung with softly hued silks—the hum of many voices from somewhere outside—two women facing each other in the half light. One reclines upon a couch, red-gold hair disheveled, her throat slender and white against the dead black of her gown. A name is mentioned—a sweet singing name that fits easily upon the tongue, and calls to mind a vision of youth and beauty. The woman upon the couch stirs, sits upright. She leans forward tensely.

"I'll kill her," she says softly; "I've got to kill her—or she'll kill me!"

The other woman makes a gesture of amazement, almost of horror.

"You wouldn't!" she gasps. "After all she has done for you——"

The woman upon the couch laughs, cynically, yet musically. But there is no mercy in the laugh.

"Well, what *has* she done? She's darned near ruined me——"

And that, gentle reader, was what Laurette Taylor said about "Peg o' My Heart!"

It came as sort of a shock to me. You see, when I went to interview Laurette Taylor at the Metro studio, the incentive being that she was about to put her greatest stage success upon the screen, I intended to get a reminiscent, delicately tinged story, half in the delicious brogue of *Peg*, and half in Miss Taylor's own musical and meticulous English. Then I thought I would start the story with the chorus of that old song, "Peg o' My Heart, I Love You——" or something like that, and all would be sweetness and light.

Instead, I found myself a "material witness" as they say in criminal courts, of the approaching demise of poor *Peg*, whose only fault is that she became too much a part of the actress who first sponsored her theatrical career. Time has not touched *Peg o' My Heart*, you see. She is still eighteen, and fresh and rosy. But Miss Taylor, her creator, cannot and does not expect the same consideration from Papa Tempus.

"People don't want to see a forty-year old *Peg*," she said earnestly. "I don't want them to. I want them to think of me as Laurette Taylor, an actress who is capable of many different characterizations. In the East they are pretty well trained by now, because I've appeared in so many different stage successes on Broadway. The critics have gradually quit calling me *Peg* when they review my plays. But out here—because I have never appeared on the stage since I started at the old Burbank Theater in Los Angeles—they still have the 'Peg o' My Heart' germ. And do you know what I'm going to do? After I finish a season of 'Humoresque' in New York this fall, I'm going to come back to Los Angeles and put on all the plays which my husband has written for me—'A Night In Rome,' 'Out There,' 'The National Anthem'—all of them! I'll make them forget *Peg*!"

And despite her wide, delightful smile, her eyes were very much in earnest.

I was with difficulty readjusting my scattered thoughts and shattered intentions.

"But—but," I stammered, "aren't you putting her in a picture?" Again she laughed.

"I am that," she acknowledged briefly, then her gray eyes twinkled at me. "It's to be *Peg's* epitaph!"

Despite Miss Taylor's vigorous determination to sever connections once and for all with the beloved lass of the Emerald Isle, she is greatly interested in the picture which she is about to make. The whole affair is a real novelty to her, for, although she had her theatrical beginnings in the capital of the motion-picture industry, she has never before done screen work. She is enthusiastic as only a newcomer to the silver sheet can be.

"They say such funny things!" she confided. "Hit her with the spot! 'Kill the baby!' and 'Bring over a nigger!' Why at first I couldn't make out what they were talking about. Still, it isn't so different as I expected it would be. It's just stage acting with your belt tightened. I was scared at first, but Mr. Vidor soon put me at ease. He'd tell me what action was wanted, then he'd say, 'Show me how you would do it on the stage.' Then he'd give me suggestions as to condensing the action, and that was about all I've lost my fear of the camera now. But at first I was conscious of it every minute. It was like a big unblinking eye, staring at me continually, and I'd catch myself looking over at it, right in the middle of a scene."

For a moment we sat in silence, while I gathered my courage for a question that might—or might not—be a little delicate, but one which I felt sure every fan would want to ask about the picture.

"Would you mind telling me," I said very gently, as if stirring dynamite with a spoon, "just why 'Peg o' My Heart' was started by Lasky with Wanda Hawley in the title rôle, and why your husband, Mr. Manners, fought it so and kept them from showing it?"

I needn't have advanced so gingerly, because she answered me instantly, with that frankness which is one of her most charming characteristics.

"Indeed I will tell you—a lot of silly things have been said about it. It was claimed that I was jealous because I was not asked to play *Peg*. As a matter of fact, I was asked. But that wasn't the point at all. Whatever rights the Lasky company may have thought they had, they did not have picture rights for the play given them or sold them by Mr. Manners. It was his play, and he held the picture rights. They went ahead without dealing with him, paying no attention to his protests. Then his fighting spirit was up, and he got an injunction against the picture ever being shown. He had to take it to the supreme court—but he did, and we won out.

"Please believe me, it was not at my suggestion that I came out here to do *Peg*. And if the character was just that of a sweet pretty little girl, I would say, 'No.

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ONCE IN A LONG WHILE

a play bursts forth on Broadway, the principal character in which becomes almost a national hero or heroine, as well known as most real characters of national fame. Joseph Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*, Warfield's *Herr von Barwig*—the music master—are examples of this, and Laurette Taylor's *Peg o' My Heart* is another. No stage character created in recent years has been better loved or more widely known. Every stage and screen enthusiast will therefore be interested in the result of Miss Taylor's decision to perpetuate *Peg* in film, and in what she has to say about the undertaking.

Favorite Picture Players



THE fans no doubt will forgive Laurette Taylor's long delay in making her screen début since her first picture will be "Peg o' My Heart," her most famous stage characterization.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

ESTELLE TAYLOR'S first screen part was a vamp role and it looks as though she'll never get a chance to play anything else. Estelle continues her ruthless career in "Thorns and Orange Blossoms."



Photo by Evans

MARY ALDEN seems to grow younger and more vital with every old-woman characterization. Mary did so well in the title rôle of "A Woman's Woman" that she is being billed as the star.



Photo by Freulich

KENNETH HARLAN, since leaving the Constance Talmadge company has been kept busy free-lancing. His latest appearance is in "Thorns and Orange Blossoms."



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

NORMAN KERRY plays the lead in Von Stroheim's "Merry Go Round," and will have a good chance to make use of his early military training.



Photo by Evans

THE journey from the Follies to Stardom has been a short and easy one for Billie Dove, who accomplished it in two pictures. "Youth to Youth" is her first starring production.



Photo by Kendall Evans

NORMA TALMADGE is at present enjoying the dream of every movie star—a long vacation in Europe. "The Garden of Allah," to be filmed abroad, will probably be her next.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

MUCH interest has been aroused in Claire Windsor's four-year-old son and the apparent mystery surrounding her marriage. Here is Claire with her son, Billy, and on the opposite page she explains the reasons for the secrecy.

A Chat with Claire Windsor

By Agnes Smith

I HAD seen her many times at the big movie dinners and dances at the Hotel Ambassador; I had met her once, casually, at the Goldwyn studio. And so when we went to the Little Club for luncheon—and incidentally for an interview—I was pleased. Because I had a hunch that I would like Claire Windsor.

Every time I had seen her she was beautifully dressed, smiling, calm, agreeable, and well behaved. Where there is a great deal of poise, there also must be some character. No woman could be so serene and amiable as Claire Windsor without a great deal of self-control. And no actress could, in one season, play so many parts in so many studios without having tact, endurance, and ability. Contrary to popular superstition, this gift of being successful isn't all a question of luck.

Miss Windsor was ready to start her first scene in Marshall Neilan's production, "The Stranger's Banquet." In fact, she was in make-up, but the make-up wasn't noticeable. No lip rouge, no heavy beaded eye lashes for Miss Windsor. When she came into the restaurant every one bowed to her; she received the reception of an attractive young debutante. Whereupon, I prepared to talk to her about the art of wearing clothes and the gift of good manners. But—you never can tell.

Have you ever noticed Claire Windsor's chin? Some artist once said that she had the most beautiful chin in America. And, of course, it is beautiful. It is well-molded, clear-cut, and firm. Especially firm. Her gray-blue eyes may laugh, plead, grow soft, and dazzle, but her chin remains pleasantly and femininely firm.

When Miss Windsor told me that as a boarding-school girl in Topeka, Kansas, she had been willful and stubborn, I wasn't surprised. I merely wondered how she had outgrown these qualities. Around the studios she is known as an agreeable, patient, and earnest young woman. Willful and stubborn? Never.

We talked a little about clothes. Miss Windsor wears her clothes beautifully, on and off the screen, but she isn't particularly concerned with them. We talked about dancing and we laughed at the little cards on the table which request patrons to refrain from cheek-to-cheek dancing. And then Miss Windsor grew serious.

"I should like to talk about a rather delicate subject," she began shyly. I waited.

"My marriage, you know. There seems to be a misunderstanding about it."

Again she hesitated, but she took courage and went on. "You see, it was this way. When I was first featured in pictures, I wasn't supposed to tell any one that I had been married. Perhaps it was silly, but it is hard to know how the public thinks about such things. Later it came out that I had a little boy—Billy, you know."

"Then every one wanted to know when I had been married, to whom, and why. I am not married now, but at one time I was very much married. I ran away, and my parents didn't like it. But I was stubborn about it and so I went home and was married again."

She laughed a little. "Married twice to the same man."

"I suppose it was a mistake, but, anyway, I have Billy. When I came to Los Angeles with my father and mother and went into pictures, I promised my husband that I wouldn't use his name, that I would never mention it in connection with the movies. I have kept my promise. Promises are easy to make, but hard to keep. His family live in the East, and his mother is opposed to anything connected with the theater. I have supported Billy, but it wouldn't be fair to mention my husband's name, would it? His mother wouldn't like it."

I didn't answer because it seemed to me that any husband or any mother-in-law ought to be awfully proud of Claire Windsor.

"Strange things are printed about movie people," she continued. "It's hard to know why such things are written and it's hard to understand why people find pleasure in reading some of the things that are published. For instance, one day I learned that when I was discovered by Lois Weber, I was a waitress in a restaurant. Do you know how that story started?"

I didn't know, and so I merely said that, according to general re-

port, most stars had come up from waiters or waitresses.

"When Miss Weber first noticed me, I was carrying a luncheon tray. It was in a studio cafeteria. I was working as an extra girl, because I think it is the best way of starting out in pictures. So far as my work in the studios has been concerned, I never have had any moments of dark despair; I've never been on the verge of starvation. I lived with my father and mother, and I still do. Fortunately, my father was able and more than willing to support me. When I am at the studio my mother takes care of Billy. So, you see, if I were to talk about the hardships of the poor beginner in pictures, it wouldn't be exactly flattering to my parents."

There was no hint of pose about Miss Windsor. She wasn't picturing herself as a pampered, spoiled society girl who had gone into the movies for the fun of it. She was simply telling the story of a young girl from Kansas who had learned much from life and much from her work in the studios. Because she lived in a small town, her mother sent her away to school. After that, she lived in Seattle. She likes to think of Seattle as her home town because, as a pretty, young, and willful girl, she had "such a good time there."

Before she went into the movies came the half-suggested tragedy of her marriage. Billy was about a year old when Miss Windsor set her firm chin, walked into a studio, and decided upon a sensible way of earning her own living and developing her talents.

Her candor is engaging. She told me that she loved to go out, that she loved to dance, that she loved to enjoy herself.

"But," she added, "the most unkind thing that was ever printed about me appeared in a newspaper. Some

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SOME OF OUR FRIENDS

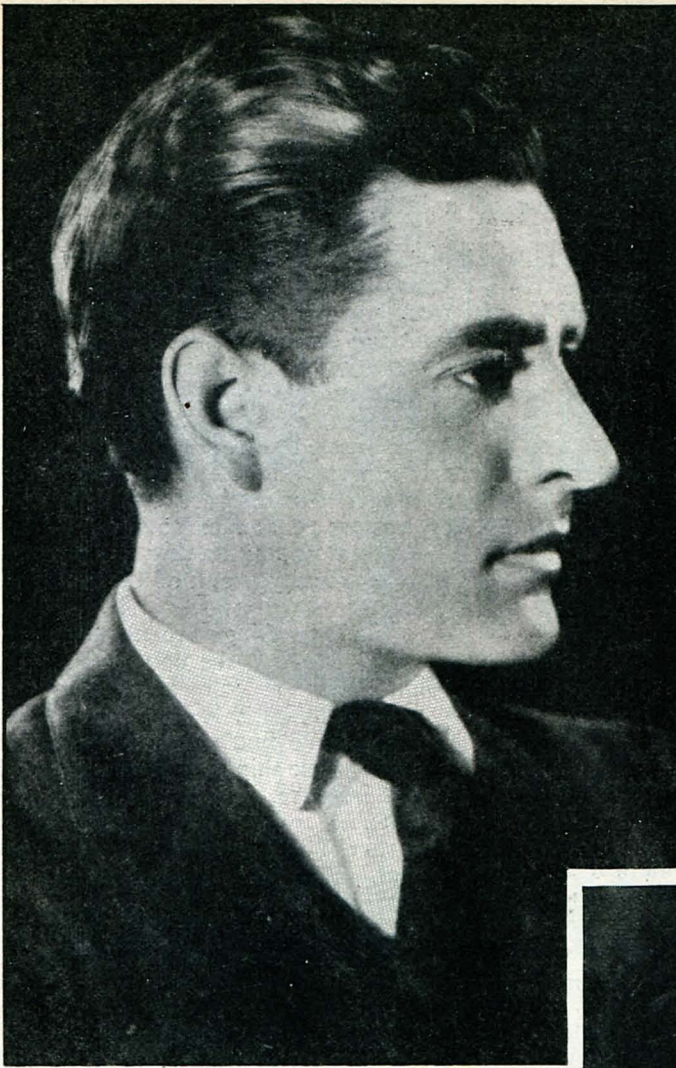
have written to us that they think the players' private lives should not be delved into by interviewers.

But sometimes, when injustices have been done, the players wish to have their friends set right, as in the case of Claire Windsor. We feel sure that you will be interested to know more about her—and Billy.

Deep

The philosopher says "beauty is only retorts, "that is

By Malcolm



Producers are always threatening to star our great character actors; meanwhile they make stars of such handsome young men as John Gilbert. Photo by Melbourne Spurr

GIVE me beauty in an extra girl and I'll give you a star, as stars go, in a year's time. That isn't a promise, but it's a possibility. Beauty makes the camera grind.

By thus enshrining beauty, do not suppose for an instant that I pretend that beauty enables the possessor to break into the photographed ranks with any great facility. It is often a bar. Stars—feminine—dislike, as a rule, to see their supporting troupes dotted with lovely ladies who might distract attention from the central figure. Beautiful girls have a hard time making the grade. But I speak not of the outsiders, but those already within the celluloid gates. This is no tract on how to break in, but rather an explanation of the ascent of some who are in. Once cast in a rôle of any importance, a woman with beauty in her favor has the studio world at her shapely feet.

That the photo play requires beauty in large, undiluted quantities is illustrated by its annual drain upon the "Follies," the "Scandals," and other opera keeping the lights burning in our temples of the drama. These frolics do not make the slightest pretensions at employing "actresses;" they deal purely in optical illusions. A slightly spine is more to be desired than a Devonshire accent, a gayly placed dimple more appreciable than the ability to recite *Portia's* "Mercy" speech. Yet it is from these capering choruses of luscious femininity that the Neilans and Inces and De Milles cull their Jacqueline Logans, their Madge Bellamys, and their Shannon Days. It is from the beauty garden, not the dramatic school, that they come.

Mack Sennett, like Ziegfeld and Dillingham and other impresarios of the flesh, makes no secret of the fact that he caters exclusively to the æsthetic eye in deploying his ladies for the spooled drama, that in selecting the fair ones to ornament his gelatinous gambols he chooses them not for their dramatic talents, but solely for their decorative effect; yet the biggest dramatic producers lean heavily upon the bathing beaches as a source of supply whence they acquire their celluloid Sarahs, their flickering Modjeskas, their photographic Duses. Of the eye-filling demoiselles thus elevated from one-piece bathing suits to one-piece evening gowns, few act particularly well, but all look exceptionally well. After all, it has been the beauties, not the genuine Thespians, who have achieved the greatest popularity on the silver sheets of the world.

It is in the degree of handsomeness or loveliness that screen reputations are, for the most part, made. Of course you may say, "Look at Lon Chaney!" or you may ask, "How about Will Rogers?" But for

every Lon Chaney I can name a dozen Katherine MacDonalds, Marion Davieses, Marjorie Daws, Agnes Ayreses, Anita Stewarts; for each Will Rogers I might easily enumerate a score of Hope Hampton, Claire Windsors, Alice Joyces, Grace Darmonds—

People are always threatening to star Raymond Hatton, but they don't do it.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull



Mary Alden, a truly great character actress, is not decorated with stellar satins.



Enough

skin deep," whereupon the filmsopher deep enough!"

H. Oettinger

Sheer histrionic ability seldom reaps its fair rewards before the fickle photo-play fan. E. H. Sothorn withdrew from pictures after a pair of appearances; such a premier artiste as Ethel Barrymore found it wiser to confine her activities to the spoken drama; Beerbohm Tree suffered an ignominious career among the prancing pastels; Mrs. Fiske herself crumbled hopelessly before the camera; such a superb star as Maude Adams may venture no farther than a screen test. But let a radiant Billie Burke appear—never a rival of Julia Marlowe or any others of the dramatic sorority—bring forth a dazzling danseuse from Rec-tor's in the person of Mae Murray, introduce a bewitching blond ingénue entitled Mary Miles Minter—then stand off to hear the whoops with which these pets are acclaimed by the caliphs of the cinema. These are beauties! Be beautiful, my maid, and let who will be clever!

Talent does not go far toward actually

The beauty Marion Davies has won her a large following.

Photo by Ira L. Hill



Beauty went farther to make Agnes Ayres a star than talent ever did.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Their histrionic ability on the screen reaps few rewards, but such beauty as Grace Darmond's is always acclaimed.

making stars; beauty does. Not the Mary Aldens and Lois Wilsons and ZaSu Pittses wear the stellar silks and satins, but rather the Gladys Waltons, the Marie Prevosts, and the Alice Calhouns. On the male side of the screen there is a similar story to be told. For years people have been threatening to star Raymond Hatton; every month brings news of a picture starring Theodore Roberts; critics all concede that Tully Marshall merits the stellar dressing room. But while these potential luminaries await the ever-approaching-but-never-arriving day, stardom comes to John Gilbert, to Rodolph Valentino, to Jack Hoxie, to Herbert Rawlinson. In the

electric lights you will see Apollo Belvidere featured, whether he be Wallace Reid or Earle Williams, Antonio Moreno or Warren Kerrigan—the Henry Walthalls, the George Fawcetts, the Lon Chaney's, the Wallace Beery's—let them support beauty. Faces, physiques, *looks*—these make stars!

A survey of the luminaries dotting the films of the hour reveal beauty at its peak. Perhaps it is the way of the camera; perhaps beauty is the *sine qua non* of the successful picture. "Jackknife-man" scenarios are "artistic" successes, but alas! they inspire no tinkling symphony at the box office. People want optical massages like "The Queen of Sheba," purple plush cellul legends à la Cecil, Marion Davies *tableaux vivant*, and occasional Irene Castle titbits of terpsichore with costumes by Lucile. Good acting is all right, but "why don't they have more of Frank Mayo's fillums?" demand the neighborhood picturegoers. It is beauty the public craves, and the more of it the better.

The beautiful extra girl, as I have noted, needs but one chance, and she is made. Similarly, a youth with good eyes, a square jaw, and a pleasing nose, once he "lands" in a fairly reputable picture, need no longer wonder whither cometh the next meal. He is sure to be fed for some time to come.

Actors there are, of course, peopling the silver sheet, but acting is, as a matter of cold, critical, statistical fact, secondary. Money makes the world go round, and beauty makes the reel unroll!

Sizing Up the Screen Flapper

The flapper in real life could give her cards and spades and beat her to a frazzle.

By Grace Kingsley

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



The very killingest thing the screen flapper does is to slide down the banister.



THE villain on the screen is as wicked as any one could wish. The screen vampire could out-vamp any real siren. But the screen flapper doesn't seem to be giving the real flapper any sort of competition. Compared to her radiant flesh-and-blood sister, the screen flapper is a poor-spirited, denatured creature, who does her broadcasting in daylight mostly, leaving the real flapper to do the night work. Even at her wickedest, when she's a baby vamp and all that, the film flapper is as inferior to the real thing in original cussedness as a jitney pickpocket is to Jesse James. Occasionally on the screen a Greenwich Village flapper will cut up high, wide, and handsome, but this is the flapper localized, and she is really somewhat outside the pale. In real life, though, the flapper flaps just as wildly at the parsonage as at the party.

Yes, the village green flapper is just as wild as the Greenwich Village flapper. She isn't just somebody you meet once in a while, the real flapper. You meet her everywhere, in every set from Sunday school to country club, from cash girl grubs to social butterflies.

To be sure, there are degrees of flapperdom in real life. The mildest flapper contents herself with rolling her stockings, wearing dresses that end early, making up in public, bobbing her hair, wising herself up on the film stars and their doings, flirting in season and out of season with any male that is found flirtable, smoking a wicked cigarette, and slinging a guilty gaiter in the one-step. But it is the snappy, thirty-third degree flapper that makes the original Quaker maid look like a "Follies" girl trying to unsteady the Volstead act.

The film flapper is fifty years behind the times. She still thinks it is cute to jounce on her papa's knee and tease for a new dress, or to tickle the nose of her faithful old colored mammy with a straw. Whereas the real flapper goes about it in a businesslike way to extract from her dad a roll the size of a bootlegger's ransom, and she has other uses for her faithful old colored mammy beside tick-

ling her. She sends the dear old soul down to the corner drug store to get some cigarettes—and make it snappy, too!

But the very killingest thing the screen flapper does is to slide down the banister and land in the middle of a group of nervous old ladies and gentlemen. This is her trump card. If she can make them all jump out of their poor old skins and spill their tea, she feels that her day has not been wasted.

Personally I think the film flapper's cuteness is rather irritating. Take the trick she has of dashing up to the hero, when he is reading a stock ticker, and putting her hands over his eyes right at the crucial moment, just when he is going to find out whether he and the good old man are ruined or not—isn't that enough to make any man go home and throw his grandmother into the fire?

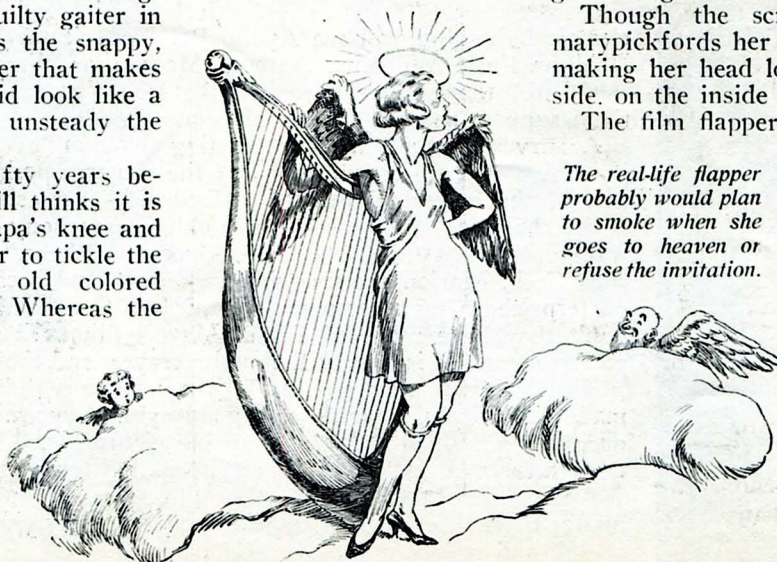
I saw Viola Dana in a picture not long ago creep up on a poor old bald-headed man who was asleep and stick a pin into his cranium. The bald-headed man did not think this was funny. I agree with the bald-headed man.

"The world," said Channing Pollock once, "is made up of human beings and ingénues." To-day one might paraphrase so far as the screen is concerned and say, "The screen world is made up of near-human beings and flappers." The flapper is the ingénue's granddaughter.

Though the screen flapper no longer marypickfords her hair, but bobs it instead, making her head look different on the outside, on the inside it looks just the same.

The film flapper is still in the Arcadian age of innocence—dances with an eye on the censors, picnics prudently, and merits no severe criticism.

And she isn't at all original, the screen flapper. She does what all the other screen flappers have been doing since the motion picture was invented, whereas the real-life flapper thinks up a new brand of cussedness every day.



The real-life flapper probably would plan to smoke when she goes to heaven or refuse the invitation.



The flapper keeps up with every modern movement. Cigarettes are a necessity to her, and cocktails in her cryptic language are "the cat's whiskers."

When she gets to the picnic, if she feels very reckless she will let a young man assist her across the brook. In real life, the flapper will

She is so amazingly wise, the real flapper. She makes you gasp with her knowledge of the world—even the most innocent among the flappers does. You, for instance, an older person, think that you are addressing veiled allusions on some delicate topic to some other older person in her presence. Do you get away with it? You do not. She takes up the discussion where you left it off, and in no uncertain terms makes some contribution of so enlightening a nature that it will rattle your back teeth. And she is certainly frank and businesslike while making it, too. She knows all about every modern movement from bolshevism to Freud's theories. Cigarettes are a necessity to her, and as for a cocktail, it's what she alludes to cryptically as the cat's whiskers.

The real flapper smokes almost incessantly, in automobiles, on the beach, in bathing, in bed, in theater lobbies and dining rooms. I presume she'll plan to smoke when she goes to heaven, or refuse the invitation.

The screen flapper, on the other hand, takes one little wee puff of a male's cigarette, and then coughs and coughs! Or maybe, in a very devilish moment, she smokes up nearly a whole cubeb! In real life, the flapper asks her escort for a light, and if he doesn't give it to her instantly she grabs his cigarette.

The real flesh-and-blood flapper may go to a man's apartments for dinner alone with him, have a drink, sit on the table so that you can see where the wild socks cease to roll, and yet mean nothing in the world by it except the expression of buoyant girlhood.

On the other hand, the screen flapper's wildest excess is going to a picnic without a chaperon. She is very cute about it—steals out early in the morning with her lunch basket on her arm and the rising sun gleaming through her hair.

cheerfully chloroform the chaperon if she can't get rid of her in any other way.

I saw Mary Miles Minter in a picture the other day. Mary was supposed to be quite bold and bad. How do you think she registered the depths of flapper cussedness? She ran into a young man's bedroom—oh, dear, no, the young man wasn't there at the time!—and put wild flowers on his dresser! Yes, *wild* flowers—the wildest she could find! And later—now sit tight—she let a young man kiss her in the moonlight! To be sure, she didn't kiss back, still, it was pretty bold, don't you think?

May MacAvoy, in a picture not long ago, stamped her foot at a young man who wanted her to have a glass of wine. The only time the real flapper stamps her foot at the man who asks her to drink is when he won't tell her the name of his bootlegger.

Then there is the matter of dancing. The film flapper dances decorously, partly with an eye to the censor, partly because if she snuggles up to her partner she will leave her make-up on his coat, and though she doesn't care tuppence about his coat, she does care about her make-up. In real life, on the other hand, the most innocent flapper in the world will twine herself around her partner and go through a shimmy calculated to make the sacred shimmy shakers of Isis turn green with envy.

Whereas the film flapper is carefully innocent and delicate minded, the real-life flapper is afraid you won't find out how devilish she is.

As to games, while in pictures the flapper plays a nice game of tame golf or a little denatured bridge, in real life she can't get a kick out of anything under stud poker.

Reserve, too, has gone out of style along with the reception hall, the dance program, skirted bathing suits, and figure-eight corsets.

Speaking of corsets—and we need have no fear of mentioning them—everybody does.

Continued on page 92

Real-life flappers unblushingly remove the Spanish Inquisition props and park them in the cloak room.





The peaceful landscapes of rural Maine form a pleasing background for the story.

Really Way Down East

"Timothy's Quest" is the first of several stories by Maine authors to be produced in Maine by a group of Maine financiers.

By Edna Foley

NOT so long ago motion-picture producers made their pictures in California or in New Jersey regardless of whether the locale was supposed to be Kentucky, Kansas, Virginia, or any other State. The California coast was made to serve for anything from the Mediterranean to the bleak shores of Alaska, and New Jersey was the versatile field of Indian massacres, Michigan harvests, and garden parties in England. But in the past year or two there has been a steady movement toward filming pictures in their own locale. The characteristic landscape and architecture of the neighborhood in which a story is laid has impressed its importance on motion-picture producers now as well as on authors.

Recently we have had real Canadian Northwest as a background for stories of that neighborhood, real South Seas, real Virginia mountains—and now we are to have real, rural Maine. "Timothy's Quest," one of the earliest and most popular of Kate Douglas Wiggin's stories, has been produced in Maine near Mrs. Wiggins' home, "Quillcote-on-the-Saco," and other adaptations of the works of Maine authors are to follow.

Kate Douglas Wiggin herself selected Joseph Depew and Helen Rowland to play the leading rôles.



THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

Procuring Stars' Photographs

A good many fans have written to us, telling of how they have sent to different stars for photographs, inclosing twenty-five cents with the request, and have received nothing in reply. This is a bad condition, which should in some way be corrected. Like all others, there is another side to it.

A star who had been making a close survey of her fan mail recently told us that she had been having a check made on the number of letters which she received inclosing stamps for photographs and that she was getting nearly three times this number of letters from persons who obviously were not real fans, but merely photograph collectors, saying, "I sent you a month ago twenty-five cents, but have received no photograph," et cetera.

A Condition That Should Be Improved

The whole business of sending and procuring stars' photographs seems to be unsatisfactorily managed all around.

A few years ago when there were a limited number of stars, each working for a big organization under a long-term contract, the matter could be handled fairly satisfactorily. But today the situation is different. The number of requests for photographs from all over the world is increasing, while stars' salaries have, generally speaking, decreased considerably, save for a very few at the top of the profession. There are stars whose entire salaries would not equal the amount spent by Mary Pickford or Norma Talmadge on fan mail. Many of the stars and former stars no longer are connected with any one big company, but change from one to another. This makes it inevitable that much of their mail should be lost or destroyed, and many of the stamps pilfered.

A Suggested Remedy

It seems to us that a sort of clearing house should be established by an association of the producers to be run on a self-supporting basis without profit, to which the fans could send for the photographs of any stars and get these pictures at cost, or without cost in cases where the star wished to bear the expense. This would insure promptness and accuracy, and would do away with the growing number of complaints on the part of the fans that they are getting nothing for their stamps, and would solve what, to many a star, is becoming a serious problem. The large volume of business that such a clearing house would do would enable them to cut the costs down to a minimum, and to sell the photographs at a very reasonable rate. The existence of such a clearing house would not need to discourage the fans from writing to the stars at their studios, or the stars from having a private secretary to answer this mail if he or she chose.

George Beban Says a Few Words

George Beban who appears in vaudeville and motion pictures—and sometimes both in the same evening's entertainment—has been quoted recently as saying that movie actors and actresses are beautiful but dumb, that they are "for exhibition purposes only," that they have no intelligence, and that they cannot act. All of which may have been good publicity for Mr. Beban—or may not. However, it is not, to our way of thinking, true. In fact it is so far from the truth that the screen actors and actresses who went to the trouble of answering Mr. Beban's implied challenge might have saved their time. After seeing six Broadway successes, The Observer is willing to venture the statement that the supporting casts of the screen are more competent than the supporting casts of the stage.

To say that movie players cannot act is sheer rot. Any one who denies the ability of Richard Barthelmess, Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Thomas Meighan, or Betty Compson either doesn't know what he is talking about or else is making irrational statements for publicity purposes.

Concerning Picture Lengths

A "fan" writes to PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE that she saw a picture in one of the big theaters in Los Angeles. It impressed her as a quick-moving and a well-told story. Later she saw it in a small theater in a Los Angeles suburb. It was the same picture, but it lasted about a half hour longer. The fan wants to know if pictures are not pictures all over the country. She had liked the picture she saw in the big theater, but the longer film that was shown at the small-town theater was tedious and tiresome.

Another fan tells me that she has seen pictures brutally cut and edited by the managers of the large theaters. Exhibited in their full length at the smaller theaters they appeared to much better advantage.

Most pictures released through the film exchanges are cut in the studios to meet the demands of the salesman. Regardless of the merits of the stories, they are cut to a standard length—between fifty-five hundred and sixty-five hundred feet. The light farce comedy and the heavy historical drama are allowed almost the same footage.

When the picture reaches the exhibitor in the larger cities where the programs run for a week, the theater manager trims the film to suit himself, to make it fit the requirements of his own schedule. The theater manager in the small town must accept the picture as it stands; he changes his program every day, and he hasn't time to edit the picture. And even if he did have time, the exchange man who ships him the film wouldn't thank him for cutting it up.

The producers themselves have not seen the wisdom of editing their pictures to "natural length." In many cases they spoil a really big story by cutting it so that the film version is only a choppy and unsatisfactory synopsis of the original drama. And they string out light and inconsequential comedies until they wear out the patience and endurance of the spectators.

Learn What You're Going to See

The following letter, recently published in the *New York Times*, is reprinted here to emphasize what we have often said before in this column: that if you seek theatrical entertainment, of any kind, without any idea of what you are going to see, the chances are that you will be disappointed. The writer, a person living out of town, who had come to New York for a short visit, says:

My own little experience of two weeks ago will convey to you the hopelessness of trying to select an evening's entertainment unaided. I saw in the paper that Wilton Lackaye was appearing in "The Monster." Knowing him to be a fairly good actor, I selected that play. It is needless for me to say more.

The next evening I decided to see that perfect actor, Norman Trevor. Again I had the sensation of floundering in waters too deep for me, but I kept on, bravely trying to entertain myself and a friend.

Being somewhat irritated over the plays, I thought it a wise move to try Keith's vaudeville, the headliner being another old-time and splendid actor, Mr. Faversham. Once again my ideals were shattered—three good actors hopelessly wasting their talents!

Before giving up in despair, I ventured forth once more. This time to the Capitol, as I was anxious to see the "finest theater in the world" and thought the music might be good. The whole performance was ruined by the showing of one of the silliest, most asinine pictures I have ever seen, "Rich Men's Wives." The *Times* the following morning stated that the picture was very poor, "obviously designed for the provincials who like to see what they think is New York social life." If that is what we expect to be served out to us, Lord have mercy!

Can you invent some method of preserving and protecting the poor provincial?
IRMA DU KATE.
New York.

The "poor provincial" is of course no worse off than the lifelong New Yorker, if he attempts to purchase his entertainment without looking it up beforehand.

In a few of the larger cities there are some reviewers on the daily papers at least who are competent and free to review the new pictures in a way that will honestly enlighten the public as to the type and quality of entertainment. In most of the smaller towns, however, the only write-ups of films are the laudatory reviews, clipped from the producers' press books, and inserted by the papers as part of their share in fulfilling advertising contracts. For the person living in such communities, where pictures usually are seen some time after their first metropolitan showings, the better class of fan magazine is a fairly safe guide.

If You Were Censor

The reports of the cut-outs made by the various State censorship boards read about as follows:

"Cut out scene of fat man winking at waiter."

"Eliminate word 'chicken' in all subtitles and substitute phrase 'young girl.'"

"Shorten scene of woman hitting husband with frying pan."

"Cut out close-up of vampire's ankle watch."

"Shorten kissing scene at end of picture to two and four-fifths feet."

And so on.

If you were a member of a board of censorship and not just an every-day movie fan, what eliminations would you make in motion pictures?

The Observer has a list of cut outs of his own. If he were censor, he would order the following eliminations:

"Cut out all scenes of kiddie praying for mother who has gone to a cabaret."

"Cut out all flash backs of Roman, Grecian, Babylonian, or Egyptian orgies."

"Cut out all scenes of ingénue romping."

"Eliminate elderly and abused mother from the plot."

"Cut out all sudden reformations."

"Cut out the bunk."

Stereoscopic Pictures at Last

Stereoscopic motion pictures have at last arrived, not as a scientific experiment, but in sufficiently practical form to be shown to an audience in a regular theater.

For years the achievement of this—like the making of satisfactory pictures in natural color—has been the dream of an endless number of inventors.

Stereoscopic pictures are pictures which give the appearance of depth that objects have in reality, instead of the obviously flat surface of a painting, photograph, or the motion-picture screen as we now know it.

Two processes have been perfected recently, one, the Fairall process, in Los Angeles, and the other the Televue process, with headquarters in New York. The Televue pictures, which are the only ones The Observer has seen, are made by photographing two films at the same time in a stereoscopic camera, at slightly different angles. The positive films made from these are then projected onto the same screen. You look at the screen and you notice that one laps over the other, causing an unpleasant blur, similar to the result you would get by taking a snapshot of a person, letting him move slightly to one side and then snapping him again on the same plate or film.

But at each spectator's seat is a small adjustable device through which a disc revolves with extreme rapidity alternately shutting off the one and then the other of these blurring impressions, and as you look through this device the thing on the screen assumes the semblance of reality. You feel the absolute solidity of each object. What you see is not a picture of persons and things, but, in effect, the persons and things themselves! A figure starts toward you and it approaches so closely that you feel that you could reach out and touch it, while the distant objects recede far beyond the walls that inclose you.

Will the Public Like These Pictures?

It all seems miraculous. But how far this or any similar invention for obtaining the same result will go in the way of revolutionizing motion pictures remains to be seen. No one who has witnessed the great changes caused in the last generation or so by inventions can afford to sneer and say the thing will never be practical. Neither can any one who knows how many apparently marvelous inventions have utterly failed, afford to predict too great a future for this one. The promoters of the device are refreshingly modest. They admit that only practical tests with audiences can give any clew to its practical possibilities. They have, therefore, arranged to equip a New York theater; they have made a feature picture starring Grant Mitchell, the hero of "A Tailor-made Man" in its stage version, and they expect to get the verdict of the public within a very short time—possibly by the time this magazine appears. Upon the success of the New York showing depends whether or not they will start gradually to equip other theaters throughout the country for showing their stereoscopic pictures.

Enid—Who Is Content

Staging a come-back in the mammoth production of "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood" is making Enid Bennett, once a popular star, very happy.

By Caroline Bell

AM I happy to be coming back to the screen?"

Enid Bennett repeated my query and then asked, "Would you feel happy to be home after a long journey? That's the way I feel about being back on the screen. I am home again. And to say that I am delighted to be staging my comeback in such a picture as Douglas Fairbanks' 'Robin Hood' is putting it mildly. I would much rather return as a leading lady in a mammoth production where I am sure of a good rôle and a chance to act than to return as star of some cream-puff story such as many of those I did during my starring days."



Enid Bennett makes an alluring figure as "Maid Marian."



I had gone out to see her at her dressing room at the Fairbanks studio, and we had laughed over the funny stories that used to be printed about motion-picture players. She insisted that they used to tell that in her early days in Australia she subsisted on kangaroo steak. She is glad that days of genuineness have come in interviews as well as pictures.

I had always thought of Enid Bennett as a little doll-like creature, pretty in a quiet, clinging sort of way, but not extremely thoughtful. I was agreeably surprised. For she showed in our conversation, which rambled from Hollywood to Australia, from the theater to babies, not only the qualities of a real woman, but also a keen mind and, I thought, a fine business sense. She is much more vivacious than I had supposed her to be.

"I love the theater, city lights, movement, color. That is why I never could bear to remain away from the screen very long. Our work is so interesting and colorful—new sensations every day. There is something to look forward to every minute. This way we don't stagnate as one is so likely to do on the stage, playing the same rôle over and over again until life becomes stereotyped.

"However, I hope to return to the stage some day, when I can do so without sacrificing my home and my picture

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If You Were Douglas

And—has the amazing thought ever occurred to

By Gerald C.



FOREWORD

A few years ago a young man in his teens, like many another of that age,

became a great admirer of Douglas Fairbanks, when the latter burst upon the screen, and through that medium—and the press—sent broadcast his message of pep and good-nature to the youth of the land. It became an ambition of that young man some day to know and to work with Fairbanks. That ambition was realized, and it was through that personal acquaintance and association that this story was made possible.

NOT long ago in reading a newspaper I was amused by an item recounting the excitement which prevailed in two homes in Newark, New Jersey, when it was discovered that a hospital, after having bathed two newborn babes, had mixed the identification tags and returned the infants to the wrong mothers. The mothers, not having known their children very long, had not become familiar with their features, and each took the other's offspring home. If the children had both been girls, or if both had been boys, the mistake doubtless would never have been detected.

Imagine the dismaying possibilities of confusing the identity of babies' spirits before they are born if such a tag system were used in heaven as in Newark! And suppose that through an error a pair of spirits were accidentally exchanged, each assigned to a body belonging to the other: an absurd supposition, but an amusing one, for by it, you can imagine that such a mistake had just been discovered, and you were really not yourself—but Douglas Fairbanks!

It would be too late now to rectify the error. But at least it is quite natural that you should wonder what the sensation would be if you had come into possession of your rightful property when you began your life on this

sphere. The first question which thrusts itself into the mind is: having it, what would you have done with it?

Would you have done as Doug is doing? Would you have something over a million dollars a year at your command and live without inflammation of the chest or head, cavort about like a bubbling boy, let every one who wanted to call you by your first name, and put on your own clothes and take them off yourself, without the aid of a valet?

Doug has no valet, and he has no chauffeur of his own; he says that too many personal attendants make him feel like a decrepit old man or like an inmate of a lunatic asylum, or like a millionaire, and he has no desire to feel that he is any one of the three.

Do you think that you would be of the same opinion if you were in the same position? I've known a lot of people who couldn't afford chauffeurs, yet had them just the same, but I haven't met any one except Doug who had an income in seven figures and wanted to forget it. And I haven't met very many who'd let any one else forget it, either.

How many millionaires do you know of who care nothing for starched dignity, who are anxious to hear the opinions of the office boy, who have an office boy who dares to have opinions, who truly enjoy talking into the caulflowered ears of Bull Montana? What sort of a millionaire would you make of the Douglas Fairbanks body? Would you force those leaping legs to subside and stalk you grandiosely down Fifth Avenue when you were in New York, or would you duck around to Madison Avenue and let a huge police dog drag you through the streets to the employees' entrance of the Ritz-Carlton, and enter that way, passing through the kitchen and two coal bins on your way to your suite magnificent?

When you think of yourself bounding over the



Fairbanks

you?—maybe you are.

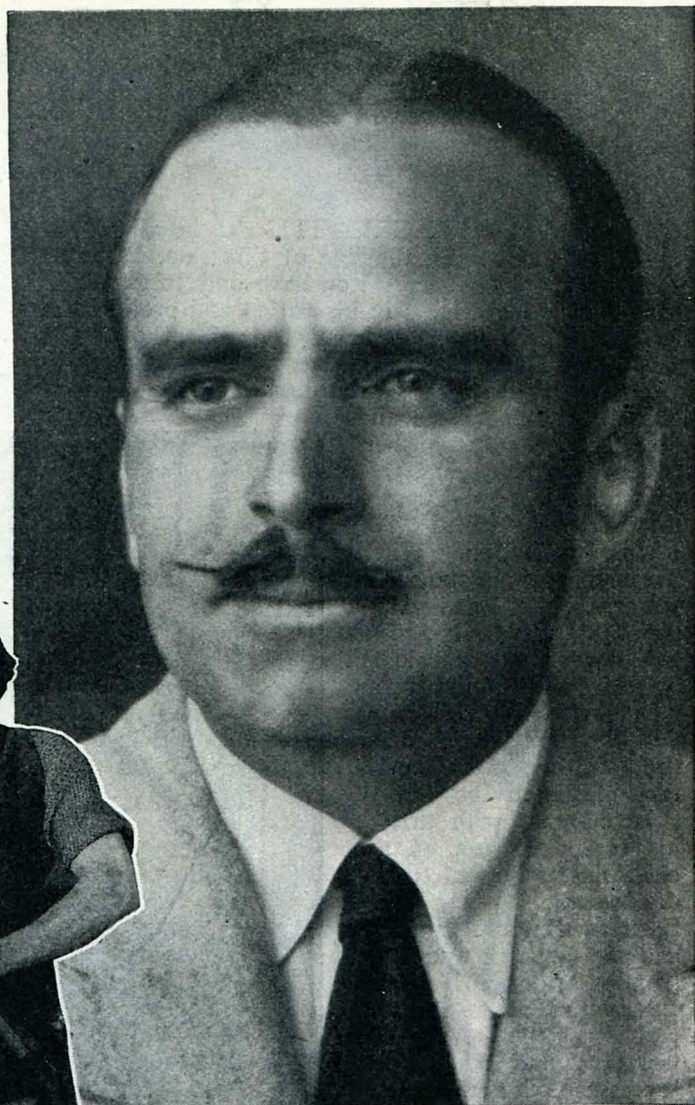
Duffy

world in his capering shoes, you doubtless think of velocity, of dash, of "pep." You imagine yourself as a young man, striking in features, wearing the perpetual grin of a jack-o'-lantern, and fitting into your clothes as water fits into a pitcher. You see yourself entering buildings through the second-story window, hurtling out again into your waiting auto, leaping over the chasms of the Grand Cañon, seizing Mary Pickford into your powerful arms, snatching a kiss, crushing her in a powerful hug, hurling her over the piano, and letting your powerful legs propel you twice around the room and back to the other side of the piano in time to catch her as she comes down.

But, *oh*, you are wrong!

Not that Doug hasn't velocity and dash and pep. And he has done most of the things just named. He has entered buildings by the second, and even the fifth-story windows; he has jumped out into his auto; he has also actually leaped over a chasm in the Grand Cañon. I have never seen him throw his wife over the piano, but then she must have *something* to say.

You have every reason for thinking of Doug as a combination of a cyclone, a Mexican jumping bean, and a Christmas toy with strings to pull. That is how you have always seen him; that is how



In whatever he plays, Douglas Fairbanks lives up to the public's idea of him—a human dynamo.

almost every one sees him—in action. He is supposed to be the human dynamo; the man who never tires.

But I will tell you that I have seen him, after he has entertained reporters 'as they have expected and wanted to be entertained. I have seen him come into his room, exhale with deep relief, and drop to a couch for a nap. Can you imagine Douglas Fairbanks napping at eleven-thirty in the morning?

The slumber lasts just "forty winks," and then he's up and ready to plunge into the day

again. At one o'clock he may nap again—he does it spasmodically, as he does everything else.

You who only see Doug Fairbanks don't know him any more than you know any other man by merely looking at him. Far more impressive and amazing than the feats of his elastic body are his mental athletics.

He has a creed, a doctrine, a religion, which is summarized in one single word. The word is: Sincerity.

No one in the world is entirely sincere at all times, Doug claims. If any one was he would be as close to the perfect man as any man could approach.

Just as every one who amounts to anything in life feels that he has a mission to accomplish, Doug Fairbanks feels a responsibility. But it isn't

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The Screen in Review

A comprehensive and complete appraisal of all the most important pictures recently released.

By Alison Smith

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH can be all things to all plots. In the line of direction, he will try anything—once. You have only to glance over some of the high lights in his varied and prolific career to realize that there is hardly any form of motion-picture production which he has not at least attempted.

There was first that extraordinary picture which revolutionized the movies and brought them up from their nickelodeon beginning, that milestone in picture progress which he called "The Birth of A Nation." When the history of the movies is written, it will stand out as the first really significant step—and it was a straight narrative story, half sentiment and half propaganda, with the Civil War used for the first time as an important motif on the screen.

In contrast with that is his recent version of the old-fashioned rural melodrama, the "Way Down East" in which Lillian Gish had her greatest and most genuine triumph; his skillful mixture of hokum and real heartache. After the Germans had made their successes with the spectacular historical film, he gave us "Orphans of the Storm," in which he presented a new replica of the much-filmed French revolution. But his most unusual—and to my mind his greatest triumph—was that haunting thing called "Broken Blossoms," made up of the lights and shadows of Limehouse.

"Broken Blossoms," however, was not a great financial success, and if ladies must live, so must motion-picture directors. Which brings me to his latest release—a frank pot-boiler. Now Mr. Griffith is shrewd enough to know that, at the present time, nothing makes an instant sure-fire hit quicker than a mystery melodrama, and I suppose he reasoned that if he was to boil the pot at all, it might as well be done thoroughly. And with that sureness of aim, at which he is still past master, he has hurled at his audience a rapid thriller in which murder, love, and slapstick are skillfully mingled. Its title is "One Exciting Night."

I don't know just where the story came from—perhaps Mr. Griffith isn't telling. But it is cut after the

same pattern as "The Bat" and "The Cat and the Canary," two mystery melodramas which are in a class by themselves.

Before Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood wrote "The Bat," the conventional mystery play began with the murder and then you followed the detective as he ran down clew after clew until he finally apprehended the guilty person.

The "Bat" type of mystery play is somewhat different. A lot of persons are brought together at night in a spooky house where queer things have been happening, and then, instead of having a "master mind" solve the mystery, the whole cast of characters, by doing things at cross purposes largely unknown to each other, and with motives of which you are ignorant, work out the mystery.

From almost the very beginning the most eerie, inexplicable, hair-raising things happen. You are kept on the very edge of your seat, with the shivers running up and down your spine during the entire performance, except where the comedy relief is introduced now and then to give you a little chance to relax.

So, in "One Exciting Night." After a leisurely and reasonably plausible introduction, Mr. Griffith manages to get all his characters together into one house—a huge half-deserted house on a lonely estate. There is the young heiress played by Carol Dempster, the hero, Henry Hull, a sinister man of mystery and two negroes, one frankly introduced for darky comedy relief and the other looming solemnly as—but I must say no more about him. Many more

people enter in this strange house party, and half of them are looking for a five-hundred-thousand-dollar fortune left by bootleggers, and the other half for the papers which will establish Carol as the missing heiress. Naturally their paths cross and naturally some one gets murdered. In a subtitle, Mr. Griffith asked us not to reveal the identity of the murderer. Even without the subtitle we wouldn't have done that because we think it's always a shabby trick on the part of reviewers who only want to show how clever they were to guess it,



"One Exciting Night" is a mystery melodrama of "The Bat" type, in which weird things continually happen unexpectedly.

long before the solution. (As a matter of fact I didn't; in fact I never can guess the end which may be one reason why I get furious at those who do.) But it isn't telling any tales to say that the action is brought to a climax by a rainstorm which is quite the wettest and wildest storm ever filmed. Anyway, it serves to clear up all the spooky things that have been happening and to throw the heroine into the hero's arms for consolation, which she certainly needed after the horrors of the last twenty-four hours.

All this is developed with innumerable creepy effects—Mr. Griffith never misses a trick that would make you start or make you laugh. Masked figures creep up the stairs, skinny hands reach out to stab in the dark, women scream and faint, and eyes peer behind closed shutters. And, fast on the heels of this tragedy comes the comic relief, furnished by two terrified darkies who are trying to escape from it all. It seemed to me that these two often broke the spell by being funny too soon after the tragedy had registered, but more imaginative souls around me were able to quake with fear and roar with laughter almost in the same breath. As I have said, Mr. Griffith knows his business.

At any rate, my romantic sense was satisfied by Carol Dempster. To me she is the loveliest thing on the screen because of her grace, which is really the poetry of motion. And when terror creeps into those huge dark eyes of hers, you shiver in sympathy with her. Henry Hull had the same rôle he played in "The Cat and the Canary," and I love him in it because he does something I have never seen a hero do before. He is quite frankly scared to death by the horrors about him, but he goes right ahead and faces the danger, anyway. And you must admit that this is a much braver hero than one who is not scared at all. C. H. Croker-King is the same sort of mysterious person that he was in "Bulldog Drummond"—the stage melodrama—his long, sinister face is a fortune to these producers of murder-mystery plays. The group of colored conspirators are properly menacing and comic as their rôles require. On the whole a better company for this sort of thing could not be imagined.

So Mr. Griffith emerges with great credit from his first big mystery melodrama. It is obvious, tricky, and effective. There is not a trace in it of the subtlety of which we know he is capable. And now that he

has finished it, I hope that it will make enough money to enable him to go further into finer production and turn out something that will have the same finesse and artistry of "Broken Blossoms." Perhaps next time he will find that his wider audience has at last awakened.

I think you will be interested to know that the old Flagler mansion at Mamaroneck, New York, which forms part of the present Griffith studio, was used for the old house where the mysterious happenings take place. There are several exterior shots that will give you a very good impression of the building where Mr. Griffith works, and the shots in the hallway showing the front door were made in the very hallway through which he and his players pass every day.

"Clarence"

You may think you know Wallace Reid, but "Clarence" reveals an entirely new actor in our old friend Wallie. He is really extraordinary. He plays the shabby, absent-minded, whimsical dough-boy who comes into a family and sets everything right, as those of you will remember who have seen Booth Tarkington's stage play. Now when you think how immaculate and alert he usually is and what chances he has had of being spoiled through society parts, you must admit that this is some departure. Of course there are going to be many fans who will weep at seeing him in such a rôle, who will be inconsolable because he does not look like a smiling fashion plate. But I think most of them will recognize that this is an uncommonly clever piece of work. Wallie's share is only part of it. The entire production is one of those little masterpieces which William De Mille is producing and which, every day are getting better and better, as the new French healer Coué says. Mr. De Mille has provided "Clarence" with a particularly charming governess in the person of Agnes Ayres and an engaging little goose of a



The Jackie Coogan "Oliver Twist" is not quite the one pictured by Dickens, but it is a film well worth while seeing.

Cora played by May McAvoy. One first-nighter I know said that he learned more about the play from the screen version than he did from the play itself. I wouldn't go quite that far, but I did feel that as a picture, it couldn't be improved. It's a great pity Mr. William De Mille isn't twins. The screen needs so much more of him. And if the people who complain about the banalities of screen stories don't turn out in force to this picture, they don't deserve better stories.



"Lorna Doone" as filmed by Maurice Tourneur, retains much of the spirit of the famous novel.

"The Face in the Fog."

For spookiness, and creepy effects and dramatic shocks, I can recommend fog most highly. And the screen has more opportunity to use it than any medium I know. "The Face in the Fog" gets the most out of a very dramatic background and a very thrilling plot. There is Seena Owen as a beautiful Grand Duchess from Russia and Louis Wolheim—he of "The Hairy Ape" fame—as a fiendish Terrorist and Lionel Barrymore as the reformed crook who saves everybody from most violent deaths. These antagonists pursue each other hotly through the mists of Manhattan, and every so often a new and strange face creeps out of the fog. It ends in one of the most stirring fights I have ever seen on the screen; I was afraid Lionel was going to get that profile of his spoiled so that he never could play Romeo on the stage. But it all ended happily, though it was a breathless chase while it lasted. Lowell Sherman and Mary MacLane, added to the rest, make the cast as much "all star" as any cast could be, while Gustav von Seyffertitz contributes one of his masterful character bits. There is some unusually fine photography in this picture, particularly in the fog scenes.



To those who remember Charlie Ray's old pictures, "The Tailor-Made Man" is likely to be another disappointment.

"Trifling Women."

Rex Ingram let loose a whole chamber of horrors in this picture. Toward the end he tried to atone by the obvious trick of making it only a story read aloud as a warning to flirtatious girls, but this end fooled nobody. The real film is the fantastic and savage tale of *Zareda*, the enchantress of Paris who just can't make her eyes behave and who gets into such difficulty that she is obliged to murder one old baron with the assistance of a pet ape. Then she sets to work to get rid of her husband and succeeds in having him killed in a duel, but not until he has carried out the most horrible revenge that ever occurred to a scenario writer. If you like horrors, you'll enjoy every moment of this except the happy ending. It is most skillfully directed and acted by Barbara La Marr, as the siren of Paris, and by Ramon Navarro and Lewis Stone. You probably will love the shivers; I did. But don't take Aunt Clara if she has a weak heart!

"Under Two Flags."

It was an inspired director who cast Priscilla Dean for *Cigarette*, the wild child of the French regiment. Of all the stars we know, she has the right spirit and fire for this wild old tale of Ouida's which is half sentiment and half melodrama. I read it years ago and formed my own idea of the spirited heroine and then I saw Blanche Bates play the rôle in the stage version, and she wasn't my idea of *Cigarette* at all. So it was not until Priscilla came swaggering out in her little cap and military jacket, that the old memory of my first impression was restored. Of course the screen version has the advantage of very real desert scenes and *Cigarette's* mad, mad ride, which isn't done over a canvas mountain. The ending seems a bit childish and old-fashioned—somehow the heroine who rushes in at the last moment with the pardon and receives the bullet intended for the hero in her own breast—somehow this isn't as convincing as it once was. But the preceding action is done so much in the spirit of the romantic old story that you don't mind the absurdities. It is a good cast, too, although I am getting very weary of Stuart Holmes' idea of a villain—it is always the same "curse you" and always the same sneer. James Kirkwood was the fascinating and melancholy hero who wasn't discouraged by being named *Bertie Cecil*.

"The Old Homestead."

I don't envy the director who starts out to make a film about a book or play which every one has seen or read years ago, because so many persons must surely have formed their own mental picture of the characters long before movies became popu-

lar, and then comes the cry, "Oh, it's all been changed!"

As a stage play, "The Old Homestead," was a quiet, homespun, New England comedy, its chief interest centering around the gentle, kindly character of *Joshua Whitcomb*, which Denman Thompson played for so many years.

The screen version turns the old comedy into a melodrama, with a villain, a robbery, an escape, and at the end a rip-roaring hurricane that is almost as exciting as the storm in "Way Down East," the picture version of which seems to have been the model for the adaptation of this other old rural play.

Though "The Old Homestead" is hardly in a class with the Griffith picture it has many things to commend it. James Cruze has directed the film with more reality and less hokum than one might think possible. Theodore Roberts—though far from the Denman Thompson type—does some splendid acting, and Kathleen O'Connor plays the part of *Rose*, the betrayed girl, with real pathos.

"Oliver Twist."

I have always had a very definite idea of what *Oliver* looked like, and it wasn't a bit like Jackie Coogan. He was a pale, thin little boy of about ten, with manners older than his years. No amount of make-up could make Jackie anything but a plump, dimpled cherub, and if he is much over six, I'm no judge of youngsters. I must say he went through his rôle of *Oliver* with uncanny accuracy—the pocket picking, the house robbing, the celebrated scene where he asks for "more." Only, somehow, I never can think of him as anything but the adorable kid that followed Charlie Chaplin through the best comedy ever filmed. *Bill Sikes* was excellently played by George Seigmann, and Gladys Brockman looked just as *Nancy* should. The murder scene was really terrifying. If you enjoy Jackie, don't miss this film on any account, but don't expect to find the *Oliver Twist* that Dickens described.

"Lorna Doone."

Whatever memories you may have of *Lorna*, you will be fascinated by the atmosphere of this screen version as filmed by Maurice Tourneur. This director can do more with the shadow of a lantern on a lonely road or the sweep of wind on the moor than most directors can suggest with a whole



Wesley Barry is the bright spot in "Rags to Riches."

cast. He has caught the spirit of this wild English country and the still wilder *Doones* who inhabited it at the time about which the old tale was written. Certainly the incidents are wild enough, some of them absurdly so. I thought John Bowers' habit of visiting *Lorna* by throwing himself down a hundred-foot waterfall seemed more than a bit eccentric. But once in the story you can believe in its action.

The Wallie Reid fans may be disappointed in "Clarence," which is an example of William De Mille's best work.

such is the magic of Tourneur. Madge Bellamy made a very beautiful *Lorna* with something of the

quaint old manners of the book. And of course it isn't her fault that I formed my picture of this fair one from the illustration in the book at home.

How about this matter of old impressions from famous books? Do they disturb you when you see the same characters impersonated on the screen? I'd like to hear from other movie fans on this matter. I think the producers would be interested in knowing what the fans think about it.



"The Headless Horseman."

Will Rogers has moments as *Ichabod Crane* which would have delighted Washington Irving. But on the whole, the producers haven't done all they might with the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The background is there in the real Sleepy Hollow with the Colonial interiors and costumes, and yet there are times when it all looks like a studio lot. In the story, I remember that the scene where the headless horseman chases *Ichabod* used to scare me into fits even when I knew all the time that it was a country bumpkin's joke. The film explains everything so laboriously that the wild ride falls very flat. Of course it's something just to watch Will Rogers with his periwig in the Colonial costume. But much of his comedy is lost in the scramble for general effects.

"Remembrance."

Having heaped bouquets on mother in "The Old Nest," Rupert Hughes now proceeds to say a word for Pop. "Remembrance" is a plea for the most noble, the most unappreciated, and the most modest figure in our national home life—the down-trodden father of a family. It's a simple and genuinely touching story of a man past fifty who has learned to greet his family with the laconic question, "How much?" His financial struggle proves too much for him—he gets pneumonia and nearly dies—whereupon the entire family reforms and begins to treat him like a human being. I wish I could believe in their reform, I hope it lasts, but something tells me that Pop will be saying, "How much?" again before he is out of bed a month. This picture gives us one of the most perfect character sketches of the film year—the winning, patient, and ironical old man of Claude Gillingwater.

"A Tailor-Made Man."

The incidental music for "A Tailor-Made Man" should be "Another Good Man Gone Wrong." There were no more appealing pictures made than the old Ray comedies when he and Jerome Storm and Julian Josephson each had a finger in the making. But then he began to make pictures for himself, and they grew worse and worse with every release. When he went with the United Artists I thought perhaps that with a director and an easier schedule, he would appear again with all his old charm. But when I saw "A Tailor-Made Man," my heart sank, for to me it was even less interesting than some of the pictures he directed himself. What with the scenario writer missing the point of the plot and the director letting it stray still further and Ray himself acting as bewildered and self-conscious as possible, the thing is only a faint echo of the original stage success. And at its best, it was no rôle to put Ray in, anyway. I can only beg Mr.

Ray to send out an S O S to his former cronies and bring back the trio of Charlie and Julian and Joe so that we'll have again those delightful little sketches which were better pictures of their kind than any produced by any one before or since.

"The Bond Boy."

Since "Tol'able David" I've gone to every Barthelmess picture with fond hopes that I'll see something as good as that genuine and touching little masterpiece. Dick will make another some day—I'm sure of that—but "The Bond Boy" isn't it. As in the first picture the setting is laid in Tennessee, and Richard is a mountain boy who is so noble that he almost gets himself hanged for murder rather than reveal an escapade of an insipid sort of a woman. Now Dick may be noble, but he's no fool, and he really deserves credit for acting the rôle with a straight face. But I must add that he did it well—far better than any young actor I know could have done. I think that his work makes the picture well worth while seeing. Mary Alden does splendidly in another mother rôle.

I have heard that the story as originally written and as shown in the original print was greatly superior to the final result. It is said that it built up to a logical and convincing climax, but that in the cutting which it appears is always necessary to get a picture down to the right commercial length, something had to go, and what went weakened the story. It is a pity that so many pictures have to be injured in this way.

"The Man Who Played God."

I suppose most of us have our noble moments when we long to go about doing our one kind act a day like a Boy Scout, and whenever we hear anybody wishing for anything, giving it to them with no strings attached. Gouverneur Morris wrote a story about a man who did just this thing, and this is the film. To make it more picturesque, the philanthropist is deaf and learns the desires of his fellow men by reading their lips. George Arliss plays this part, and his suave, mysterious face is just what is needed to make the picture convincing as well as interesting. To a young husband, he restores his invalid wife, to an old couple their home—there are many other good deeds, and none of the people thus benefited know how it happened, so they call it God. It is a subtle idea, which might have been ruined with the wrong actors, but Mr. Arliss is perfect. Moreover he has the advantage of an excellent support headed by Ann Forrest and Ivan Simpson. It is a relief to see Mr. Simpson as a good valet, because the last time I saw him he was being thrown out of a window as a worthless hound of a valet in

Continued on page 104



Ramon Navarro and Barbara La Marr are featured again in Rex Ingram's "Trifling Women."

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, as such a list would occupy too much space. Program pictures will be included in it only when they are genuinely distinctive. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue will not be mentioned, but aside from those this list will comprise those generally considered as the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Manslaughter"—De Mille—Paramount. A really original plot in which a young lawyer struggles between love and the law. Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy, and Lois Wilson do the best work of their respective careers. The scenes are heavy with De Mille luxury; all the fuss and feathers not only of the modern world, but of ancient Rome as well. Sometimes absurd but always exciting.

"When Knighthood Was In Flower"—Vignola—Cosmopolitan. One of the most elaborate historical pictures ever filmed, and one of the finest productions of the year in every respect. A rollicking tale of Henry VIII. and his madcap little sister Mary Tudor. Magnificently mounted and acted. Marion Davies, Lynn Harding, Pedro de Cordoba, Ernest Glendinning, and Johnny Dooley are only a few of the high lights.

"Blood and Sand"—Valentino—Paramount. The first great popular success without a conventional happy ending. A fairly faithful transcription of Ibañez's colorful story of the public's clamor for thrills. A splendid vehicle for Valentino, and also for Nita Naldi.

"The Prisoner of Zenda"—Ingram—Metro. The first of the screen revivals of the romantic fiction of the 1890's, which are to be so much in evidence this season.

"Sonny"—Barthelmess—First National. An unconvincing and overly-sentimental story, but well worth while seeing because of the personal charm of Dick Barthelmess and for his splendid acting.

"Grandma's Boy"—Lloyd—Pathé. Harold's first five reeler, with a plot, a theme 'n' everything, as well as some of the funniest situations ever seen on the screen. Every one seems to like this picture.

"Fools First"—Neilan—First National. A thrilling and original crook play developed ingeniously. It is full of shocks and rejoices in a remarkable cast which includes Richard Dix, Claire Windsor, and Baby Peggy.

"Smilin' Through"—Talmadge—First National. Like an exquisite lace valentine come to life with Norma Talmadge making its message of beauty real and enduring.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"The Eternal Flame"—Norma Talmadge—First National. A romance of the French court from Balzac. Norma Talmadge at her best in the lovely period costumes. So is Conway Tearle as a very gallant lover.

"The Valley of Silent Men"—Cosmopolitan. James Oliver Curwood at his best. Lew Cody and Alma Rubens climbing over beautiful snow-clad mountains. Also a thrilling murder mystery.

"East is West"—Constance Talmadge—First National. The Samuel Shipman stage success faithfully filmed. It has the same mixture of pep, bunk, and sentiment which kept the stage play going for years. Chop-suey atmosphere. Constance is pretty, lively, alert, and about as Chinese as Fifth Avenue.

"Borderland"—Ayres—Paramount. A spiritistic film in which an ancestor's ghost comes back to counsel a young wife against making the same mistake she did. It is beautifully done, with Agnes Ayres much better than usual.

"Monte Cristo"—Fox. The romantic old melodrama staged with a lavish hand and abounding in thrills. Every small boy will love it, if only for its pirates, and others will enjoy the work of John Gilbert, William Mong, and Estelle Taylor.

"The Storm"—Universal. Every device of nature combined to make a thrilling picture, involving Virginia Valli, Matt Moore, and House Peters.

"The Fast Mail"—A rip-roaring old melodrama full of calamity, violence, trickery, deceit, and, of course, a few sweet young things.

"Nanook of the North"—Pathé. A day in the life of an Eskimo, genuinely thrilling, and one of the most unusual pictures ever produced.

"Forget-me-not"—Metro. Frankly a tear-wringer about poor young orphans glorified by skillful and appealing little Bessie Love and Gareth Hughes.

"What's Wrong with the Women?"—Goodman—Equity. Not so flashy as its title. A story of woman's flightiness and its results played by a brilliant cast, including Hedda Hopper and Barbara Castleton.

"Nero"—Fox. A mighty spectacle of ancient Rome bedizened with carnivals, revelry, and the growth of Christianity.

"Hurricane's Gal"—Holubar—First National. A seagoing melodrama in which Dorothy Phillips holds to her course through every dire misfortune.

"Just Tony"—Fox. Even if you don't usually love horses, Tony will steal your heart. As a black beauty of the plains he is incomparable, and Tom Mix and Claire Adams give him excellent support.

"Dusk to Dawn"—King Vidor. Our old friend the reincarnation plot. Strangely confused in theme and action, but with moments of rare beauty. Florence Vidor plays both the American girl and the Indian maiden, her other self.

WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

"Timothy's Quest." A quaint child's story full of quiet charm. It has the true spirit of Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"Love is an Awful Thing." Owen Moore and Marjorie Daw having a hilarious time with a really amusing

comedy. Six delightful kids also enjoy themselves.

"Hungry Hearts"—Bryant Washburn—Goldwyn. A sympathetic story of the Ghetto. Bryant Washburn and Helen Ferguson as the Jewish lovers. Excellent except for a stupid happy ending.

"Nice People"—William De Mille—Paramount. Not the riotous showing-up of wild young people that the author intended, but a rather solemn treatment of them. Bebe Daniels and Wallace Reid seem unduly chastened and Conrad Nagel romps off with the honors as a villain.

"The Masquerader"—First National. One of those double-exposure affairs about the good and the bad cousin. Guy Bates Post is interesting, though he takes his acting hard, and the play has several dull moments.

"A Fool There Was"—Fox. Estelle Taylor doesn't care how far she burlesques the dear old vampire, but in spite of her this picture is pretty good.

"The Bonded Woman"—Compson—Paramount. Betty Compson as a woman who follows a sinner through all his mishaps—but casts wistful eyes now and then at slick Richard Dix.

"The Kick-back"—Carey—F. B. O. A composite of all the wild and woolly Westerns you ever saw, with Harry Carey the noble hero.

"The Young Diana"—Cosmopolitan. Beautiful but dumb, and surrounded with the usual gorgeous Urban settings.

"Her Gilded Cage"—Swanson—Paramount. A chorus girl with a heart of gold story embellished with all sorts of weird gowns and striking settings.

"Human Hearts"—Universal. Rural sobs and smiles; lots of them. And House Peters.

"Slim Shoulders"—Castle—Hodkinson. Beautiful gowns, society settings, and Irene Castle. Girls can learn much from her.

"My Dad"—F. B. O. A Far North melodrama with endless snow and trappers and sleds and dogs and Johnny Walker.

"The Married Flapper"—Universal. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan in a domestic comedy that is light but not indigestible.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Ghost Breaker"—Wallace Reid—Paramount. Not a bad picture, but not up to Wallie Reid's standard.

"Rich Men's Wives"—Preferred. This provides a complete record of all the bunk that has kept motion pictures in their infancy.

"The Country Flapper"—Dorothy Gish. For the love of Dorothy Gish and Glenn Hunter don't go to see this one.

"Trooper O'Neill"—Fox. It is pictures like this that make Canadians want to abolish the Northwest Police.

The News Reel

Happenings of Hollywood, and thereabouts, of interest to the fans.

By Helen Klumpp

THE annual big blow-out of the motion-picture profession for the benefit of the Actors' Fund is now over, and the girls can stop speaking to each other and pack their newly purchased volumes of Shakespeare away in moth balls.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" was given one night only at the Hollywood Bowl with a cast that included not only all the stars, near stars, character actors, extras, and child players, but also a goodly number of carpenters, prop-boys and stenographers from the various studios. It was hard to realize that in this part of the country there were twenty thousand people left to buy tickets, but there were. As there weren't enough important rôles to go around to all the prominent players who had volunteered their services, a pageant of beauty was interpolated and in this appeared Claire Windsor, Edna Purviance, Jane Novak, Lottie Pickford, Kathlyn Williams, Marie Prevost, Ruth Roland, Mae Busch, Helene Chadwick, Wanda Hawley, Anna Q. Nilsson, Carmel Myers, Florence Vidor, Mae Murray, Lois Wilson, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Dorothy Phillips, Priscilla Dean, and Pola Negri. Of course, every one was eager to see the magnetic Pola. Pageantry, they discovered, was not her forte, for Claire Windsor was much more dazzling. There is nothing more beautiful in Hollywood than Miss Windsor.

As *Helena*, Mary Miles Minter was a dignified and dull Shakespearian heroine. Conrad Nagel as *Oberon* was equally correct. William Desmond and Thomas Holding proved to be good troupers. May McAvoy and Patsy Ruth Miller did pretty little dances. But, alas, I must record that it was not the people with great poise and voices with a permanent wave who made the biggest hits. Viola Dana's antics as *Puck*, a less elfish and more fantastic and grotesque *Puck* than was probably ever seen before, gave the most interesting performance of the evening with Charles Ray a close second. Mr. Ray played *Flute*, and such a burlesque *Flute*! His performance should have proved to him as it did to the people a block or so away in the audience that his talent is not dependent on close-ups.

Having told you all this I might just as well admit that the children really ran away with the show. Trooping on the stage with a crowd of youngsters, Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan immediately distinguished themselves, as stars have a way of doing. All that Baby Peggy had to do was to walk across the stage in her prim way, attired in the yellow gauze of *Mustardseed* and vamp one of the leading men into holding her on his lap. Jackie Coogan as *The Fawn* worked harder. He went right down to the

footlights and bowed and bowed and bowed to his friends.

A popular young man named Charles Chaplin led the orchestra between the acts.

Hollywood's Favorite Actor.

The Sunday night that Richard Barthelmess in "The Bond Boy" opened at the Kinema Theater in Los Angeles, the waiting line extended down the street and around the corner in both directions, and in it were many prominent players. Colleen Moore nearly dissolved in tears during the episode of the gingerbread man, and Kenneth Harlan boasted a lump in his throat that kept him from speaking.

Seen at Armstrong's.

Arriving in Hollywood with a trunk-full of presents for William S. Hart, Jr., and about four thousand requests for autographed photographs of Wallace Reid, I promptly forgot all these missions. I was taken to luncheon at Armstrong's, as all good tourists are. Armstrong's is like the dream of a motion-picture fan. At the window table with her director and two or three actors, sits Gloria Swanson in full make-up and coiffure, and with a long tight-fitting cloak covering her costume. Like a less-glamorous working girl, she takes only an hour for lunch. At near-by tables are Jack Holt, Alice Lake, Patsy Ruth Miller, Jack Mulhall and his wife, and Robert Agnew. All around him the tables buzz with the information that Bobby walked off with the honors of "Clarence" despite the presence of Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres, and May McAvoy in the cast.

Pola in Hollywood.

Any stranger in Los Angeles just now is looked on with suspicion. She might be Pola Negri, in which case every one would want to begin copying her hat, her make-up, and her accent. The beautiful Pola has made only one appearance in public previous to the Actors' Fund pageant, and only newspaper and magazine writers were present on that occasion. So every one is watching for her anxiously and begging every player on the Lasky lot to tell what she is like. She is very much like a little girl who has received so many Christmas presents that she is starry-eyed with delight, but doesn't know which one to reach out for first. Incidentally, she is occupying the bungalow dressing room which formerly belonged to Mary Pickford. It has never been occupied by any one since Miss Pickford left the Famous Players' company. As you know, Pola is making Robert Hichins' "Bella Donna."



Kenneth Harlan and his mother. She wanted to play in "The Beautiful and Damned."

Sutherland for Secrecy.

Joining our party at luncheon one day Eddie Sutherland, the Adonis of Hollywood and also famous as the favorite suitor of May McAvoy, announced that he had given up acting to become Charlie Chaplin's assistant director. All the women in the party shouted, "Good," as it is fashionable in Hollywood to hide your real feelings. A civilian at the next table—any one who goes to see pictures instead of making them is a civilian; any one else is a movie—flared up angrily and began to tell her companions loudly what a wonderful actor Eddie Sutherland was.

Mr. Sutherland begged me not to mention him. Now that he is no longer an actor he says that he doesn't need publicity, and when he gets it, it keeps his uncle, Thomas Meighan, busy buying the magazines to read about Eddie and try to find out if he is behaving himself. The headline above is his new slogan: "Sutherland for Secrecy."

The Mystery of Hollywood.

Every one is wondering what Charlie Chaplin's next production will be, most of all himself. He reports to the studio every day between one and three and takes his producing staff for a walk. Like the late Mayor Gaynor of New York and other great men he thinks best on his feet. The scenario ought to be good, as he has already led them over a hundred miles or so in planning the next picture.

However, the Chaplin studio is soon to be used for something other than tennis matches. The long-promised Edna Purviance productions are under way.

The Fountain of Youth.

Not since the days when Fanny Ward, approaching fifty, went about looking like a girl of eighteen has Hollywood been so concerned about ages. J. Warren Kerrigan reported to the Lasky studio for work in "The Covered Wagon," the big Paramount special to be made from Emerson Hough's story of the same name, looking like Wallace Reid's younger brother. Or, as the less conservative ones would have it, like his son. And Jimmie Morrison, a veteran player, caused much comment one night recently when he dined at the Palais Royal. Some nice old ladies there thought he was too young to go out nights. And Kathryn Williams, returning from a vacation, looked just as young and beautiful as she did years ago when she started playing. It is said that Jesse Hampton will make "The Spoilers" again, and the consensus of opinion hereabouts is that to let any one but Kathryn Williams play *Cherry Malotte* would be little short of sacrilege.

"A Fool There Was."

George Beban recently distinguished himself by giving out a statement in Chicago to the effect that a great majority of the motion-pictures actors he knew in Hollywood were dumbbells.

A census of the most popular players showed that not one was personally acquainted with him.

An Innovation.

Cecil De Mille is starting something sensational in his next picture, and it is not a new style in bathtubs. He represents the mother of his young heroine as a beautiful and charming young woman and not as a quaint old lady with gray hair as has been traditional in motion pictures. Anna Q. Nilsson plays the mother and Pauline Garon the daughter. Pauline Garon is the lucky girl, you know, who has been chosen to follow in the footsteps of Gloria Swanson and Leatrice Joy. She was chosen because of her work with Richard Barthelmess in "Sonny."

Mr. De Mille has launched his protégés so surely on a wave of success that players now speak not of the millennium, but of their De Milledom.

Doubling for a Double.

Because Harold Lloyd had already injured his shoulder working in "Safety Last," his newest production, and because there were some dangerous stunts to be done for close-ups later on, his director decided to use a double for Harold in the long shots of a scene where he swings out over a street. But when the time came to take the scene the double was nervous, so a cool-headed and brave young man named Harold Lloyd doubled for him.

Making it Hard for the Novice.

Prominent players of to-day rose from obscurity by playing small parts in support of popular stars, but now there is no room for beginners. The casts are all filled with stars. There is "The Shop Girl," for instance, which Edward Le Saint is making. Mae Busch, Estelle Taylor, Jimmy Morrison—that is only the beginning of the cast. And more impressive than that is the cast which Fred Niblo has assembled for "The Famous Mrs. Fair"—Myrtle Stedman, Marguerite de la Motte, Cullen Landis, Huntley Gordon, and Ward Crane. And up near San Francisco Tom Forman is directing the first of his special productions, "Are You A Failure?" with Tom Santschi, Madge Bellamy, Lloyd Hughes, and Hardee Kirkland.

Social Life in Hollywood.

Speeches at Hollywood dinner parties are frequent, long and dull. The length of them is computed by the number of Clara Kimball Young's diamonds that can be counted while the speaker is at it.

There are no troublesome rules about when to wear evening clothes and when not to, to confound the young man about town in Hollywood. Anything to which the tickets cost more than three dollars is a dress affair.

The opening of a negro show at the Plantation, Los Angeles' favorite dance club modeled after its namesake in New York, was the occasion for dusting off stars' best jewels and buying a new fur coat. This affair boasted almost as many famous stars as the Actors' Fund Benefit. But where Claire Windsor is, every one else is outshone. And she was there.



Viola Dana played "Puck" in the mammoth production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" given at the Hollywood Bowl.

Nomination for the Good Sports Club.

A number of First National exhibitors visited Los Angeles recently and were taken to the studio to be presented to Katherine MacDonald. They praised "White Shoulders" highly, laboring under the delusion that beautiful stars must be flattered. Right then and there Miss MacDonald told them what she thought of the picture. Look up the worst review of it that was printed, multiply it by ten, and you have her verdict.

A Big Drawing Card.

Miss MacDonald's brother-in-law owns a little neighborhood theater on the outskirts of Los Angeles. He had booked "White Shoulders," but was a little doubtful of running it when he heard what she thought of it. But he ran the picture, and when the paid admissions were counted there were two more than had attended the Thomas Meighan picture the night before.

Prosperity Notes.

Gloria Swanson has bought one of the show places of California for a home for herself, her mother, and her baby. The house cost its original builder over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and is said to have been considerably improved. Yet Gloria will not be snobbish. Hollywood's funny that way; if you want a snob you have to find a star whose popularity is gone, or an extra girl.

Ruth Roland has also bought a beautiful new home. Hers has fourteen rooms, which ought to be enough for Ruth and her aunt, but as a matter of fact they will be crowded. Ruth's fondness for Chinese things has led her to buy innumerable idols, vases, and curios. So even now as she moves into the big new house she is planning another larger one.

Hospital News.

Marie Mosquini is in the hospital suffering from severe eye strain. For several days she made scenes for a Snub Pollard comedy in banks of salt, which were supposed to be snow, and the long, bright glare of the studio lights affected her eyes.

The Baby Stars' Revolt.

About a year ago, the Wampas, an organization of the press agents of the big motion-picture companies in the West, made up a list of the ten leading women in motion-pictures whose work they considered most promising. They called them "The Stars of Tomorrow" which was promptly discarded for the simpler name "Baby Stars." From then on, at every benefit staged in Los Angeles or its environs the "Baby Stars" were urged to attend en masse and take part. And there was much bewilderment in the audiences when the advertised "Baby Stars" turned out to be full-

grown young ladies of dignity and poise. And rebellion seethed in the hearts of the so-called baby stars for being so humiliated. So when the first rehearsal of the Actors' Fund Benefit was called and the baby stars were mentioned, Lois Wilson and May McAvoy led a chorus of protest against further use of the title. "We're great big girls!" they insisted. So, mention not the baby stars again. They won't like you if you do.

Hollywood Turns Out.

Even Rupert Hughes was so impressed by the opening of Grauman's Hollywood Egyptian theater that he was almost speechless, so who am I to try to describe it for you? Mr. Hughes, gazing about at the fantastic but unobtrusive decorations on the massive walls

remarked that Sid Grauman had presented Hollywood with a nifty little nickelodeon. Fred Niblo, who is more entertaining than tactful, was master of ceremonies; Cecil De Mille presented a laurel wreath to Mr. Grauman, and even the retiring Mr. Chaplin himself made a short address. He said that he was tired of speeches and wished they would hurry up and show the picture, which was "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood."

All the prominent players, producers, and directors were present so there wasn't much room left for Mr. and Mrs. Public. So Mr. and Mrs. Public drove up and down the street in front of the theater peeking into the limousines and announcing loudly who was inside, or thronged the sidewalks outside the theater. As the courtyard entrance to the theater is almost the length of a city block, several thousand persons who crowded inside got a chance to see their favorite stars right up close. Many of the stars themselves were intent on seeing Baby Peggy, who rode comfortably through the crowd, perched upon her father's shoulder. Such is fame.

The audience was a great credit to the jewelry and cosmetic trade, Hollywood dressmakers, and even Nature herself. Pola Negri looked oddly alluring and girlish with her wreath of big gold leaves

binding her black hair; Gloria Swanson seemed carved in marble with her immobile face and headdress of pearls, and Claire Windsor, as usual, was the natural and unassuming beauty of the occasion. The younger generation offered strong competition, however. Patsy Ruth Miller, whose flashing eyes have never had justice done them by the camera, was one bright spot and another was Colleen Moore. Colleen having just heard that she was being considered for a wonderful grown-up part, was proving her fitness for it on this occasion by a cynical droop to her mouth and lots of false hair. Last reports were that she won the part leagues ahead of all other contestants. [Cont'd on page 84]



Pola's first picture is well under way. Here she is, inspecting some of the film with George Fitzmaurice.

The Indiscretions of a Star

They continually get him into hot water, but that doesn't stop him when on adventure bent.

As Told to Inez Klumph

Illustrated by Ray van Buren

CHAPTER XXXIII.

By Way of Explanation.

BARRY STEVENS had been telling me these odds and ends of his experience from time to time, in all sorts of places—restaurants, at the studio, out on location, when we were visiting mutual friends, at the first showings of big pictures—and I had seen him during that time only through his own eyes. So I was interested when one of the biggest men in the profession, a man who has earned his right to stardom by the hardest kind of work and has held it by earnest effort, talked to me of Barry's experiences one day when we were lunching together at the Claridge.

Broadway shouted and shrieked and rumbled just outside the window; the Broadway of early autumn, blazing hot in the sunshine, swept by an aggravating wind that put the luxury of limousines at a premium. The street was filled with theatrical people—girls in refurbished clothes, trying their pitiful best to look smart enough to impress the managers and get a job; actresses who already had rôles that would carry them through the winter, and could afford costumes that made their out-of-work sisters eye them with envious, appraising eyes; leading men past their youth, made up as obviously and unsuccessfully as any maiden of the chorus; leading ladies who could not quite conceal their anxiety because the plays in which they had opened the night before had been mercilessly "panned" by the critics, and even when one has a manager-husband who is well supplied with the coin of the realm, it's not especially pleasant to pin one's hopes to a failure.

Broadway in September—a strange mixture of hopes and fears, of bluff and sincerity, of kindness and treachery and heartbreaks and happiness!

And through it strode the high lights of the motion-picture world—to mix metaphors a bit! Bert Lytell, younger and more likable looking than ever, Norma Talmadge, smiling from the window of her car, Constance, in her diamond anklet, Dorothy Gish's husband, James Rennie, just about to open in a new play and appear on Broadway in a new picture, Mae Murray, Thomas Meighan, on from the Coast for a few days, Hope Hampton, fairly clanking with jeweled bracelets, Lillian Gish, wearing only the big, square sapphire ring which causes so many inquiries; stand in the window of the Claridge, and you'll see them all.

Barry Stevens passed in his roadster, alone save for the police dog he brought back from France with him, and my host shrugged his shoulders and remarked, "Poor kid!" as the waiter brought our melon and we sat down on the wide seat that runs along beneath the windows.

"Why call him that?" I asked. "He's done well, surely, and except for this affair with the young millionaire—"

"That's it—that and a few other things. You see, Barry has everything when he's too young. Unless he has an awful run of bad luck, there's nothing ahead

"I guess I'm an incurable indiscretionist," says Barry Stevens when taxed with his many escapades. And that's just what he is. When any one appeals to Barry for help he never hesitates, even though he knows from previous sad experiences that it will probably end by his getting into some kind of a scrape. Even as, beginning with his first association with the movies, he has been almost constantly enmeshed in adventure of some kind, he will probably always have some romantic difficulty on his hands. For Barry is the type that is never left alone—people are forever discovering his kind-heartedness and trading upon it. And in the rare intervals when no one is bothering him, and when there's no adventure in sight, Barry usually starts one of his own. After reading last month about how Barry engineered the romance of Steve Markham, another motion-picture star, you'll be interested in some more of Barry's own personal experiences.

of him. Money—he has tons of it. Without intending to, he's acquired a reputation for being a heart smasher, a devil with the women. He can go on doing the kind of pictures he's making now for the next ten years, unless he loses an eye or something in the meantime. And he'll never do anything better, unless he comes a cropper, and misfortune or unhappiness or something of that kind teaches him more than he knows now.

"He's had marvelous good luck, yet he's deserved it. Did he ever tell you about his first big picture?"

I shook my head. Conversation with Barry was usually a game of hopscotch, and I'd let him tell me what he would at the moment and not ask questions.

"Well, he'd been playing small parts, and wondering how he was ever to get anything bigger. He was working for a company that had two men his own age under contract, who were good as gold with the exhibitors; they could be depended on to turn out program pictures regularly that would crowd the house, and there was no chance at all for Barry to break in on their stuff. They were under long-term contracts, too. And so was he.

"Then came the break. A big special was to be made, based on a story that had lots of publicity in book form, which the president of the company had just bought, featuring the writer—a new thing at that time. They had to have a man, a young one, to play opposite her. The logical thing to do would have been to slip one of these two men into the rôle.

"But—it couldn't be done. You see, when an exhibitor has been paying four thousand dollars right along for a star, he's not going to jump to six for that same chap. There was a lot of argument over it, and finally the sets were ready, the continuity was on the director's desk, and the argument hadn't been settled. So—finally they cast Barry Stevens for the part.

"He was pleased to pieces—and scared half to death. A lot of funny things happened as a result. He had his make-up much too dark the first day—the rest of the cast photographed four shades lighter. Then he went to the other extreme, and they looked like mulattoes in that day's rushes. He made some scenes showing him starting down a hill, one afternoon, forgot and had a hair cut when he left the studio, and arrived at the bottom of the hill, on the screen, looking as if hostile Indians had caught him on the way down!

"But he was always so good-natured, so willing to learn from any one who could help him, that we all did all we could for him. Oh, yes—I was among the others; I was one of the two male stars who couldn't get the part they gave to Barry!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Even as a youngster he had this reputation as a heart smasher," the man went on. "Not through any fault of his, either. And as a rule, the girls who were responsible for his escapades didn't care anything about

him, and he was just trying to help them. Now—well, evidently he's very much in love with this little Pauline Stewart; how's he coming out with her?"

"He told me yesterday that he hadn't seen her recently; her people are trying to break up the affair between them, you know," I answered. "He's worried about it, and doesn't know quite what to do."

"Yes, I know that, he talked the whole thing over with me yesterday evening. Well—something's got to be done. Of course, his manager's against the possibility of Barry's getting married—thinks it would hurt his popularity. But there's nothing in his contract about getting married, as there was in little Lucille Mayo's. You remember her, don't you? Her father and mother were cashing in on her popularity when she signed her last contract, and saw to it that an antimarriage clause was inserted. She fell madly in love with an awfully nice chap, a broker. So she marched out and married him secretly, and now the whole of Hollywood is talking scandal, and she's told her parents the truth and asked them whether they wanted to announce the marriage and let her show her marriage certificate and blow the scandal away, or go on and let it ruin her."

I'd heard the scandal—tales of the apartment which Lucille Mayo—which isn't her name, of course—had rented some time ago had come East. But she has always been such a sweet, charming little thing that only her most jealous competitors for public favor credited the stories about her. I was glad to hear the truth.

Barry Stevens came into the dining room just then, glanced around, and came over to our table.

"I have news—big news—for you," he told us, with a boyish grin. "Pauline's run away from home, and is going to play in my next picture. She's using her own name, too—defying her family. Isn't that great stuff?"

We agreed with him that it was. And yet I wondered. Pauline Stewart was a charming girl, but all her life she had been accustomed to having things her own way. She had been sheltered, protected. She had never had to be pleasant to people whom she did not like, had never had to conciliate those for whom she did not care.

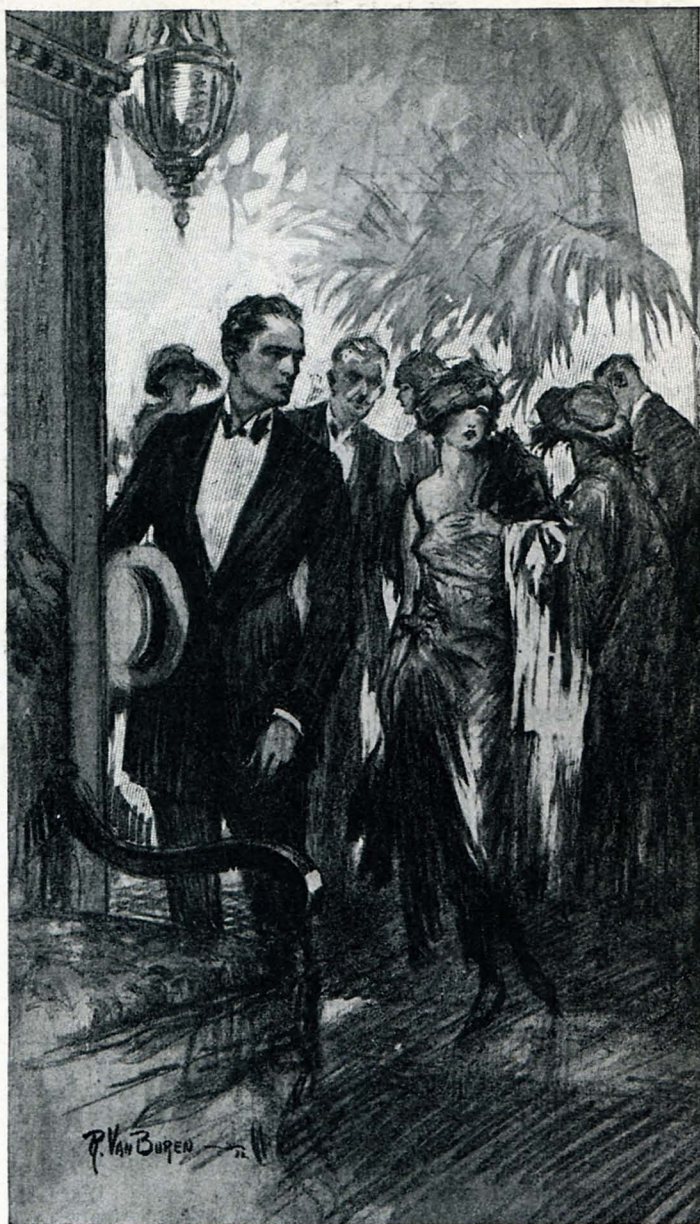
And the most talented actor, with the best backing, cannot be "the cat that walks alone." If he tries to stand quite by himself, his pictures will not succeed. He must consider those with whom he works, those who are to handle his pictures, those who are to see them. If Pauline Stewart worked in a picture with Barry she would be thrown with him even more constantly than when she had been manuscript clerk in his company. That association would either kill their fondness for each other, or make it bloom and blossom like the rose. And if she married him, she would either ruin him completely as an actor, or make him more successful than ever.

"What sort of part will she play?" I asked him.

"Well, not a very big one, of course, but it's important. She'll be a society girl who's visiting on a ranch, and she'll have to do one or two real stunts. The hero falls in love with her and asks her to marry him, at the end of the picture." And right there Barry Stevens blushed—a sight I'd never expected to see!

It was easy to know what was in his mind, of course. And I wondered more than ever. Perhaps, by the time she'd made a picture with him, she wouldn't want to marry him. For the charming Barry has his faults as well as the rest of us.

I met her a few days later, just before the company began work. She was prettier than ever, exquisitely



I couldn't catch the man's remarks, but when I got nearer I heard the

dressed, just a bit supercilious. Evidently what work she had done as script clerk hadn't broken her in as a real motion picturite. She was none too cordial to the director, who went out of his way, surprisingly enough, to be nice to her. The publicity man commented on that fact to me.

"Just a bit upstage, eh what?" he murmured, in burlesque English accent. "Well, things do move—there's no telling what will happen before long. When the family discovers where she is and what she's doing I expect to get front-page stuff for a week at least, on the strength of it. Say, there's Nancy Warren—ever meet her?"

I hadn't, though of course I'd heard of her, when she was doing serials that were famous the country over. She gave me a friendly smile when we were introduced, and I liked her immediately. She was small—not much taller than Mary Pickford—sturdy, radiantly healthy. Her red hair curled vigorously, though she had drawn it back tight under her sailor hat, and her blue eyes sparkled with interest in life.

"She's working in this picture," the publicity man told me, when Nancy Warren had crossed the studio to speak to Barry. "Seems funny, doesn't it? But



girl say, "Oh, I don't want to go with you! Let me alone, please!"

she's lucky to get the chance to work. The company she was with isn't making any pretense of doing any picture making; she's sensible enough to forget that she's been a star, and do her best work supporting Barry. Pretty good sportsmanship, it seems to me—considering the way that some of the other ex-stars are acting right now."

I agreed that it was, recalling a girl with whom I had been talking a few days before, a former star whose popularity had been fast waning when the expiration of her contract and the closing of one of the big studios left her out of work. She had done nothing but rave ever since about how unjust life was, and meanwhile made no attempt to better conditions. She had been offered several good parts, in all-star casts, but had refused to take them. She was a star! And her brother, who supported her, was walking the floor nights trying to figure out how he'd pay the bills which she ran up each day.

So now I watched little Nancy Warren interestedly. She laughed and talked with the director for a moment or two, then turned to speak to Barry about something. He was so much taller than she that he had to bend down to hear her above the noise of the carpenters'

hammers. He smiled at her, that same boyish grin that he gave every one. And she looked up at him with eyes whose message any one could read.

There was no mistaking that expression. She was in love with Barry Stevens. I could not help recognizing that fact. My eyes fell on Pauline Stewart as I turned away, and I realized, with misgiving, that she too had read the secret that Nancy Warren cherished.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The company was working at one of the studios in the outskirts of New York, and as I frequently ran out there, and Barry Stevens was still living in town, I could easily follow the progress of his affairs.

Pauline Stewart was a dandy, he told me enthusiastically. She stood the hours of waiting around in the studio perfectly—never complained—played up to him wonderfully.

"And how's Nancy Warren?" I asked, the first time that he dropped in to talk things over with me.

"Oh, she's all right," he replied indifferently. "Say, what do you think about Louis Haines and that little chorus girl who's after him? Awful, isn't it? Everybody else can see that she's determined to marry him, but he doesn't get it at all. She's clever, that youngster; she knows that, even with the motion-picture business as it is now, he's booked for stardom, and she's going to grab him off before anybody else cuts her out."

"What about them?" I asked. I hadn't heard the gossip.

"Oh, she's pulled the old, old stuff, and it's worked. I happen to know a lot of her story—a lot more than she always remembers herself. Want to hear it?"

I did, of course, so he rolled up the bundle of scenarios that he'd brought in to talk over with me, and leaned back in a big chair where he could be comfortable. He looked very tired; his face was rather gaunt, and he was thinner than I had ever seen him before. I knew that Pauline Stewart's people were making the most of a recent scandal in motion-picture circles to try to break down their daughter's fondness for him, and although he had expected that they would refuse to see the girl if she insisted on acting in one of his productions, they had done the unexpected, and she was as much at home as ever.

"This girl who's landing Haines is mixed up in the Crandall affair," he went on; the Crandall affair was the movie-world scandal I've just mentioned. "But nobody knows it yet, and she's rushing a marriage with Haines as fast as she can, thinking that will establish her, in case the police do run down her connection with Crandall. It's a funny yarn clear through.

"It begins two years ago. I was in New York, in July—and it was as hot as a furnace. Not a cool spot in town! I had to do a lot of racing around, too—was rounding up a wardrobe for two pictures, and with my valet sick with heat prostration, there was nobody who could do it for me.

"I'd been working like a slave out on location; I was doing a lot of double exposure, playing two rôles, and you know what that is! I swear that I could hear my director counting in my sleep! Then, too, I'd had a rotten time with my leading lady. There was some rather tricky stunt stuff to do, but there'd been lots of talk about doubles, and I was determined that I wouldn't have one—I've always done my own stunts, and I wanted the public to realize that I did 'em. So it had been arranged that some close shots would be shown that would prove pretty conclusively that I did my own stuff.

"And then my leading lady calmly sat down and swore that she wouldn't risk *her* precious life being rescued by me; she must have a double. That made it nice—you see, if somebody doubled for her, we couldn't take the close shot without revealing that fact—and my little plan would be all shot to pieces! I raved a bit, and reminded her that her contract specified that she was to do whatever was required of her. She replied that I could consider it broken at once, and she'd quit—with the picture almost done! She knew darned well that we wouldn't go back and take those scenes of hers all over again with some one else, of course.

"So I hiked off to New York to round up some clothes and let my temper cool off, and ran into the big hot spell of the summer, that all but laid me out and did my man up completely.

"Well, I was strolling down the main corridor of one of the hotels one night, just at dinner time, when I noticed this youngster who's after Haines. She looked about ten years younger than she does now, and much prettier—and she was scared to death. She shrank down in her seat, and tried so hard to be inconspicuous that of course every one looked at her. It struck me that she looked hungry, and after I'd passed her I turned and went back. I didn't want to annoy her, and yet, if she really was as hungry as she looked, something had to be done about it. I walked along slowly, wondering what in the dickens I could do, when a young chap just ahead of me breezed over and spoke to her. He was one of these spindling, stoop-shouldered fellows, who wear high-belted coats with padded shoulders and swagger around till you want to brush 'em off the earth.

"I couldn't hear what he said to the girl, but I saw her flinch back in her seat and look up at him with eyes like a frightened animal's. So I stepped a bit nearer. He spoke again, and leaned over her, and I heard her say:

"Oh, I don't want to go with you! Let me alone, please!"

"Her voice was shaky, and sounded as if she was all in. Big tears were rolling down her cheeks. And she looked so frightened that I couldn't stand it. So I butted in—naturally.

"Tired of waiting for me, Cynthia?' I said to her, as if I'd been late for an engagement with her. 'Awfully sorry—let's hustle dinner a bit, as I'm starving, and I'll bet you are.' Not a very good opening, but I thought it would take care of the masher, anyway, and perhaps she'd accept the dinner invitation.

"But the fellow just turned and grinned. 'Nice little stall,' he said, patronizingly. 'Very nice. But her name doesn't happen to be Cynthia.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"How did the man know her name wasn't Cynthia?" I demanded. "Did he know her?"

"No, but he'd noticed the initials on the hand bag she carried. He was just taking a chance.

"Whether her name is Cynthia or not doesn't matter—the young lady had an engagement with me, and you'll have to clear out,' I told him. I was too warm and uncomfortable to care to stand there arguing, and the row I'd had with my leading lady wasn't out of my system yet. I was ready for a good fight with any one, warm as the weather was.

"I've forgotten what he said, but it was impudent enough to give me just the provocation I needed. I picked the young man up by the handiest part of his anatomy and carried him over my shoulder to the door, where I dumped him on the sidewalk, and went back

to the girl. He'd kicked and raved all the way out there, so our progress was anything but quiet. And the fact that he yelled out my name at the top of his voice didn't make me any more comfortable. I'd have thrashed him if there'd been time, but I wanted to get back to the girl before she slipped away into the crowd.

"She was hurrying down the corridor toward the door at the other end when I caught her. I explained who I was in as few words as possible and asked her if she wouldn't dine with me. I told her that I didn't want to annoy her, but that I thought she looked hungry—there wasn't time to be tactful.

"I am hungry!" she told me. 'And I'd go to dinner with anybody!' Which wasn't exactly complimentary, but as a crowd was gathering and staring at us, I took her arm and rushed her out to a taxi.

"We dined on the roof of a hotel near by, and as we ate, the facts of the case came out. She hadn't had anything to eat since the day before, didn't have any money, didn't have any place to live—was just plain up against it. She'd run away from home to go on the stage or into the movies, she wasn't particular which, and meant to try to find her way the next day to the office of a magazine that had run a beauty contest the year before, in which she had won third prize.

"I thought maybe the editor would help me,' she told me, and I told her, in as plain language as I thought she could stand, that I prayed he wouldn't help her as he had the girls who won the first two places in that contest. One of them had committed suicide six months after she came to New York, and the other had joined the bejeweled ranks of girls who can never go home. He had given her her first jewels.

"Well, I've got to go somewhere,' she told me, rather pathetically. 'Can't you give me a chance in pictures?'

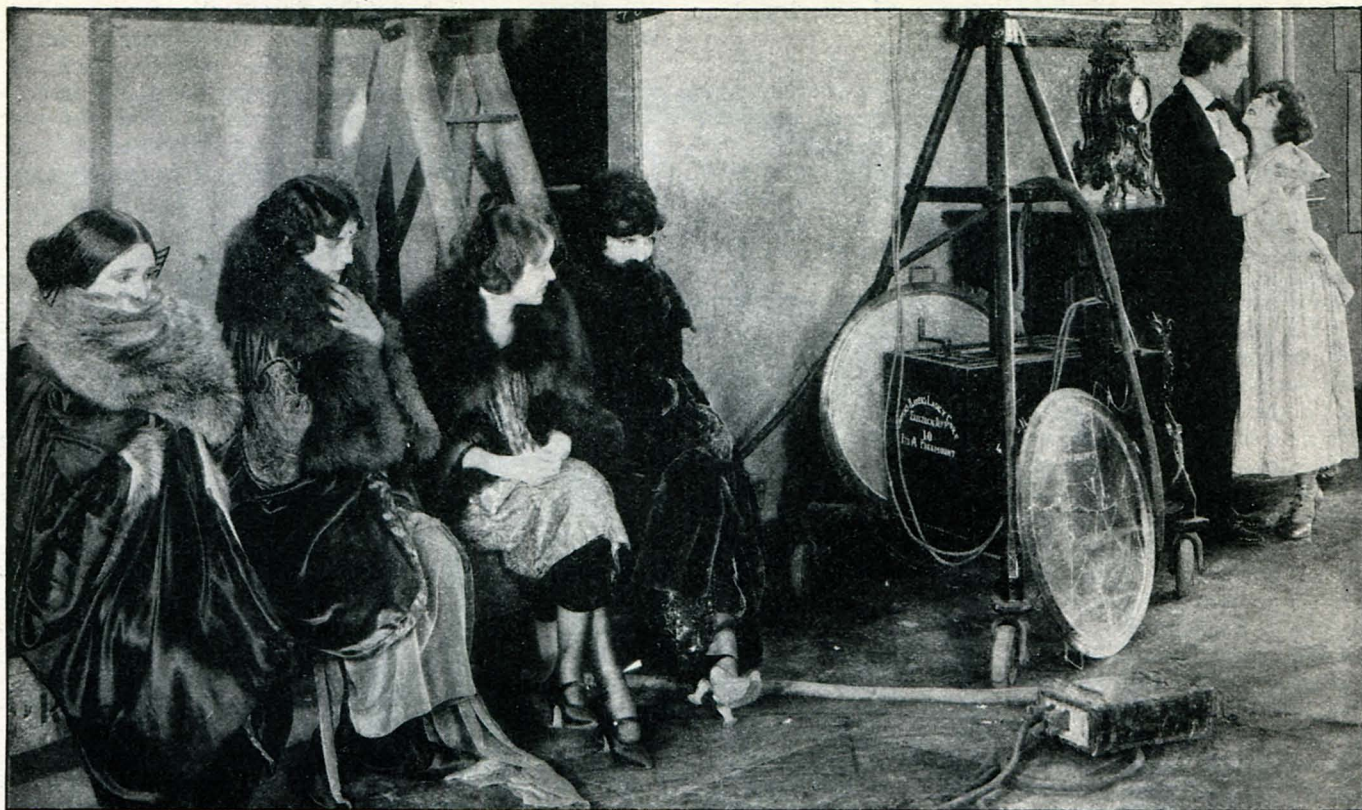
"At any other time I'd have shied off from that, but just then I was ready for it. I'd been thinking that she looked a good bit like my leading lady. They both had dark eyes, set rather far apart, and dark, curly hair. This youngster—she couldn't have been over sixteen—was smaller than the girl in my company, and thinner, but she was the same general type. And as I studied her, I realized that in those stunt scenes she could act as double for the heroine and get away with it. Her hair would tumble over her face, the scenes would be run off fast—it looked as if we would be able to work it all right.

"It would be a satisfaction to me in two ways. I could give the youngster work, and perhaps put her on her feet. It seemed to me that she ought to go back home, but that was her own affair. And I thought that maybe, when she'd seen something of movie life and talked to some of the women in it, she'd change her mind and go home of her own accord.

"Then, too, it would give me a chance to call the leading lady's bluff. She'd thought that with a double we'd drop the shots that showed my face—now she'd find out. So altogether, I was rather pleased with myself when I made the youngster an offer. I paid her a week's salary in advance, right there, scribbled a contract on the back of a menu card, which she signed—it wasn't binding, but it was a trifle more business-like—and told her to meet me at the Grand Central Station the next day at two o'clock.

"She arrived as the last 'All aboard' was shouted, and we ran for the train together. She was a pretty little thing, and her clothes looked like the things that boarding-school girls wear; even I could tell that they were the right sort.

Continued on page 86



A large part of the work of an extra consists in—waiting.

What Every Extra Knows

A series of articles dealing with the problems and experiences of the beginner in motion pictures, by one who gained her knowledge in the hard school of experience.

By Dorothea Knox

PART IV.—THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH EXTRAS WORK

Night Work in the Movies.

I KNOW of no more typical scene than that on a large set in Universal City where I was working a little while ago.

It was supposed to be in the East somewhere at a lawn fête. There was one side of an imposing residence, stucco in front and props and boards behind, and a lawn with a canvas-covered platform for dancing. Some hundred people in evening clothes shivered and laughed and talked and drank tasteless punch from small glasses.

There was a cold mist blowing down the valley, and those who were not working huddled about two iron cans filled with hot coals. The result was not satisfying as the cans scorched one side of you, making the cold mist seem all the colder on the section away from the heat.

A colored band of kinky-haired Africans with leis about their necks were evidently intended to represent Hawaiians.

A Frenchman and a Spanish girl in most elaborate costumes were doing an excellent Spanish dance. The directors, camera men, and workmen were the only ones not in some sort of effective regalia.

The scene was bright with Chinese lanterns and Kleig lights, while behind us rose the mountains, and the moon fought through the mist. Some of the women with their bare necks and thin gowns had worked all

that day, and several of them had worked for three nights running.

In the intervals a number of the extras huddled on the few benches. If they were utterly worn out they fell asleep leaning against each other. I never do this if I can help it as it always ruins my make-up.

There were people I knew there from the far South, Canada, England, the Middle West, California, Belgium, Spain, France, and New York. Dignified-looking men working for seven-fifty—a frivolous blonde drawing three hundred a week.

I went over and sat on a keg of nails. The gown I wore was composed mostly of Chantilly and cost something over three hundred dollars. My wrap was in keeping, but it did not seem at all odd to me to be sitting on a keg of nails twenty feet from the main set with my feet in some wet grass. An agreeable young Belgian soon came over to cheer me up. At a fashionable dance-girls sometimes sit alone with no one to care unless a watchful hostess forces an unwilling bachelor to the rescue, but on a set men and women both are more courteous and kind-hearted. When midnight lunch time came, we were still chatting.

The place where one eats at Universal is like a Western dance hall—rough of floor and table—dingy, with that deep-laid, inground dirt of years. One walks past a counter and gets such things as beans with a sausage in their midst, potato salad which defies any one to

eat it, coffee with all the bitterness of age, bread an inch thick and squares of oleomargarine.

My Belgian friend promised to send me a box of some Turkish coffee he has shipped to him semiannually, and that inspired me to drink three cups of the cafeteria's worst.

By two in the morning all of us were miserably cold, and by four every one was asking the time or adding up when we would be due to leave. By four-thirty the roosters were crowing on the farm back of the Universal studio, and the dawn slowly lighted the set.

If a dawn ever looks unreal on the stage it is due to the scenery, because a real dawn coming up on a set is the most theatrical effect one can have. The light creeps up slowly and weirdly and pales the brilliant glow of Kleig lights, and touches the bare shoulders of the actresses with a chill finger.

The Frenchman, who looked very Spanish in his toreador outfit, and the little Spanish girl, very gorgeous in her laces and flounces, just finished their dance as the first ray of daylight fell across the platform. The toreador fell prostrate, and his partner made a swift exit through the applauding "guests."

There was a rush for the checks and then for the dressing rooms. I had left home at six the evening before. I arrived at six-thirty that morning, had my breakfast, got into sport clothes, and reported at Metro at eight. Of course, I was rather drowsy that afternoon, but such is life in the movies.

Reporting for Work.

Let us suppose you have been called to report to a certain studio. You are usually told the evening before. You arrive say at eight or nine, as you have been told to do. You may have to wait an hour before the casting director arrives, or you may find him pacing about waiting. You give him your name and go to the dressing room to make up. Usually the assistant director calls the people from the dressing rooms, but not always. It is better to go and find your set as soon as you are ready. You may have to wait till afternoon before they work, or you may be called in a half hour—there is no telling.

When you finally reach the set it is a small scene, usually one of many, in a large barnlike inclosure. Some of the Western studios have regular roofs, sometimes they even have windows, but more often they are merely huge sheds with canvas tops, utterly un-

sound and extremely cold, except in the summer noons, when they are as hot as ovens. The climate of southern California is quite all right for outdoor sports, but movie making is not a sport. During the winter months you can be just as cold on a movie set as if you were walking in Central Park, or down Michigan Avenue. Moreover the cold, seconded by lack of wraps, gets you in a way Eastern cold does not often do.

Even in summer the nights are damp and chilly. Of course this is an advantage if you do not have to sit through them. You can always avoid night work by simply not accepting the call.

How Studios Differ.

Every studio colors the type of its atmosphere. That is, at one place you will almost invariably find a frowsy, second-rate group and at another quite the opposite. The odd part of this to me is, that the difference does not lie in the size of the check, nor in the age and experience of the company.

There are studios which refuse to give over \$5.00 or \$7.50 where others would give \$7.50 and \$10, and they still get the cream of the atmosphere. These places put on regular pictures. They have a higher class of directors. And the extra is as much of a snob about his work as any one. He will sneer at a comedy company, no matter what it pays him.

Well-Bred Extra People.

One thing you must not believe, and that is that there are not many charming and well-bred people on extra sets. They may have a flaw somewhere which has driven them to the quest of the uncertain screen check, but they usually remain true to their inheritance and training.

The picture people of today have not yet lived down the careless, immoral habits of many of the first directors and actors of the screen. In the beginning no self-respecting girl would go on location. The directors and misdirected spent much of their time enjoying themselves in the nearest small town. Now the fact that a young woman is on location at a hotel with a director and his assistants does not mean that there is the slightest impropriety. Large studios are getting more strict every day regarding rules and regulations. The management does all that is possible to keep their people above suspicion.

I do not deny that the sudden inrush of wealth has been and too often still is too much for the young per-



Extras have to apply and fix their makeup as best they can without any luxurious dressing rooms, even for so luxurious a production as Paramount's "To Have and to Hold."

son of average intelligence. They feel that they must be eight-day wonders because they have made more in a week than they would otherwise get in a year. After all, money is a pretty good barometer of worth, and if you are worth ten times as much as your neighbor in coin—not inherited, but paid to you—it has an exhilarating effect, and many screen artists do some foolish things as a result. Those are the ones you hear the most about; but there are lots of others who live as normally and sanely as any one should, and who, of course, are too uninteresting to be conspicuous. One of the most charming types to encounter on any set is the legitimate stage actor of the old school. Many of these men are actually the parts they portray. Besides which they show emotions with their faces as the true artist does with his brush or pen. Coarse brutality is absent from their natures—the brutality which many a man in the social world can express with a double-edged remark, or simply by lack of courtesy. Their profession of better-class acting demands that these men should be more or less fastidious in their dress and habits, and having to imitate men of breeding every day for years has left its stamp upon them even where they are not well born.

I do not mean to describe the studio as the home of charming aristocrats who make you feel that you have suddenly walked into the court of Louis XVI. There are those who chew gum, and those who say "Ain't she refined!" but they are not the backbone of the movie world by any means. About one third of the sum total of the studio personnel are educated and agreeable. About one fourth are really delightful. However, this sprinkling leavens the whole very well.

Inside the Dressing Room.

You will not have any sort of dressing room to yourself until you can command a part. This will probably not be for some time. You will have to dress in a bull pen with very little space. Few of these rooms are heated. Sometimes there are mirrors. Usually there are chairs.

Bull pens look exactly like the compartment you are given at the beach in a second-rate bathhouse, except that they are ten or fifteen feet long.

Economy springs up in the most unexpected places in pictures. You will be called on to the most gorgeous set, costing say five thousand dollars to build. The extra talent employed average ten dollars each. The star, cast, directors, and other expensive trimmings such as musicians, electricians, et cetera, make the set stand for at least ten thousand. Now the backstops of this

ten thousand arrive jaded and tired at eight o'clock. Perhaps they have worked all night elsewhere. And there is no place for them to dress!

They often try to avoid the trials of the bull pen by wearing a veil over their make-up and doing their hair before leaving home. You can imagine that after one has worn a hat over a coiffure it is not all that a ten-thousand-dollar set could wish. No make-up looks perfect after being veiled and perhaps scratched on the way from home.

If you are a man you will likely prop your make-up case on the ledge of some building and make up outdoors, but the women with their necks to whiten, and evening clothes to get into, are sure to crowd into the dressing rooms. There is often standing room only. Even at places like Goldwyn's, where the bull pen is

heated and there are mirrors, a large set does away with all comforts.

It is bad enough to dress for a dance under difficulties, but supposing your appearance means your bread and butter. Also supposing you couldn't afford to eat very much and you had to do your own housework in between sets, do you think you would keep your temper at all times? And they do as a rule. They stop to whiten some one's back at the risk of being late themselves. Their own back may be ready, their



A corner of the Universal restaurant snapped at a night hour.

gowns done up, and still they will stop to help a total stranger whom they may never see again. They have also the habit of constant flattery. No matter how horribly a woman is made up, her nearest neighbor at the mirror will usually compliment her highly. If you say to some one, "Oh, my make-up is so frightful! Would you try a clean sweep before we are called?" The invariable answer is:

"Oh, you imagine it. Powder a little and it will be perfectly all right!"

You are sure to hear you look stunning if your gown is even passable. "My dear, that dress is a peach!" or "What a darling hat!"

At first one is really elated by this. At least I was. I imagined I had set the bull pen by the ears, but when I discovered every one else received the same sort of enthusiasm, I decided it was the extra's way of giving what they wished to receive.

Besides this leaning toward praise you must bear in mind that because a girl has worked in pictures for five or six years she does not necessarily know how you should make up or dress. I have seen newcomers surpass the old stagers. I have seen good actors who made up atrociously. Their excellent work allowed them to do this. If they had been extras the director would



Even such stars as Betty Compson and Bert Lytell eat box lunches on location; Theodore Kosloff, however, appears to have brought a special one of his packed in a specially equipped case.

have told them to go wash their faces—provided he had noticed them at all.

Having run the gauntlet of advice and perpetual smiles, it is always wiser to try to be as agreeable as possible to one's fellow "artists." You never know whom you may have to depend on in a tight place, and after all, the average extras deserve all the kindness you can give them. This does not mean talking your neighbor to death.

If you are the type who antagonizes the "say kid" sort of girl, and you find yourself in what I might call a chorus-girl group, offer them cigarettes. The very fact that you smoke will take the edge off their resentment. I do not mean to hurl the box at them. You must never at any time in pictures show an anxiety to please. A willingness to please is always attractive, but a nervous eagerness to do so is very damaging.

No Place for Snobbery.

I have never seen any one derive the slightest benefit from being upstage. One should strive to be mildly liked by every one from the camera man to the director. The prop boy you snub one day may be an assistant director the next. Or a grimy electrician may get a chance to laugh some casual joke about you into the assistant's ear. There are many assistants who hobnob with their workmen. You don't have to say, "Hello, kid!" to them; just speak pleasantly. The extra world contains many interesting people. Quite a few women in Los Angeles realize that their children cannot thrive on their husband's pay. So they put their children with a friend, or in a school during the day, and go to the studio. They manage to do their housework and be better wives than the women who sneer at the movie world, and run their husbands into debt keeping up with the Joneses. Some of the "girls"

who do fifty-foot dives from moving ships use their pay checks to buy shoes for Johnny or to pay for Mary's music.

I applied for a diving job some time ago, and when I arrived at the location selected this is what I found. A mountain stream slightly deepened at one spot and thick with rocks. I was supposed to stand on a rock fifteen feet high, jump over some intervening boulders, hit the deep spot—or hit a rock—and swim gracefully ashore. The sun was very hot, and the water would have frosted a mint julep, it was so icy cold.

I earned my money that day. I sat around in a wet bathing suit till late afternoon. I risked my perfectly good face six times. I came up against a rock and knocked out what brains I had for a few seconds, and I was neither praised nor noticed.

That picture is being shown now. It is a good picture and that dive was necessary for the existence of the plot. I am glad they took it. It will make lots of people forget themselves for a minute. *And I am prouder of that day's work than I am of any story I have every sold.* If I had dived too straight I would have hit the

shallow bottom. If I had dived too flat I would have hit my stomach on a rock, but by doing what I did, I belonged to the mass of determined good sports who are doing their best in the work given them.

Don't imagine for a moment that all stars perform the stunts that you see them do on the screen. They are doubled, and rarely by dummies. Anita Stewart is mortally afraid of a horse. It is with difficulty that she is coaxed near one. Witness "In Old Kentucky" a marvel of cutting and doubling. Courage is cheap when it is employed for the public's pleasure instead of the public's defense. A star may get \$1,000 a week, and the man who risks his life doubling for him gets ten or fifteen dollars a day—when he works.

And you can find courage, too, on these despised sets. Some of the stars may have been missing from the ranks during the war, but the extra man was not. At every studio men have service badges, or American Legion buttons, or better still a decoration.

One day I met a quaint little French captain at a studio. He showed me a letter from his government which notified him that he was entitled to a second honorary badge. He had already received a medal for saving his colonel under fire. He was well educated and interesting. I might have met him in Washington. I met him with grease paint on his face. He was getting \$7.50 a day at the time.

Box Luncheons.

When on location for the day only one eats atrocious luncheons. The company supplies them. They are just as expensive as good ones, but they—well, I can never recall one without a shiver. The studio cafeterias are all about on the order of the one at Universal, or worse. One pays cabaret prices and gets uneatable food. So if you have a fastidious, but persistent appetite, take a lunch with you.

Studio Tanks.

Diving on location is likely to be hard, as the directors usually select the place with regard to its beauty and not with any respect for its diving possibilities. However, if I had a choice I think I would select the location in preference to the studio tank.

The tanks where girls are expected to dive are usually frightful affairs. The water is often left in them for weeks. Girls paddle about in these ice-cold plunges for hours. I heard of one case where a girl made seventy dollars doing tank scenes, but had to spend fifty of it on ear treatment afterward.

The Would-be Has-been.

One of the most pathetic features about the conversation in the bull pen is the frequent attempt to narrate, "What I was before I came here."

It somewhat startled me at first to find that all my associates were ashamed of what they were doing. I cannot yet see why. The part you play in forming a big picture is never of necessity depraved or degrading. You don't have to accept exposé rôles. If the directors occasionally get excited and swear, they do not swear at you. In fact, I have had teachers say far more trying things to me than a director would ever think of doing.

I once saw a nervous little extra girl begin to cry during a scene. The director had not been speaking to any one in particular, he had simply been raving a little, but he took pains to go to the girl after the scene and explain that he was not in any way displeased with her personally and was very sorry he had had such an effect upon her.

Location Trips

The best work one can get is on location; that is, location for several days or weeks. Sometimes these trips last for months. You are selected for this with the idea that the director will have to see you repeatedly for some time. He is likely to choose a group which is not objectionable.

There is something of the element of a house party in such an expedition. The company pays the expenses, and unlike the daily location one eats well, and gets the best the place affords. The stars are not so upstage. The common interest of the picture in an environment remote from the studios brings every one more or less together.

The Eternal Waiting.

One of the chief factors in screen work is waiting. For every hour that you work you average three of waiting. You wait an hour or so usually to see the director who gives you the part. Or rather he tells you that it "won't come up for about two weeks." It is the most remarkable thing how often you encounter that "two weeks" in pictures. I have an idea that it is a habit most directors have. When a picture is coming up some time later on, and they don't know when, they always say two weeks.

After you have gone back several times and waited an hour or two each time, and secured the part or bit, you proceed to wait through five or six hours of each day till you are actually needed. It is this vacant waiting which gets on the nerves of most extras. The best way to do is to find some sort of occupation you can carry about in your pocket.

Whoever instituted the eight-hour law was certainly a benefactor to the extra woman. In the old days one might stand on one's cold feet for ten hours, with only a half hour for lunch and no chance to relax. Now the studios cannot keep one longer than that blessed eight hours. And if you do not think that means a great deal just go out in the garage and sit down on an old box and stay still for eight hours, and in a few days I think you will be voting for a six-hour limit.

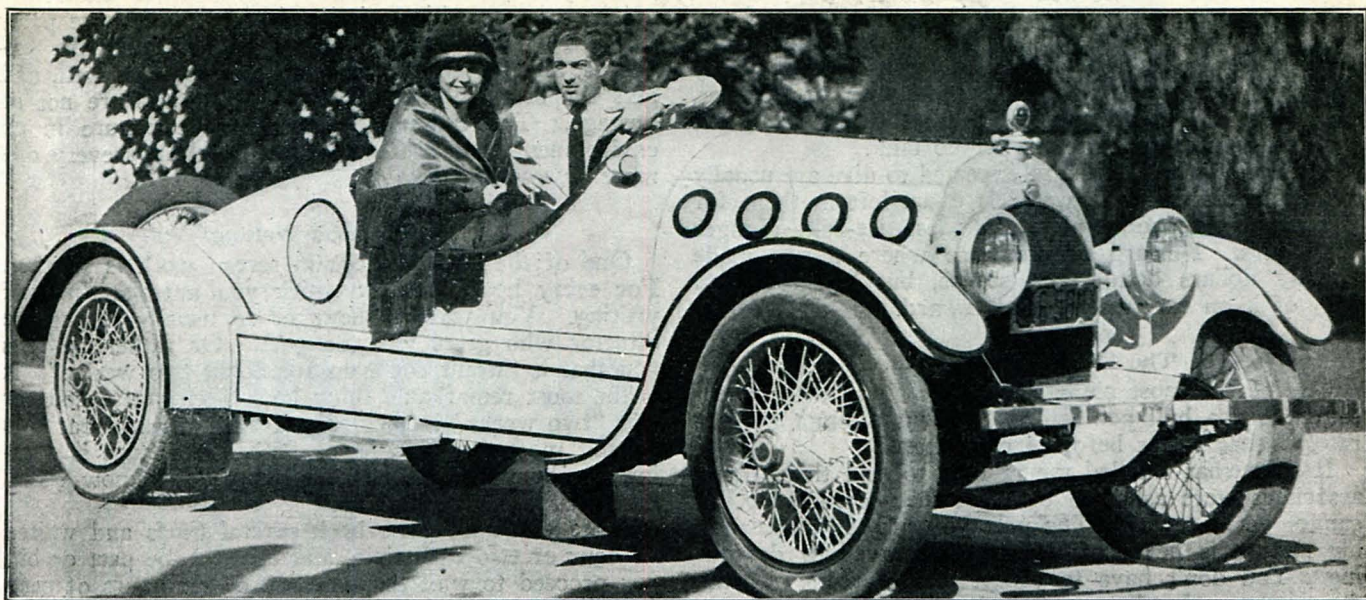
Pay Checks.

One trial which has yet to be eliminated is the erratic way in which some studios pay their extra talent. One

Continued on page 91



It is to the assistant director that the extras usually go for their pay tickets.



"I was terribly thrilled at riding in that racing car of Cullen Landis which had such an exciting history."

A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

She experiences all the thrills of the auto races with Cullen Landis as guide and enjoys a real home party at Helen Ferguson's.

By Ethel Sands

IT did seem as if I was never going to have a "movie adventure" with Cullen Landis. One thing after another had been arranged for us to do, always to fall through as even the best-laid plans have a way of doing in the film world. Of course, I wasn't so badly off, as I had met Mr. Landis, anyway, when I visited the Goldwyn studios the first time.

All good things come at once it seems, for on the very day I expected to attend Helen Ferguson's dinner party it was also arranged that I should go to the automobile races with Cullen Landis. Again I was to have adventures with two movie players on the same day. My life in Hollywood was that exciting—just one happy experience piled on top of another.

I'll never forget when Mr. Landis called for me. He had a low racing car, and as he helped me into the seat and gave me goggles to put on I could see shades and curtains fluttering in every window along the way. I felt sure that I was being watched enviously from every house on that block. The car in which we rode had once been on the race track. It had also been in several smash-ups and turned turtle with Mr. Landis—this knowledge added more thrills to my adventure. One experience I was too late for, though. Cullen Landis had been held up by a traffic cop for speeding just before he called for me. He is an incurable dare-devil, especially where cars are concerned.

All traffic seemed to be headed toward the Beverly Hills speedway. It was the event of the day, so of course all the screen players would be sure to be there. We passed Hoot Gibson, and Marshall Neilan in his big green car. I felt as important as any star—wasn't I going to be among those present and with Cullen Landis?

Cullen Landis is such a nice boy! He seems hardly more than a boy, for all his experience, and you'd never take him for an actor to look at him. And he has

such nice ways! He calls you "Honey" and is so attentive and polite in an easy, natural manner that seems inborn in him.

That last might sound like the interviewer's descriptions that *Merton* always read, but I can't help it because in this case it's true. I just longed to have a couple of more fans along with me so they could feel his real personality, too. It just gets you. His looks are of a type that the camera cannot do justice to, so he strikes you as unusually better looking than his shadow self. About medium height, nice blue eyes and hair—It's almost a pity that a man should have it, especially when so many actresses have to spend so much of their time getting theirs marcelled. His hair is light brown and as curly as hair was ever allowed to be. You could just pull it. Cullen Landis is Southern, you know, and he speaks in a soft, drawly way. And, oh—but I'm getting worse and worse, so I'd better stop.

When we reached the race-track grounds all the people in Los Angeles seemed to be there. Cars were parked as far as one could see. I recognized Ruth Roland's handsome green roadster, and I saw Gloria Swanson—dressed most elaborately in a gorgeous gown, a hat with high feathers in front, and a fur coat—as she was climbing into an already crowded limousine. I told you before how we spied the Talmadge sisters and Buster Keaton as we mounted the steps to the grand stand.

This was the first auto race I had ever seen so it was very exciting to see Tommy Milton, Eddie Hearn and Ralph de Palma fly around the track—but what was far more exciting to me was knowing that I was at an auto race where the audience was composed of so many movie celebrities. I never can take half as much interest in what we happen to be doing on an adventure as I do in the movie player who is conduct-

ing me through it. So honestly, I missed half the race while I was looking around the place trying to recognize movie stars.

Cullen Landis is crazy about auto races and rarely misses one, but he said there's nothing quite as thrilling as a good old-fashioned horse race.

Tommy Milton won the race—at least I think he did—but I'm not sure, for I was trying to locate Constance Talmadge again. At any rate, I know the race ended nicely without any mishaps or accidents, and I enjoyed it very much. There was such a jam of cars that it took us an hour to get away from the grounds. They were six abreast on the road, and our car was right in the middle. Sitting in a low racing car the engine makes it awful hot if you creep along at such a rate.

"I'll be getting you to Helen Ferguson's in about time for midnight supper if this keeps up," remarked Cullen. But we finally got out of the jam and then we did some speeding. Flying along the roads toward Hollywood in a movie actor's low racing car with the cool wind right in your face is most exhilarating, especially when you're just completing one nice adventure and bound for your next.

"What would you do if you had a million dollars?" Mr. Landis asked me suddenly.

That is one of the nice ways he has. He seems interested in your opinions and what you think instead of making you feel as some actors have a way of doing—that only their opinion is important, anyway, and would never think of asking yours. There are a few like that.

I was a bit taken aback. What would I do? Oh, heaps and heaps! For instance, buy a whole motion-picture company, maybe, so I could have Rodolph Valentino, Antonio Moreno, and Cullen Landis in it. Just then I thought more about knowing what Mr. Landis might do, because in his case it seemed more probable of coming true. What's a million dollars for a movie actor to aspire to? I thought he'd say he wanted to have his own company, too, but instead he said:

"Well, do you know what I'd do? I'd go traveling all over. There's absolutely nothing like travel. I love it. Then maybe I'd live in Europe." He told me he had traveled around this country quite a bit until he reached California and got married; then he settled down to the movies. He lives in Long Beach which is quite a distance from the film capital. He makes the long trip into Culver City in his racing car every day.

Being present at a Hollywood dinner party would surely prove to be one of the most thrilling experiences a fan could wish for, I thought. Parties are one of the main features of life in Hollywood, you know. More or less informal affairs—just a gathering of a



"If I could pick out the movie actress I'd like as my best girl chum I'd choose Helen Ferguson."

few friends, most of them are. I suppose it's from lack of much other entertainment that makes them so popular. There always seems to be somebody or other giving a party at home or at the Ambassador. I often wondered just what they could be like. Most exciting and "different" sort of parties, I supposed, and now I was really going to be "in" on one!

In due time we came to the bungalow court where Helen Ferguson lives. A very attractive girl, with blond hair, welcomed us. She looked like Miss Ferguson, yet it couldn't be she. I thought, with such light hair. Then she told me she was Helen's sister. I wondered why I didn't see her on the screen, for she's as pretty as any movie star could be.

There were a few early arrivals, but Helen hadn't returned from the races yet. When I met their mother I knew I was going to like Helen, because she was Mrs. Ferguson's daughter. Mrs. Ferguson is a bit different from the regular type of movie actresses' mothers, but I think she's just as nice, even if she doesn't dress as youthfully and stylishly as some of them do, or is so brilliant and witty that she outshines her daughters. She seems just a nice, regular mother. I'm sure she isn't the kind that dominates the whole career of her daughter. Helen is a level-headed girl who can stand on her own feet, that this self-reliance has made her, too, I found out.

Mrs. Ferguson was putting the finishing touches to the big table which was placed in the living room for the occasion, as Hollywood bungalows are very tiny, and the dining room did not allow for the seating of many guests. The Ferguson home is modest and un-

pretentious, but it has a homy, comfortable atmosphere. The fire was crackling cheerfully in the open grate, and we sat around and chatted while waiting for the other guests. Finally my much-awaited Helen Ferguson arrived with William Russell. The moment she comes into a room, she enlivens the atmosphere with her friendly, breezy manner and talk. She has a frank, candid air that belittles any pose or pretense. There is more than mere prettiness written on her attractive face—intelligence and a sparkling personality fairly shine from those big, expressive brown eyes which are her best feature. She wore her brown hair parted simply in the center and wound in a coil on both sides of her head. Her frock was of black Canton crepe, the waist made of bright-colored material with little silver buttons. After she had welcomed everybody, she immediately sat on the arm of my chair.

Of course, William Russell's being there gave me quite a thrill, too. I distinctly remember his being one of my very earliest movie idols. I was about fourteen years old when I saw him in "The Diamond from the Sky" serial, and in "The Garden of Lies," with Jane Cowl. My, I had been impressed—he was the most wonderful hero to me then, although he played the villain in the piece. The day on which the serial was shown every week I just happened to have to go downtown to attend cooking classes, and I remember every time I spent my car fare to go in to see him after school. Sometimes I persuaded two chums to go with me, and we used to sit in the balcony with our heads close together and just rave over William Russell. We paid dearly for it, too, because it was an awfully long walk home, and many a time storms would come up and we'd have to walk in the pouring rain. I wouldn't have minded it a bit if I had ever thought that the day would come when I'd be at a party with him.

Mr. Russell is not disappointing in real life, either. He's tall and good looking, and has a great sense of humor.

I may be telling tales out of school, but I think Helen Ferguson is engaged to big Bill Russell. I don't think it's a secret, and I thought maybe the fans might like to know. Anyway, Helen wears a big diamond on her hand, and Bill is her attendant all over.

Dinner was announced, and we all gathered around the table examining the place cards. Imagine how flattered I felt when I found myself seated beside Helen on her right.

"Now if I do anything wrong or incorrect as hostess, please tell me," joked Helen. "You see, I've only read up to page fifty-five in the book of etiquette, so if I make a mistake, you'll know that's on page fifty-six, which I haven't come to yet."

It was a wonderful dinner, from the enormous turkey down to the nuts. I don't believe I ever relished a dinner so much at any other movie player's home, because I was usually so excited and thrilled, I could hardly choke down a mouthful no matter how delicious it was; but this time, though I was just as excited and happy, somehow it all seemed so pleasant and sociable that I could do justice to everything as every one else was doing. You feel that way at Helen Ferguson's.

After dinner the table was taken out of the way to make space for games. Helene Chadwick came in then, looking very youthful and fair in a pretty black Canton-crape gown. I wondered what sort of games would interest the movie folk. I soon found out, much to my enjoyment. We played "aviation," blowing the feather over a sheet, one called "under the blanket," and Bill Russell did a funny one with a hair in a plate of water.

The principal victim of the games who afforded us the most amusement was "Bigboy" Williams, who

played up to his part so well by his ignorance of the tricks we were playing on him. "Bigboy," who, I believe, had adopted the name of Jim Logan for screen purposes, is a handsome young actor of cowboy rôles.

The game I thought most exciting was "aviation," for I was the first victim of that. We who didn't know the game were herded into another room. Then I was blindfolded and led out to the living room, where I was told to stand on a table board which was lying on the floor. With my hands placed on the heads of two people standing on either side of me to steady myself I felt the board I was standing on being raised off the floor, seemingly lifted by the two strongest men there. Bill and "Bigboy." Up, up, I felt myself go, way above the heads of the people I had my hands on, their voices seemed way beneath me, until I felt my head touching the ceiling. Then some one told me to "Jump!" I thought I was terribly high in the air, and I gave a wild lunge and jumped, but instead of going down, down, as I thought I would, I just fell on my knees on the floor. I hadn't been an inch from the floor all the time, and I had had such a real sensation of rising higher in the air. In case you've never played it, I'll tell you how it's done. You see, what really happens is that the board, being placed on two little blocks to raise it a bit off the floor is merely shaken from side to side, and that makes the victim feel as if it were really being lifted. The persons whose heads you have your hand on bend lower and lower, their voices sounding so far below you that you think you're the one who is up high. Then some one holds a box over your head, and when you touch it you feel sure you've reached the ceiling, so at the order to jump you feel as if you were about to jump the whole height of the room.

It's loads of fun for the company and the most thrilling sensation for the victim, so if you've never played it, try it at your next party.

Helen Ferguson is an adorable hostess. Her own sparkling manner enlivening everything, she steered the games and conversation so that the spirit of the party never wavered. There never was an awkward lapse or straining for fun, the party just ran along smoothly, never getting too wild or boisterous or stupidly dull. Every one was at ease and enjoying himself to the utmost. When we left off playing games to get our breath, from laughing so much, we simply rested a while and talked, the men telling humorous stories or relating movie incidents, until we had recovered enough to launch off another game. William Russell and "Bigboy" Williams were the life of the party, and Raymond McKee contributed his share, too. Helene Chadwick, the rest of the guests, who were all connected with the movies in some way, and I all participated and enjoyed the fun. As novel and new as it was to me, it was only natural that I should be having such a good time, but I noticed the rest of them were just as enthusiastic, even if they were used to it.

All the time I was enjoying the sport, I was laughing to myself, too, to think how different this was from my funny ideas of Hollywood parties. It might have been any informal gathering back in my own town, except that the movie folks seem to get more fun out of things. I never would have pictured film players deserting their screen dignity and sitting around in a square on the floor, each holding an end of the sheet trying to blow the feather in the middle and keep it from touching you. If it fell on or near you, you had to pay a five-cent fine. But I'm glad to know they are not so jaded that they can't get as much enjoyment out of things as a fan could.



Another Orchid Blooms

After years of playing down-trodden little slavics and girls of the frozen north, Jane Novak has finally left the realm of the modest program picture to blossom forth as the star of an elaborate production. At last Jane, who has never had a chance to dress up in a picture, and who has spent most of her time being sadly wistful, will have, in her latest vehicle, an opportunity to wear gorgeous gowns and be happy and frivolous, for a while.



As the heroine of "Thelma," based on Marie Corelli's novel, Jane has the rôle of a little Norwegian girl who falls in love with and marries a wealthy Englishman. She is transported from the picturesque little village where she has spent all her life to London society, where she is brilliantly successful. Her success doesn't prevent her husband from falling in love with some one else. But she wins him back again and all ends happily.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

At the left is shown Mae Busch at home, a subdued and blasé sort of girl whose taste runs to batiks. Quite different she seems in the rôle of *Glory Quayle*, the warm-hearted nurse in "The Christian," as shown below. One would give quite different judgments on the characters revealed in these two pictures. What finer proof could there be of her ability to act?

Revelation

A personality sketch in pictures; a wordless interview with Mae Busch.

Photographs by Clarence S. Bull



Photo by Clarence S. Bull



Here are other glimpses of Mae Busch that reveal interesting potentialities. The standing figure shows her as *Glory Quayle* when she was a sensational actress; the other one shows Mae Busch as the restaurants in Hollywood know her, a stunning woman, quite sophisticated, scornful, aloof, luxurious and altogether fascinating.

Beauty at "The Banquet"



On the extreme left is Jean Haskell in a black afternoon gown and a Salome white wig. Below is Eleanor Boardman, who was one of the winners in the Goldwyn contest for new faces, wearing a beautiful Turkish dancing gown.



When Marshall Neilan started his latest picture he decided to make it the finest he had ever made, down to the very smallest detail. He started with a long and remarkable cast, headed by Claire Windsor, shown above in the center, who plays the leading feminine rôle of *Derith Keogh*. Then, for an elaborate scene, he needed some extra girls to wear stunning fashion creations. After much interviewing and testing the girls you see on these pages were finally selected as the most beautiful it was possible to find.

Stranger's

Some high lights of
Marshall Neilan's most
ambitious production.

Each of these girls hails
from a different city; some
reached Hollywood through
beauty contests and some
through their own efforts, but
this picture, which allows
them to appear to such ad-
vantage, is a chance, at least,
for all of them.



Above, at the right, Grace Leonard looks wickedly demure in a hoop-skirted gown of metal cloth and a headdress of emerald rhinestones. In the center, Jacqueline Godson gives us the full effect of the very latest thing in dancing costumes—Turkish trousers with an overdress of sequins and jet. And at the left Mildred Kelly wears a gown of metal cloth and cream silk net.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull



The Movie Child Grows Up

Lucille Rickson started to play in pictures when she was four years old. You remember her, no doubt, as Johnny Jones' youthful leading lady in the Booth Tarkington "Edgar" comedies. But now that she is fifteen and quite a big girl. Lucille has graduated into regular parts, and may next be seen as the flapper in "The Stranger's Banquet."

Here is Mary as
"Tess"



Mary Pickford doesn't make enough pictures to satisfy most of her fans, but when a production of hers does appear, they nearly always feel repaid for waiting. Here is Mary as she appears in the title rôle of "Tess," which has just been finished. Now Mary is thinking of running off on another long trip—to Mexico or Egypt perhaps—with her famous husband, before beginning work on "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Photo by Abbe



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Jacqueline Logan, who a comparatively short time ago stepped right into leading rôles in pictures via the "Follies," is one of the most popular leading women in Hollywood. The interview on the opposite page tells you why.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

A League of Nations Girl

Jacqueline Logan's star seems to be rising fast—so you'll want to know all about her.

By Myrtle Gebhart

IT was predestined that I interview Jacqueline Logan for PICTURE-PLAY. "Jackie" said so herself six months ago, when I first met her—at Helen Ferguson's house. Helen was undergoing the magic experience when Jackie ambled in and insisted upon being included.

"You'll have to wait until you're important," Helen replied witheringly.

"That won't be long," prophesied the young lady.

Since then I've met Jackie every place I've gone. If I drop in at Mildred Davis' to see her new dress, there comes Jackie; at the theater, there she is, always with a weather eye on me and the smoldering interview.

But the past six months have seen the demise of many near-stellar careers and the birth of considerable new talent. The fans have evinced a growing interest in Jacqueline and demand now to know her favorite author, perfume and axiom—which I didn't find out at all, being too busy just talking.

So it was with an I-told-you-so twinkle in her French-Irish-Spanish eyes that Jackie met me at Lasky's and settled me in her dressing room. Thank Heaven it wasn't all nice and blue and white and tidy, like actresses' dressing rooms usually are when they feel an interview coming on; it was all jumbled up and delightfully natural.

"I can't go out to lunch in all this brown war paint, so I have to grab a sandwich at the counter across the street," she began. She is playing a Tahitian—guess I've spelled it right, but Patsy Ruth Miller's borrowed my dictionary to look up thrillingly wicked words in, so I can't be sure—anyway, a dusky-skinned tropical maiden in Paramount's "Ebb Tide" and was wearing a tight one-piece affair decorated with flamboyant red poppies and shell necklaces. "Daddy Melford—that's George, Melford, the director, but we all call him 'Daddy'—says I'm real good in this tempestuous part. I ought to be—certainly have enough temper. I'm French-Irish-Spanish—see what the League of Nations has dwindled to," quoth she imperturbably.

"You've been to see 'Letty Pepper,'" I accused. "I liked that line, too—when I first heard it."

"Yes, I've seen 'Letty' three times. I'm an avid theatergoer. I'm a Cereus," calmly, "I bloom best at night. I like to go places, have a good time, meet people and get their ideas." There is no pretense to Jackie; she admits frankly a predilection for jazz. "I don't see any virtue in being a stay-at-home. You may learn a lot out of books, but you get more by stepping out and seeing things for yourself. If I ever have a daughter I'm going to train her to be a flapper. I don't mean cigarettes and gin—all that sort

of thing, but just wholesome independence. I hate shackles of any kind."

That is why, I think, that Jackie doesn't accept one of her many suitors. She is one of the most popular girls here—there is something phosphorescent about her, she fairly twinkles with gayety and charm—that brings

a succession of males laden with everything from candy to automobiles. Yes, my dears, one of the

most stricken presented

her with a beautiful roadster which the mean old thing later took away from her, Indian-giver, just because she would not marry him.

Now, this may not sound very dignified, but—we slouched down in wicker armchairs, elevated our feet in most unyoung-ladyish manner onto a low stand and talked. Our talk rambled from babies to spiritualism. Jackie may not be conversationally brilliant, perhaps—as compared with Nazimova and Pauline Frederick—but she has ideas and airs them frankly.

"We had a spiritualist cook over at Catalina, where we've been on location," she laughed. "She said this was to be a good picture and a big thing for me—the spirits told her so." (Jackie doesn't believe in spirits because once at a seance somebody turned the lights on, and she caught the medium rapping on the table.) "Goodness, I hope so," she went on. "I'm hankering for a Lasky contract." Between you an' me an' some gossip I heard the other day around the studio, I think she's going to get a nice one. "I've been in several pictures here—with Thomas Meighan in 'White and Unmarried' and in

'Burning Sands.' After 'Ebb Tide' I'm going on a brief vacation to New York to see the new shows—no, I don't care much about clothes as long as I have enough so that I don't look unrespectable when I go out. And incidentally I'm to play in 'Java Head,' which I hope will bring me my contract." Grabbing a flower, she plucked the petals with mock seriousness. "Will I get it? Won't I get it? Will I?" It came out "Will."

"I don't read much—except novels," she confessed. "I play the piano and the pipe organ and sing—that's all my repertoire. I sang on the concert stage, you know, and every once in a while mother grabs me by my coat tails for a lesson." Her mother was a teacher at the Boston Conservatory. They have very delightful musical evenings at their home.

We concurred in adoring Rupert Hughes, and also found harmony of opinion in the matter of outdoor

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faithfully and long—that sounds as if she were old, which she really isn't, of course—that I'd like her to have the very best of everything. That reminds me—don't you think I'm thinner? I do. Every day before each meal I go to my room and take a long, long look at a picture I have of Leatrice Joy, and I say to myself, 'I'll have a figure like that if I starve.'

"You'll never have one if you eat many of these stews," I told her, taking another spoonful of mine.

"Oh, an oyster stew here is an event, not food—like a soda at Hicks'," she retorted; trust her not to admit that she's sliding from grace! "To return to the bathing beauties, I'll look like one of them yet! That reminds me—I pick Mildred June as a girl who'll rise rapidly to fame. She's doing two-reel comedies with Billy Bevan, you know, and looks as if she were of the stuff stars are made of."

"Of course you heard that Pearl White's jewels were stolen?" I said.

"Yes, and thought it was a press story at first. But it wasn't. They really are gone—isn't that dreadful? And speaking of press stories, I saw one the other day that made me rave. It said that Mary Miles Minter took a lot of books with her when she went on location to do 'The Cowboy and the Lady,' despite the difficulties of travel, and that seems absurd, when you realize that only a few weeks ago a press story came out of that same office, about that same trip, in which it was announced that there was only one piece of soap in camp, and everybody from Mary Miles up and down had to use it. Really, you know, it seems hardly likely that she'd take along a library and leave the soap at home—even if she forgot it she could have some sent to her."

"Oh, well—if she doesn't mind, you ought not to," I told her. "Did

you know that Mabel Ballin spoke over the radio before she left for California to do 'Vanity Fair?'"

"I did, and that isn't the half of it—I'm likely to talk over the radio myself before long! Honest and truly, I've been asked to, and I wish every one I know would write and tell me what they want me to talk about. It'll be terrible when I get started, too—I always tell everything I know."

"Sometimes I've suspected as much," I commented. "But go on and tell me some more."

"Well, Richard Barthelmess has made another good picture in 'The Bond Boy.' I'm so glad—it will save me from referring to 'Tol'able David' every time I mention his name. After looking frantically for somebody to sheik it with Pola Negri in 'Bella Donna' they picked Conway Tearle—and while I've always rather favored him as a heavy lover on the screen, why in the name of Hollywood didn't they pick Tony Moreno for that rôle? He'd have been simply marvelous, and I'm sure he'd have broken any previous engagements he might have had to play it. Conrad Nagel and Claude King are in the picture, too—and I do think that Tony should have been chosen to play the Arab, just for the sake of contrast if for no other reason."

"It's too bad that somebody doesn't engage you as casting director!" I told her.

"It certainly is!" she retorted. "But I know one selection that I might have made myself, and that's Florence Vidor to play *Alice Adams*. She is absolutely perfect for that part—the one person who ought to play it. If the story had been written for her the rôle couldn't fit her more perfectly."

"Bebe Daniels is being sculpted—which sounds dangerous to me, because many a friend of mine has posed for a sculptor, and the results

are always disastrous. I'd look at the finished bust and wonder which would be more insulting, to say that the resemblance was excellent or that the sculptor should be sued for libel."

"Aren't you glad that J. Warren Kerrigan is coming back to the screen, in 'The Covered Wagon?'" I am—I never liked him especially because he seemed so conscious of his good looks, but when he was gone I missed him."

"Well, I'm more thrilled over the fact that Myrtle Stedman's son Lincoln is playing with her in 'The Dangerous Age'—I can hardly wait to see it."

"I can wait less impatiently for that than for 'The Christian,'" Fanny replied, spearing her last oyster. "I'm wild to see how Phyllis Haver is in it, and then when I think of Mae Busch, too—oh, I wish they'd hurry up and release it. Oh, did you hear that Helen Ferguson says that Helen Lynch and Claire Windsor have the longest eyelashes on the screen, and she doesn't know which of them has longer ones? I bet on Claire Windsor."

"Well, you don't know Helen Lynch, do you?" I asked. "Not that I don't agree with you about Claire Windsor's eyelashes, but my natural feeling for justice refuses to be stifled. I'm going to look at hats—want to go along?"

"I don't dare," she replied. "I had two of Pola Negri's copied, and my father told me that if I bought another hat he'd make me eat it."

"I wish he'd enforced his decision on that one you have on," I told her. "It's an atrocity."

She glared at me. "Mabel Ballin inspired me to trim my own," she told me haughtily. "And this is the result."

Whereupon I resolved to have a heart-to-heart talk with the charming Mabel as soon as she returns from California.

The News Reel

Who will play *Trilby* to the *Sven-gali* of Guy Bates Post?

Who is the potential Bernhardt whom Marshall Neilan is going to present as "Tess of the D'Urbervilles?"

Whose money is Von Stroheim going to spend next?

The Hollywood Culture Club.

No one reads criticisms of Hollywood more avidly than the picture players themselves. Every knock is to them a suggestion. Following George Beban's remark about the dumb-bell-dom of Hollywood a group

of producers, players, and company executives got together and persuaded the most scintillant raconteur of them all, Walter Anthony of the Jackie Coogan productions, to lead them toward the light of good literature. So now, every Monday night Walter Anthony teaches school. The first topic is Boswell's "Life of Johnson," so if you want to keep up with your favorite players' interests, you had better read it. Richard Dix is going his intellectual way alone. He has bought the Harvard Classics and when last heard from was heading toward the third volume.

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The performance lasted until twelve-thirty, when all little girls and boys who had to be at the studio next morning hurried home. But the ones between pictures or out of engagements contributed to the night life of Hollywood by going to a nearby delicatessen and talking it all over as they munched turkey sandwiches. That is about the only place in Hollywood that is open at that late hour.

Mysteries of Hollywood.

Who will direct "Ben-Hur" for Goldwyn?

The Younger Married Set in "Tess"

Mary Pickford isn't so very old but she looks down from the dignity of her years upon Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope, the mere youngsters who are playing in her company.

By Jane McNaughton Baxter

THE thing that I like about married life," rumbled Lloyd Hughes, straightening up proudly, "is that it gives me the right to protect her. She's so tiny and fragile—you know"—smiling down tenderly upon his demi-tasse wife, who still wears the name of Gloria Hope upon the screen.

"The ideal!" Gloria's wide, blue eyes fixed upon him in disdain—but she couldn't keep the adoration out of them to save her life. "You never—"

"Why, certainly," continued Lloyd loftily. "She's always getting lost in crowds, and men try to speak to her on the street, and I have to knock a couple hundred of 'em down every time we walk a block, and there's automobile accidents— N-o-o-o, she's never been in one yet, but she *might* be. So I won't let her drive."

Mary Pickford and I exchanged smiles over the lovers—the most eloquent lovers ever, despite the fact that they had just celebrated their first wedding anniversary. "No longer a bride," mused Gloria. "I'm glad though—it's awfully embarrassing hearing everybody giggle, 'Oh, she's a bride!' Of course we're still in love with each other. If we weren't, we'd separate."

We were sitting beside Lake Chatsworth in the cool of the late afternoon, with the ramshackle huts of *Tess'* drama, cluttered with dried fish and nets and baskets, taking on a romantic beauty in the fading light. "We've always longed to be in the same picture. No, I don't mind Lloyd making love to her before the camera"—Gloria leveled serious blue eyes at me—"as long as it's Miss Pickford. I think she's so adorable. But if it were anybody else, well, maybe it's just as well we're usually in different companies."

"Love at first sight?" I asked.

"Sure!" grinned Lloyd boastfully.

"Of course not, the very ideal!" Gloria was indignant. "I was working with Harry Carey, and a Mr. Jones in the company kept saying he knew such a nice boy he wanted me to meet, and finally I told him he could bring the nice boy up to the house some evening. So he brought Lloyd and—"

Photo by J. C. Milligan



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope are just a natural, likable young couple, very ambitious for each other, and loyal in every little thought.

"And passed me around to all the redheads—"

"Lloyd!" Gloria's mother and

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"We joined the company early the next day, and began work at once. There wasn't much of the picture left to make—just these stunt scenes, which wouldn't take a great deal of time, and then we'd head for the North woods and begin another.

"The stunt stuff went all right, and I was feeling rather pleased with the world when we went back to camp the day we finished it.

"As I came up the trail, after stopping a minute in my own tent to clean up, I noticed a stranger talking to Parks, the director. Parks was arguing with him, and two or three people were standing around. I had no intention of joining them, but Parks called me, so I sauntered over. And Madge, who had just come up the trail, trailed along.

"There she is!" the stranger exclaimed as he saw her. "She's the one—and you can't tell me that you haven't seen anything in the papers about her."

"Parks tried to explain that we'd been up there in the country over a month, and had been working so hard for the last week that we never saw a paper or had time to read anything. But the man had grabbed Madge by the arm and was raving on.

"She's the one—look at this, if you don't believe me!" and he waved a newspaper in the air. "And where's he—where's Barry Stevens?" I stepped forward. "So—you're the skunk who brought this innocent little girl off up here, and ruined her reputation, are you? Well, I arrest you under the Mann act!" he concluded dramatically, grabbing me with the other hand."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"That's a chapter of your history that I've never heard before!" I commented, as he paused to laugh.

"Few people have," he answered. "Tut wait—just wait till you hear the rest, and then help me to decide whether I ought to go to Haines and show him this same close-up of the little lady, or let her play her game to the finish.

"Well, when the news was broken to me that I was liable under the Mann act I was dumfounded. It was true that I'd brought Madge from New York State, and that I'd paid her bills—I'd sent in a slip to the treasurer's office in New York that very day for the amount. But I'd just brought her up there to work—that seemed simple enough, as I tried to explain.

"Sure—it sounds all right," he said. "But it isn't. First of all, you pick her up in the hotel, and make a scene, to make a hit with her—oh,

the newspapers have been full of the way you bounced that old friend of hers out. He was a friend from home, who was going to talk to her and get her to go back. She didn't want to, so she pretended not to know him."

"Madge, is that true?" I asked, and she shook her head, but the man went right on.

"Then you skipped with her, and brought her up here—and now you go back with me!" he said, and drew some handcuffs out of his pocket.

"That was all right—he had a perfect right to," Madge cut in. "We thought we wouldn't tell—but we were married before we left!"

"Well, I could feel myself folding up inside. Married! That was news to me. I stood there and gaped at her, and she smiled back. 'Don't be so surprised at my telling it,' she urged me. 'It had to come out, you know. And I want everybody to know how happy I am.'

"Now, if you can beat that, tell me how. She was slick as warm grease paint. She babbled on, telling about how she'd run away from home because she'd fallen in love with me on the screen, and when I saw her there in the hotel I felt the same way about her—it sounded like the gushiest of the gushy interviews that the cheap magazines run. I expected her to break out with remarks about her soul and purple mists and all that sort of thing. But she didn't. She just kept on about how happy she was, and when the man, who seemed rather flabbergasted, asked where and when we were married, she said, 'How do you expect me to remember details, when I was just moving in a glow of happiness all the time?' Rather snappy for a youngster of sixteen!

"Parks rushed him off then, saying that he'd known about the marriage all that time, and giving all kinds of bunk, and the company began to cheer, and I stood there like a fool, wondering if they were all playing a trick on me. But they weren't—they thought Madge had been telling the truth. To all intents and purposes I was married to her.

"As soon as I could get her off alone I demanded an explanation.

"Just what's the idea?" I asked her. "Of course I don't suppose you know it, but in this State for people to declare that they're married, in the presence of witnesses, is as binding as if they were married by a minister."

"Oh, yes, I knew that," she told me calmly. "But it seemed to me that it would be much better for you to marry me than to be rushed off to the penitentiary—you would

have been, you know. I just wanted to get you out of trouble, that was all. That man looked so angry, and—oh, I just wanted to help you."

"Well, I was dumfounded. Married to her! I couldn't believe even then that she'd done it on purpose—I didn't believe it till she told me so herself, some time afterward, when she also told me that the tale about running away from home had been embroidered a bit. She had run away, but not because her stepmother was unkind. She had a perfectly good mother, who was devoted to her, and ran away because her folks wanted her to go to business college.

"She'd seen me come into the hotel, and had put up the pathetic game on purpose. The man who spoke to her had done so because she winked at him when she saw me coming back—she figured that I'd dash in and protect her—that's the sort of simple, sweet young thing that I'd accidentally wed! She said that if I didn't she thought maybe he'd buy her dinner for her. She told me all that one day when she was mad at me, and wanted to show me how cleverly she'd worked me.

"But that day, when she told me how she'd fibbed to save me, she was just very sweet and simple, and though I wanted to wring her neck, I tried to be appreciative, too. Of course, I'd always known that if a motion-picture star is making money, he's likely to be the victim of almost any one who frames up a game to catch him. There's a man who's being framed right now, a nice, honorable young chap, who has a contract that says he can be fired if he's mixed up in any scandal. And an unscrupulous woman is out after him, and had sprung a story in which her own daughter is involved, which is absolutely false; even the daughter says it is. But the papers have run it, and the man's going to have an awful time clearing himself.

"I'd been told that I'd have to be careful, but I'd always said that it was a man's own fault if he got into difficulties. Yet there I was, tied as neatly as possible to a woman for whom I didn't give a whoop. And I couldn't do anything about it. If I got rid of her, she'd be a sweet, injured little girl whom I'd deceived. With a new contract coming on, I'd have a fine chance of landing anything but the yellow ticket.

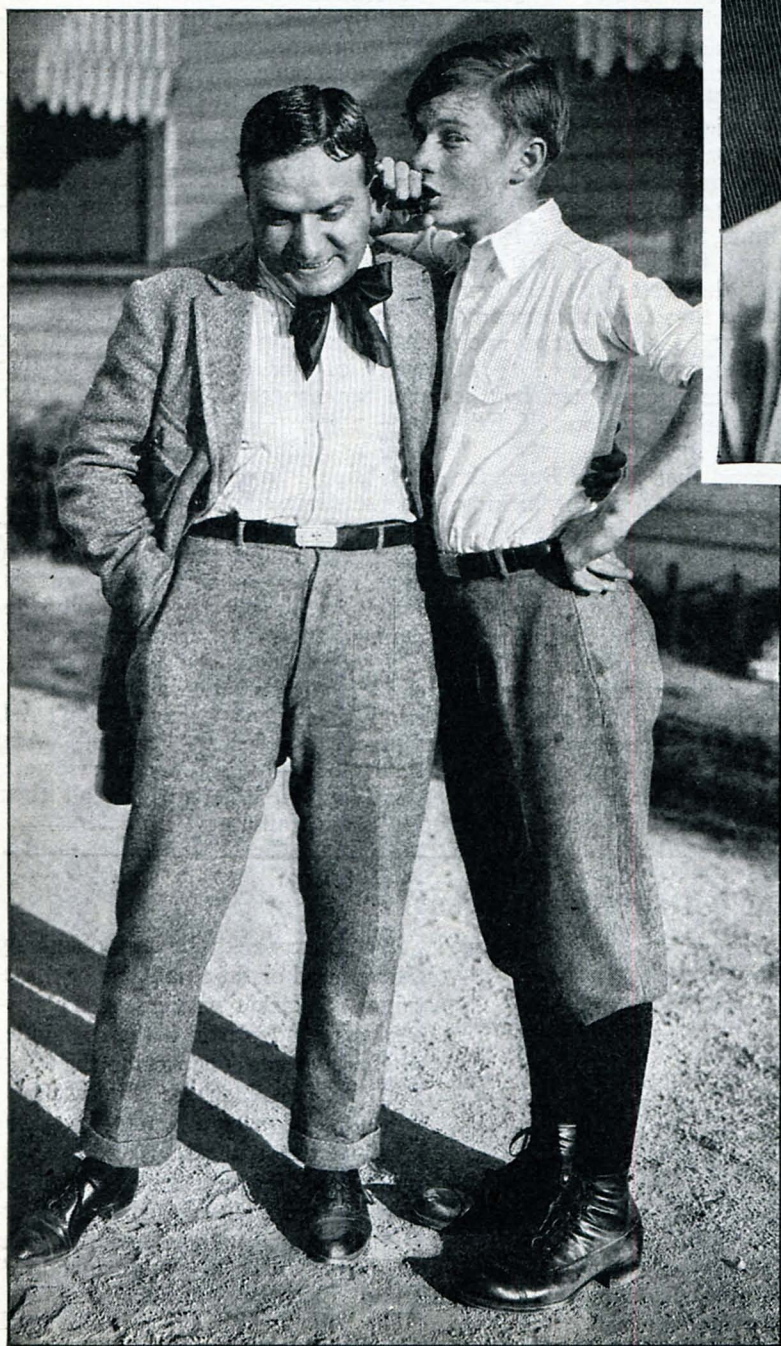
"And let me rise to remark," he added, as the clock warned us that it was time for him to return to the studio, "that there's many a man in movies—yes, and a woman, too—who has been the victim of just such maneuvering!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

How that Boy is Growing!

You often hear that remark made by grown folks about one of the children of the neighborhood, but seldom about the children of the screen. But people are going to begin to say it about Wesley Barry.

By Charles Carter



THERE'S no question about it, Wesley Barry is growing up. Why, it seems no time ago that he appeared as the little orphan boy who romped and played and got into mischief with Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs." And it was after that, as you'll recall, when he acted the part of the tiny page in the big English castle in "Male and Female." Do you remember how, in that scene, he was caught peeping through the keyhole and lifted up by the back of the coat collar by Thomas Meighan almost the way you'd pick up a kitten? I doubt that even big brawny Tommie could pick up the Wesley Barry whom you see on this page with one hand.

You'll notice what a chunk of a boy he's getting to be if you see him in his new picture, "From Rags to Riches," and you can see that before long he'll have to be dropping the "Penrod" type of rôle and taking up parts like that of *Willie Baxter*, of "Seventeen." And after that—perhaps he'll succeed Wallie Reid. Who knows?

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skates; and they should really fasten a third skate on her ear because that is where she lands after each attempt at doing a Gaby glide. But she is a game little lady, and knows that after each session with the skates she will be rewarded by a swim in the tank, so she doesn't mind the falls particularly.

Mickey, on the other hand, is somewhat of a grouch. And his idea of sport is to inveigle a prop man into letting him have his finger to suck—then to close down on it with a couple of his hind teeth.

I have already mentioned the report which was current in the East that Joe Martin had run amuck and bitten Edward Connolly. Yet he didn't look bad when I saw him in his cage out at Universal, and, although I hadn't seen him for a year, he seemed to remember me. He blinked at me solemnly with his sad, brown eyes, pursed up his lips, and stuck his hand through the bars in token that he wanted to kiss my hand. I explained to him more in sorrow than in anger that I had written a story about him called "Joe Martin—Gentleman," and that it was most reprehensible of him to spoil the good impression conveyed by it by deliberately biting as nice a man and as good an actor as Mr. Connolly. He made no reply to my remarks, but continued to blink at me with his hand still extended asking for peanuts. I understand that there were extenuating circumstances concerning his lapse from gentlemanliness. They had worked him all day and far into the night. He was tired and cross; moreover the nature of the scene in which he was working was a constant tantalization to him. For Edward Connolly was to take from him a string of pearls given him in play by the heroine. The forbearance of many a human actor would have snapped under such circumstances. Curley Stecker, Joe's

trainer, gave him a prompt and thorough beating after the unfortunate episode, and Joe, to prove that he knew the punishment was just and that he held no grudge against Curley, who is his idol, was riding pick-a-pack on his back the next day.

Nor is Charlie Elephant the bad actor of the films that his enemies would have the public believe. It is true he is getting old and no doubt he is about fed up with the inconsistencies of movie life. But in the hands of a competent and understanding trainer he is tractable and intelligent. It is only when outsiders try to boss him and stupid actors try to tease him that he hangs the danger signal in his squinting blood-shot eyes and warns all comers that he is not to be tampered with.

I was much interested in seeing Ethel, the lion baby who used to live in the same cage with Lady, a collic pup. Although Ethel has grown to be quite a lioness, her sweet disposition remains unspoiled by petting, teasing, or publicity. What became of her former pal, I do not know. No one seems to know. There are dark hints to the effect that one day some one fed Ethel a hot dog; that she got the taste for them and that soon after that Lady disappeared—but this story I am assured upon the best authority was just one of the catty remarks circulated by the other lions who are jealous of Ethel's stand-in at the studio.

I understand that Theda Bara, the little Century mule, is still kicking, and they tell me that in spite of the Volstead Act she still clings to the bottle habit. She apparently has no use for art for art's sake. The only way to work her is by the bribe of a bottle—although I will say this for her—she is not particular about the contents. She will drink near beer, ginger ale, or sweetened water; just so it comes out of a bottle.

Brownie, the Century dog, is as full of pep as ever. He always ap-

pealed to me as being a very joyful comedian, one who thoroughly loves his work, and he does it without bribes or threats of any kind. When I paid him a visit in his studio he was scheduled to ride a pony. Each time he had sprung to the saddle he had slipped off because the leather offered no vantage point for him to brace himself. When I came on the lot, they were fixing the saddle with small rolls of cloth around it, and Brownie was impatiently tugging at his leash, barking, wagging his tail furiously demanding to be set free so that he could take his ride.

Even at the risk of losing Louise Fazenda's friendship I think I will have to make mention in this frank exposé of the morals and foibles of the silent stars, of the spiritual deterioration of her parrot called "Evelyn" by those who have only a speaking acquaintance with her, and a list of unprintable adjectives by her intimates. There was a time when Evelyn was an honest, hard-working parrot who was used in many Sennett comedies and with Louise, worked in "The Love Egg," a recent educational two-reeler, but studio life ruined her morals and her vocabulary. It also gave her a warped outlook upon the world, and to-day her main ambition in life is to bend the wires of her cage together so that she can squeeze through and bite a leg—any leg—of the person nearest her.

I hope I have not been too severe on the silent folk of the silent drama. After all it is unfair to criticize them when they cannot talk back—and they have a great many shining virtues. I have never heard of one who demanded more pay or more publicity. They never deny the announcements of their engagements, and they *never*, when interviewed, say, "Don't tell this, it isn't for publication." And that alone—from the interviewer's standpoint—makes up for all their faults and failings.

A League of Nations Girl

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sports. "I exercise when the spirit moves me," she said. "I like horse-back riding and swimming. I don't do either regularly, but when I do I put my whole energy into it.

"I left high school at the age of fourteen, entered Colorado College at fifteen and while there was sob sister on the Colorado Springs *Gazette*, also writing the college news notes. After a year and a half we moved to Washington, where I sat on a high stool and humped my back over pages of figures as accountant for a

mercantile concern." At the same time she wrote society news for the Republican Something—I can't remember all those newspapers' names on a hot day.

"Later," Jackie took up her tale after Daddy Melford had stuck his head in the door to announce that she had but fifteen minutes more, "we went to New York. Mother started me back to school, but I circled around and returned to New York. I didn't even tell my aunt I was there until I got a job understudying the ingénue lead who played *Angela* in the revival of 'Floradora.'"

After six weeks the lady obligingly got married or the small-pox or something, so Jackie was given the coveted part and played it the remainder of the season. Then came the Ziegfeld "Follies," where she was the leit-motif of many a heady—or rather leggy—extravaganza. There Alan Dwan saw her and lured her to Hollywood where she played in "A Perfect Crime" for him and, later, in "Molly-O" with Mabel Normand, "A Blind Bargain" for Goldwyn, and "The Tailor-Made Man" with Charles Ray.

Here They Are—Together Again

The pictures at the top of the page show Dick and Dorothy as they appeared in "I'll Get Him Yet." The other comedies in which they both played were, "Boots," "Peppy Polly," and "The Hope Chest."

Below is the way in which they will appear in Dick's new picture, "Fury." No longer will they appear as well-groomed young persons, in luxurious settings. The hard life of the water front replaces all that.



DO you remember the Dorothy Gish comedies in which Dick Barthelmess, then a juvenile, was the leading man?

Well, fate has turned the tables, and Dick, now a star, is to have Dorothy for his leading lady in his next picture, "Fury."

It will be a very different type of picture, though; from the light, frothy features in which they used to play together, for the story is a strongly emotional and dramatic one, to give Dick the opportunity such as he has had in his other starring

pictures, "Tol'able David" and "The Bond Boy." Dorothy's rôle is that of a little wharf slavey, a part calling for a mixture of comedy and pathos.

This new alliance is a tribute to the lack of professional jealousy on the part of both of these young players. Few independent stars would consider allowing any one as popular as Dorothy to play a lead in his company, and few players as famous as Dorothy would ever consent to play leading lady to a former leading man.

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limited resources, one of whose principal aims seems to have been a persistent determination to leave nothing undone which might contribute toward her success. Expensive directors, expensive stories, expensive settings, designed by Josef Urban, were placed at her disposal. And since the company exploiting her is controlled by William Randolph Hearst she has had a tremendous amount of publicity in the newspapers also under his control. Unfortunately Miss Davies does not seem to have had an appeal commensurate with this enormous exploitation. The motion-picture-loving public has found her beautiful to look upon, but there is little evidence that she has generally been regarded as having great talents as an actress. It may be, however, that the magnificently beautiful "When Knighthood Was in Flower" will at last establish her. Her work in that was given a good deal of praise.

How about Katherine MacDonald? Miss MacDonald played small rôles in pictures until a group of ambitious young producers decided that the dear old public craved regular doses of pure American beauty. The fact that Miss MacDonald never set fire to any celluloid as an actress did not prevent her from getting a good contract. Unfortunately, her stories and her productions have not been as good as her contract; unfortunately too, she agreed to make too many pictures and, for my part, I have found most of them monotonous as to theme. Unlike Miss Swanson and Miss Davies, she has not had the advantage of beautiful and striking settings. Nevertheless, because she had enough business sense to sign on the dotted line, she will probably continue to be starred while better actresses thank the Providence that enables them to play a leading rôle several times in one season.

There are a great many other pretty women whose names are shining in electric lights while a hundred better actresses are looking for positions. And why? Simply because, a year or so ago, the majority of producers believed that the public

wanted poster girls and not actresses. Instead of looking for stars in the ranks of the conscientious and well-trained players in their own studios, they sought for future favorites in the choruses of Broadway musical comedies, in the studios of artists, in the list of bathing beauties and in model departments of cloak and suit houses. The success of a few girls like Betty Compson, Bebe Daniels, Mabel Normand, Alice Joyce, and Mae Busch, who had humble beginnings in motion pictures, led them to believe that it was a safe business stunt to catch 'em when young and beautiful and star 'em suddenly.

According to the code of many producers, every well-trained movie fan is sure to fall in love with a beautiful face. But public opinion is a pesky thing. For a while, the movie fan looks with admiration on a beautiful face and then he begins to wonder why said face shows no signs of any human expression. And then he begins to grow peevish because the beautiful face draws a large salary without exerting any effort.

Still another factor enters into the selection of feminine stars. It would be foolish of me to try to make you believe that personal choice on the part of producers and directors has nothing at all to do with Little Daisy's "sudden success as a star." A movie magnate goes to New York in search of new talent, entirely oblivious of the fact that there is plenty of reliable talent in his own home town. He meets a little girl who is struggling along in a musical comedy. He is dazzled by her flashing glances, offers her a star contract and a trip to the West Coast. The little girl, hitherto a fairly contented chorus girl, suddenly feels that Flo Ziegfeld is keeping bread from her aged mother. She accepts the contract, cultivates an ingénue manner, and prepares for her great career.

Then comes the test before the camera. The Broadway beauty finds the studio lights most unflattering; worse still, she finds out that she knows little about acting. The glances that dazzled the movie magnate fail to wring a faint cheer from the public. After being featured and fêted, the transplanted chorus girl

discovers that she either must learn the movie game or return to her first love, the stage. Sometimes these chorus girls make good, and when they do, please give them all the credit in the world. They deserve it.

Here is another trick of this star business. A motion-picture company, niggardly about paying for the services of players of real standing, proceeds to "create" its own stars. It selects several girls of some talent and beauty. The girls are offered contracts as stars, but in reality they do not receive the salary of high-class leading players. The company persuades them that the glory of stardom and the fame that is born of clever exploitation is better than money or the precarious business of free lancing for parts.

The answer, of course, is that the real stars are made by the movie fans and not by the producers. The movie fans are willing to give young and ambitious girls a chance, but they want to select the girls themselves; they don't want the "stars of the future" thrust upon them by the producers.

The fan who wrote to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE wants to know why girls of talent are relegated to supporting rôles. The answer to that one is: some players of ability must be on hand to support the tottering stars. What would the movies be without such unstarred players as Lois Wilson, Mabel Julienne Scott, Anna Q. Nilsson, Theodore Roberts, Theodore Kosloff, Raymond Hatton, Kate Bruce, George Fawcett, and hundreds of others who are content merely to be "among those present?"

Personally, I believe that the days of reckless stardom are over. The producers are going in for "all-star casts" and they are waiting until certain rashly signed contracts run out. The standards of the average movie fan have improved in the last year or so and the producers realize that experiments in beauty are too expensive to be amusing. Although you may hear a great deal about new stars, I happen to know that very few star contracts have been signed recently and that a great many options on star contracts have been allowed to lapse.

The Screen Mother

By Alix Thorn

Oh, little meek-eyed mother,
With bands of silver hair.
With gentle smile in wrinkles hid,
Your kerchief folded fair,
You stood at opened doorway,
All welcoming and sweet.
And patient watched as mothers do,
The shaded village street.

Oh, gentle little mother,
I would that I might pass
An eager youth and carefree
Through lane and country grass
To find you at some doorway,
And all that it could mean.
You live in misty Movieland,
I saw you on the screen.

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often receives a printed slip—known as a pay check—with something like this on the back:

"This check is payable on the first Monday after issue of same, between five and seven, at..... (name of studio.) This check is non-transferable, et cetera."

Sometimes it is "on each Tuesday and Friday." But whatever the day stipulated, it is likely to be the one upon which one is working somewhere else.

Extras may seem to be well paid, but allowing for the days they are apt to be idle in the dull season, and the clothes they are required to have, the pay is really very low. If all actors were in stock and the costumes were supplied, the companies could cut their pay checks one half, but they would get no variety.

There are two distinct methods of accepting pay checks. Some people claim it is better to work for seven dollars and fifty cents or even five dollars and be seen by the directors. Others insist that you are branded by the five-dollar check. Even if you look above the average, the director may say to himself, "She looks well enough, but the chances are she can't troupe. There is something wrong or she wouldn't be doing such rank atmosphere."

One thing is certain. When you have worked in one really good part at a studio it is not good policy to return to that same studio under ten or twelve-fifty a day. But this is a problem the beginner hardly ever has to face.

If you are offered a small part at seventy-five dollars a week and you are unknown, take it. On the other hand if the director seems delighted to discover you, and asks you what you wish, say calmly that your salary is one hundred and fifty dollars a week for anything short of a really big part, which, of course, would be more. If you say two hundred he is likely to ask too many questions, or else decide that you are telling the truth but are too high-priced.

When you have been working a year you will have very decided ideas on this subject, and the chances are you will not be offered a part in less than that time.

The set affords one a certain amount of insight into the habits and business of movie life. It may accustom a person to be in a conspicuous position, but as far as acting goes an extra does not get any opportunity to be dramatic. That is why it always puzzles me when I read, "Miss Blank studied two years at a dramatic school and has since made a notable success in pictures." Now

this may be perfectly true, but it is misleading. Miss Blank persuaded some one to give her a test. The fact that she knew something about dramatic art would never be noticed if she simply worked extra. I except, of course, the one case in a thousand. Also it is personality that counts in the rise of an extra. The fact that you can act will not count nearly so much as the fact that you have a magnetic nature.

It is a pity, I think, that those who have talent and temperament rarely possess business ability. They are forced to depend on cigar-chewing, rough-and-ready business men. The business men promote with their eyes on the cash only, and the director and stars are quite dominated by them. It would be considered absurd to select a group of actors because they were good form, and spend some money on giving them a place to read

"The Sunny Side of Studio Work" will be described in the next article in this series, which will appear next month. The author will also give some heartfelt advice on how to avoid the most common mistakes of extras on the motion-picture set. If you are to succeed in motion pictures, you must know the ropes. This series by Dorothea Knox is a complete handbook for the beginner in motion pictures.

or eat comfortably in the studio. Outside of getting the better-grade talent, no studio has insisted upon a well-bred clientele for their use. Indeed I think it is an impossible dream. But if the author and the director and the star were all well bred, and had the capital in their hands, they would naturally draw about them the gentlemen of their profession and treat them as such, and we should have a hitherto unheard-of place—the Select Studio.

Where cabaret scenes or deep emotion is to be portrayed the directors have music. In view of all that they do not have, this is really remarkable. There is no heat, no place to sit and no decent food, but there is music.

Perhaps it is because the same music does for the star and the atmosphere. The chill of the set does not affect the leads much. They usually work only an hour or two, and there are always plenty of eager hands to hold a wrap for their expensive shoulders. If the heroine decides to get wet the director behaves exactly like an old hen with a duckling in the water. She must be dried immediately in a warm place and never for a moment risk drowning.

I have seen a whole set stop in the middle of an important incident while the leading lady had tea. Just

a cup, you know, brought to her in the middle of a love scene. Of course, this was an English lead, and English people do like their tea on time. We lost about an hour as fifty or more people had to take their positions over and be rehearsed again, and that cup of tea cost the company thirty or forty dollars, but you must bear in mind that when the star wishes tea it is not a matter to be treated lightly.

The star also has the privilege of phoning and saying that she is indisposed and wishes some one to double for her. If this is impossible the director usually says the set is not right, or the lights do not reflect properly or the script has to be changed.

One day I remember being on location where all of us stood in the very hot sun for six hours. The lead sat in the shade while a friend stood for the focus. At the last moment she would run quickly to her place, do some very indifferent acting, and run back. After a short time her part was over and she left.

When we were finished the director lined up the atmosphere and among us was a very handsome Russian wolfhound. The chauffeur was ordered to take the dog home and come back for the extras. Some of the old-timers in the group grew quite sarcastic and even openly huffy over the arrangement, but I pointed out that none of us were getting twenty-five dollars a day, and the dog was. He was worth seven thousand dollars in cash, and besides, Russian wolfhounds are scarcer than the plain garden variety of extras.

The star also has the cutting privilege. If there is some excellent acting done by any one outside of the two leads the star is apt to decide that it distracts the attention from him or her, and the picture has to suffer. The interloper is often wiped out entirely. Some day when the author and the director have the whip hand the public will be shown pictures as well as personalities.

Just at present the picture survives in spite of:

The extreme discomfort of the atmosphere.

The constant interference of ignorant finance and personal pull in the casting.

And, the overanxious, blind meddling of the jealous star.

Of course, there are stars who work harder than any one on the set, despite the painstaking efforts of their friends and directors. And there are some like Farrar who are always looking for talent instead of trying to subdue it, but these are not common traits.

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Street, I actually gasped. I didn't recognize myself!"

The test resulted in the "Saturday Night" engagement.

Leatrice admitted that there was a temptation to grow grand and aloof as a De Mille star. "Everything is done for you to make you feel up-stage. After each scene maids and hair dressers rush onto the set to adjust your coiffure, to straighten your lips, to smooth the fold in your gown. When I signed the contract, too, I was impressed with my importance. It was so long and so eloquently phrased and so imposingly presented for my signature. When I had finally filled in on the dotted line I felt like a little sister to Bernhard. And that was exactly the effect De Mille desired. He knows people; he knows psychology. That's why he is a showman second to none."

Although I have never been an admirer of the czar of the Lasky hacienda I have yet to hear any director more effusively praised by his players. It is not irrelevant to add that many of these psalms were hymned by actors no longer connected with—and duty bound to—him.

"I've done stunts for Mr. De Mille," averred Leatrice Joy, "that I never imagined I would do for any one. In 'Saturday Night,' for example, I hung from that trestle until I thought my arms were pulled out of their sockets. And look at these hands!" There were livid scars on them. "In the prison scene in 'Manslaughter' I burned them when in my enthusiasm I hurled the frying pan to the floor. The eggs and grease scalded my hands. Then—worst of all—the scene was cut from the picture!"

When this particular actress speaks and gestures, there is apparent the same intensity and nervous force that illumines her screen pantomime. The same verve and driving energy impress you; the same sincerity wins you. She is fairly enthralled at the idea of being somebody; she is

naïvely delighted that her "pose" was successful. As far as affectation goes, she is frank in her distrust of it.

"Mr. De Mille believes it wise for all of us to 'act' in every situation—lunching at the Algonquin, dancing at Plantation, dining at the Alexandria. He thinks it effective to maintain 'the illusion.' Some stars do it and do it well. Others botch things terribly. I prefer not to try it. After acting all day I feel that I've earned a rest. I refuse to pose during off hours."

During these same off hours she is Mrs. Jack Gilbert, wife of *Monte Cristo*, none other. Marriage has not "settled" her nor submerged her buoyant personality. As a matter of fact, she didn't even mention matrimony. She was intensely concerned over the second game of the world series, and anticipating a visit to "East of Suez," in which Florence Reed plays an Asiatic lady not entirely unlike the Chinese high caste Miss Joy will portray in the forthcoming "Java Head."

"If we stick to Hergesheimer's wonderful story, I feel reasonably certain we'll have a worth-while picture," she told me. "Raymond Hatton and George Fawcett will both be in the cast, and they are, to me, the supreme character men of the screen."

In "Java Head," with George Melford behind the megaphone, you will find conclusive answer to all of your doubts and queries concerning this newcomer to Stardust Row. It will present Leatrice Joy in a character part that will call upon all of her resources, and it will present her without the velvet hand of De Mille to guide her, with virtually none of the lavish settings and gaudy trappings that marked her last two appearances, with simply her talents and artistic ability to lean upon. This picture will really be in the nature of a final test before the laurels of stardom grace her brow. Stardom will be more than an artistic or commercial victory for Leatrice; it will

be a social triumph. She made this confession without any warning.

"There will be a day that I am going to swank terribly," she said. "When I make a personal appearance back home. When I left New Orleans to do picture work, lots of people sniffed, and called me plebian for joining the working class. And now I've planned all the horrible details when I return: Maid carrying dog, special flowers at the station, front-page pictures of 'Local Girl Who Made Good'—the prodigal's return with prodigious publicity. You know the stuff!" The thought tickled her, and she laughed delightedly. I doubt that she will get far with her plan, however. In the first place there's her sense of humor to stop her, and in the second place she is too intelligent to carry off a successful ritz. For that is too often the defense of the utterly banal beauty, the barrage thrown up to hide deficiencies.

By virtue of what she has already accomplished, it is reasonably safe to predict Leatrice Joy one of the most important of the new stars to shine in 1923. In "Manslaughter" she reveled in luxury as though it were quite natural, yet at the same time she convinced equally well when her conscience led her to the aid of the bread-liners. She was riotously real as a jazz-deb, and poignantly touching as a silk-lined sister of mercy. She proved by her work in the prison episodes that settings were not necessary to put her across any more than were costumes. Nor will she require De Mille to keep her at the top. Both Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels flounder, I think, once they are away from Cecil's direction. These are orchidaceous creatures who need frills and laces, lounges and sunken baths. In Leatrice Joy there is greater depth, finer feeling, broader promise. Her personality coupled with her ability lead me to suggest that three years hence—granted fair breaks in stories, support, and direction—Leatrice Joy will be among the leading half-dozen ladies of the shadow stage.

Sizing Up the Screen Flapper

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including the flapper herself—the flapper will unblushingly remove the Spanish inquisition props when she arrives at a party, park them with the maid in the cloakroom, and present her flexible form to the embrace of any youth who asks the privilege of dancing the jelly roll with her.

Bebe Daniels in "Nice People" came very near giving us a real flapper. Then William De Mille hap-

pened to think of the censors, and they put the muffler on.

Yet the flapper, we must admit, is a little more honest if a little more naughty than her grandmother. There's a lot to say for her. Where she now does the camel walk on the ballroom floor, she used to go out on those awful hay rides! Where now she smokes with her men friends, she used to play kissing games in the dark. Where these

days she rags through a cat step she used to sit out quadrilles on a dark veranda with the city slicker.

If the innocent little screen flapper ever meets the real flapper, Heaven knows what will happen!

I can imagine the horror with which the screen flapper will look down on the wild doings of the real one. But can't you imagine how the real flapper will wither the screen flapper with her white-hot scorn?

I Send You a Trial Bottle Free

—read special offer below

Restore Your Gray Hair

by this time-tested method

I invented my hair color restorer to bring back the original color to my own hair, which was prematurely gray. Though this was many years ago and I am no longer young, my abundant hair is still beautiful as a girl's.

A Statement by Mary T. Goldman

I ask every person afflicted with gray hair to let me tell them my story for their own benefit. For I know from experience what it means to the young and vigorous to discover the first gray hair and to realize that it will brand them as "getting old."

Gray hair is as much of an affliction to those who are not so young, for the older you grow the older gray hair makes you look. No—gray hair is an affliction at any age, but one that need not be endured. For I offer you a scientific restorer which will bring back the original beautiful color, with perfect results always assured. Best of all, my restorer actually benefits the hair.

What a blessing I would have felt it, in my young days, if such a preparation had been in existence when I found my hair turning gray. Then there, were only crude dyes, unsatisfactory and unsafe, and these I would not use.

Circumstances forced me to invent a perfect and safe restorer which is now at every gray-haired person's command. Millions have used and are using it—it is the biggest selling, most popular preparation of its kind in the world. Over 10,000,000 bottles sold. I offer a free trial bottle with complete directions for making the convincing "single lock" test. This test proves how easily and perfectly this time-tested preparation will restore the original color to your hair.

What My Restorer Is

Just a clear colorless liquid, clean and pure as water; simply apply by combing through the hair. Easy to use—no skill required.

There is no untidy sediment, no greasy stain, absolutely nothing to wash or rub off.

Users of my restorer are never betrayed by discolored hat linings or soiled pillow slips. My restorer keeps your hair clean, soft and fluffy. Wash it as often as you like, for the color can't come off. This is because it is restored, not crudely dyed.

Restored Color Perfect

But what is most important to you is how your hair is going to look after you have restored it. It will be perfectly natural in all lights, if you use my restorer. No one will suspect you ever had gray hair.

There is no danger of mortifying streaks or discoloration, no conspicuous freakish look. Your hair will be as beautiful and natural as when you were sixteen.

You can go in swimming, in either fresh water or salt, and get your hair wet without worrying about discoloration. Nothing will affect the restored color.

Let your hair down and dry it in the sun, a strong dazzling light won't reveal any imperfections. There aren't any when you restore your hair this safe, sure, scientific way.

Also Restores Faded or Discolored Hair

This will be good news for women whose hair is faded or who have had bad luck with some dye that couldn't do the work. Hair dressers may tell you that one dye can't be used over another, but this is not true of my restorer.

It will bring back the perfect original color just as perfectly and surely as it will restore naturally gray hair.

A New Method of Application

The formula for my restorer has never been changed since I used it to restore my own gray hair, for I found then that it achieved perfect results.

But I have recently discovered a new method of application which proves to be very beneficial to the hair. This discovery consists of



the use of a wonderful preparatory powder which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and the hair, dissolves dandruff and acts as an antiseptic. It makes the hair soft, silky and beautiful and puts it in perfect condition for the action of the restorer.

A package of this powder comes with the free trial bottle of which I make mention above. It is part of my patented trial outfit, all sent to you absolutely free if you will mail the coupon.

Prove These Statements

I don't want anyone to accept these positive statements without proving that every word is true. I would not dare make them if I could not back them up with the convincing test I offer.

So I again ask that you take advantage of my offer of a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Make the test on a lock of hair as directed and you will realize the sincerity of every word I say.

Mail the Coupon

For your convenience I ask you to return the coupon which appears in this advertisement and be sure to fill it out carefully, for the information asked is important. If possible enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

By return mail you will receive, free, postage prepaid, my patented trial outfit, which contains full instructions for making the test.

Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is and what it will do, get a full size bottle from your druggist and restore all your hair.

But—don't neglect this warning:

Every successful preparation has a penalty to pay in the shape of competition by hordes of imitators who offer unworthy imitations and substitutes.

Don't be deceived by similarity in the appearance of bottle or package. If your druggist can't supply you with the one and only Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, order direct from me.

MARY T. GOLDMAN, 2341 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

**FREE
TRIAL
COUPON**

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
2341 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, as offered in your ad. X shows color of hair. (Print name plainly.) Jet black..... usual black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... very light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer



THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

SUNSHINE.—Well, you certainly are welcome to-day. I feel just as cheerful as old Gloom himself. This is an especially gloomy Monday morning—cold and dreary, and it looks as though your well-known namesake is never going to show himself. But now that everything is cheerful again, let's to the questions. Myrtle Stedman hasn't been appearing very regularly on the screen of late, but she will play one of the leading rôles in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," a Fred Niblo production. Marguerite De La Motte, Ward Crane, and Cullen Landis are also in it. Your other favorite, Mabel Julienne Scott, who has been rather inactive lately, too, has been engaged by Universal for "The Power of a Lie," from the story by Johann Bojer. Mabel is five feet five and a half and has dark-brown hair and brown eyes.

BLUEBONNET.—There is a Donald Cameron, a Rudolph, and a Tom Cameron, but no Eugene that I know of. Oh, yes, Texas is responsible for quite a few famous movie people. There is Corinne Griffith, Mary Hay, Florence Vidor, Ruth Renick, Madge Bellamy, Elliott Dexter, Lucy Cotton, Tom Mix, Bessie Love, and, of course, you know about Bebe Daniels and Hope Hampton.

HARRY R.—Marshall Neilan's first production for Goldwyn is "The Stranger's Banquet." This is going to be a very elaborate picturization of the story by Donn Byrne and has a long and dazzling cast. Claire Windsor has the feminine lead, Rockcliffe Fellowes the most important male rôle. Hobart Bosworth gave up work on his own productions to play another important part, and the rest of the cast includes Claude Gillingwater, Nigel Barrie, Thomas Holding, Stuart Holmes, and Cyril Chadwick. So, judging from advance reports, you can expect something finer than ever from your favorite director.

FAITHFUL FAN.—At last I have some news for you about Ruth Stonehouse. You and all the other faithful fans of the old favorites will be glad to hear that Ruth is going to be starred in some pictures to be made by a concern in Portland, Oregon. They haven't announced the title of the first one yet, and I don't know how the films are going to be distributed, so you'll just have to watch the movie news closely for news of the release of the pictures.

ESTELLE TAYLOR ADMIRER.—Your favorite vamp is not performing for Fox at present, but is appearing in a picture version of that romantic old heart-throbber, "Thorns and Orange Blossoms." Kenneth Harlan is in it, too, and so is Edith Roberts. Ralph Graves is still mak-

ing pictures—though not as regularly, perhaps, as you would like. He has a rôle in the Universal production of "The Jilt."

KAPPA.—The latest Booth Tarkington story to be purchased for the films is "Gentle Julia," which Fox has added to his library for production next season. Famous Players-Lasky filmed "Clarence" recently and Vitagraph will make "The Magnificent Ambersons." Wonder which of the three different—very different,

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

we'll bet—interpretations of Tarkington you're going to like best.

ALICE C.—If you wrote to Glenn Hunter at a California address he probably never got the letter, as he has been working in New York for some time now. His correct address is given at the end of The Oracle in this issue. So you had better write to him all over again. Glenn is about twenty-four and is starring in Film Guild productions. John Bowers is free-lancing now. He appears with Blanche Sweet in the Metro production, "Quincy Adams Sawyer." John is married to Rita Heller and they live in California. His eyes and hair are brown and he is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds.

LOUISE McA.—The girl who played *Mannula*, the heroine, in "The Spanish Jade," is not a foreigner, but an American girl, Evelyn Brent. Miss Brent was born in Tampa, Florida, in 1899 and en-

tered pictures in this country in 1916. However, she has been abroad for the last few years playing on the stage. So that when John S. Robertson made this production in the London studio of Famous Players-Lasky, he saw Miss Brent and selected her for the rôle of the Spanish girl.

L. LILLIAN.—Bessie Barriscale is not making pictures at present and hasn't been for some months. In fact, I doubt whether she will return to the screen. Bessie is devoting all of her time now to the stage. She is married to Howard Hickman. Pearl White was born in Missouri in 1889, and Ruth Roland in San Francisco, California, in 1893. Yes, Nita Naldi is married, but she has no children.

MAYBELLE.—The "very queer name" of the leading man in "Foolish Wives" is Erich von Stroheim; rather difficult for the first few times, but not so queer when you get used to it. Virginia Valli was an interpretative dancer before entering pictures. Chicago, Illinois, is her birthplace and 1895 is the year she was born. Douglas Fairbanks has finished "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood," but hasn't announced definitely what his next production will be. Perhaps he will make "The Virginian," with another actor in the title rôle, and just supervise it himself, or perhaps he will star in "Monsieur Beaucaire," from the stage play, adapted from Booth Tarkington's story.

GLORIA SWANSON ADMIRER.—Auburn is certainly the color of Bebe Daniels' hair, and Bebe's eyes are without doubt dark brown. Now that that argument is settled, we can proceed to Eva Novak. Eva is about twenty-three and just recently married William R. Reed, a camera man. In "Why Change Your Wife" Gloria Swanson was the wife, Thomas Meighan the husband, and Bebe Daniels the wicked vamp who, in conjunction with a slinky black gown, was the cause of all the changing.

ANN B.—Kathlyn Williams has been back from her long vacation for some months and is working steadily at the Lasky studios. She appears in "Clarence" with Wallace Reid and Agnes Ayres. Kathlyn is at present the wife of Charles Epton, general manager at the Lasky studios. Claire Windsor has been married and is the mother of a four-year-old boy. Claire has the leading feminine rôle in Marshall Neilan's big production for Goldwyn, "The Stranger's Banquet." There's nothing new about J. Warren Kerrigan—so far he is still without any screen connections. He seems to have a lot of faithful fans, in spite of his long absence from pictures.

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Peg Writes Her Epitaph

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let some sweet pretty little ingénue do it.' But *Peg* isn't that sort. She's a little gamin, who doesn't depend on her looks to get by. That's why I knew I could play her—just this once more."

I have not, it occurs to me, given any adequate description of Laurette Taylor. But most of you have seen her, no doubt, either upon the stage, or smiling from between the covers of some magazine. Her eyes are magnificent and gray, with eyebrows so arched and delicate that they lift wingedly with every changing expression of her vivid, intelligent face. Her skin is creamy and almost colorless. But her mouth is red and beautifully curved. It is her eyes and her hair that give to her countenance such an unusual appeal. Her hair is a red gold that no bottled tinting could ever achieve, and on that day it hung about her shoulders in fluffy curls.

"I wasn't intending to use my own hair," she said laughingly when I admired it. "I had a lovely wig all made to order, with blond curly hair that I thought was simply immense. But Mr. Vidor very tactfully let me have a screen test with it—and it was terrible. I had thought that red hair would photograph black. But mine doesn't; it suggests redness somehow, even on the screen. So my beautiful wig is discarded."

Aside from her refreshing frankness and lack of pose, her sense of humor appealed to me most. She does not take herself or her work too seriously. She loves her work and is happy in it. She is congenially married to J. Hartley Manners, who has written most of her plays.

As I was ready to leave, she handed me a letter to read that had come that morning. It was an offer from a New York musical comedy producer to put '*Peg o' My Heart*' to music and turn it into a musical show.

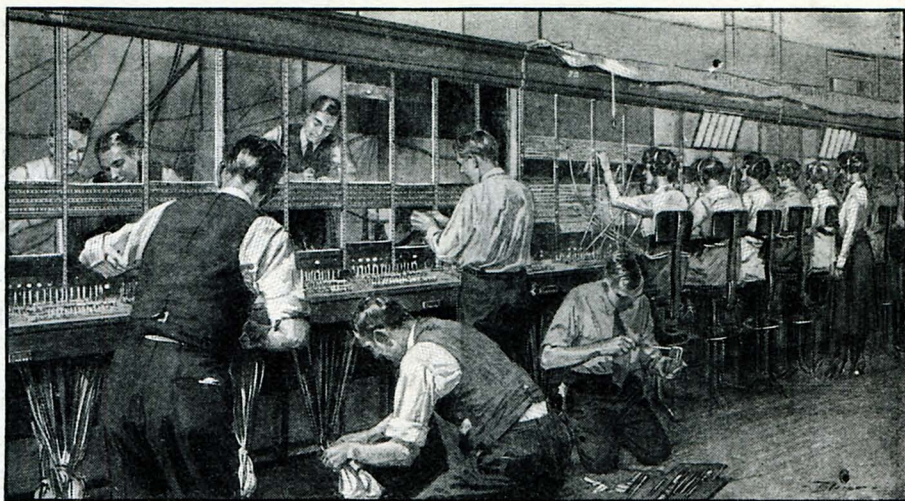
"Good heavens," she laughed. "that would be the last straw! Imagine *Peg* romping in with Michael, singing about how she loved the 'dear old sod of Oirland!' I refused, of course. They will be wanting to put her in radio bedtime stories next."

I rose regretfully.

"Take a good look at me," she of the red-gold hair suggested mischievously. "You are viewing *Peg's* 'remains.' All I hope is that you won't be disappointed in her epitaph."

"I hope I won't be," I agreed.

"It ought to be good," said Laurette Taylor smiling, "*Peg* is writing it herself."



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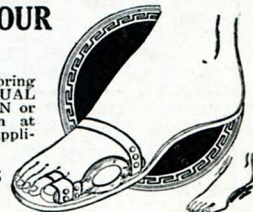
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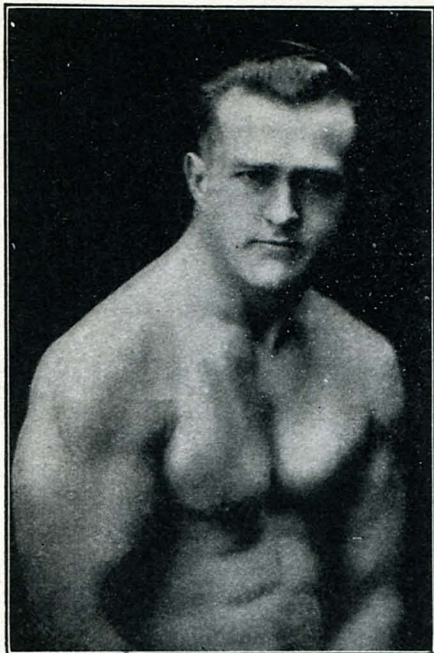
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Enid—Who Is Content

Continued from page 51



Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

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work," she continued in her slightly English accent which she has retained through several years of Hollywood. She was debating whether or not to don the beautiful blond wig she wears as *Maid Marian* as one moment orders came that she was to work that afternoon and the next that she wasn't. She is always, she laughed, "in a state of half make-up."

In my early interviewing days, I first decided, upon meeting a screen star: Is she really as beautiful as she seems on the silver sheet? But I have since revised my first query until now it flashes across my mind: Is she happy? And I believe that Enid Bennett most truly is. She has the calm poise of the woman who has ceased to chase the bubbles, who is happy in her home life.

After I had admired some new pictures of the baby—Enid, as you all know, is the wife of Fred Niblo and the mother of a nine-month-old baby, quite the most wonderful baby there ever was, of course!—we walked down to the set where a colorful scene was in progress. It had been definitely established that Enid was not to work that afternoon, so the blond wig was laid away by the colored maid. Doug, all in shining silver armor, was being received by the *King*, Wallace Beery, in flowing robes of blue and gold. Seated in the pavilion just outside the big castle was the *King's* court; mobs of peasants in gray raiment and soldiers in shining doublets clustered about *Robin Hood*; fluttering on the breeze were colored banners and lusty cheers rang upon the still, hot air of afternoon.

Enid Bennett is one motion-picture actress who does not "go in" for strenuous athletics. I murmured a thanksgiving as I let my eyes—jaded with views of muscular arms wielding tennis rackets and golf clubs, sturdy forms, khaki clad, tramping

the hills—roam over the very alluring femininity of this little Australian product in her trim gray skirt, white, crossbarred Swiss blouse and simple straw hat. "No, I'm not athletic. I love the country—when I can motor through it. But I'll take my action in the news weeklies."

Soft, alluring curves, blond hair plainly coiffed, wide, gray eyes that glow with life and happiness—there you have Enid Bennett. There's no pretense about her; she doesn't sugar-coat you. Yet she has a sincere air of wanting to know everybody and hoping they'll like her without going to extremes about it.

Of course you all know about how Enid Bennett played on the stage in Australia and how she came to this country and was starred by Ince until the advent of the small daughter made it necessary that she retire temporarily from the screen. And you know all about her romance with Fred Niblo, whom she met in the long-ago in Australia and of how, when their work threw them together again at Ince, their friendship ripened into love.

"Yes, marriage and art have mixed for me." Into her eyes came again that happy glow that was the first thing to impress itself upon me. "But how can you lay down hard and fast rules for it? All it takes is common sense, camaraderie, understanding, and sincere respect for each other. When you have that, it matters not what your work may be."

Enid Bennett is very eager for the public to receive her again, anxious that although so many comebacks fail, you will like her as *Maid Marian*. If you don't, I think that it will hurt her. But no one will ever know if it does, for she has reached that stage where material things do not count for very much. She is—content.

The Younger Married Set in "Tess"

Continued from page 85

three sisters all have red hair, a beautiful shade of red, and natural, too. And Lloyd was mean enough to ask Mrs. Hope that very first evening if she'd bought it by the barrel! "Anyway, I had just finished school here and had started in pictures, playing small bits. So was Lloyd. We began going together and kept it up for three years. I never went with any other boy—"

"I should say not!" rumbled Lloyd. "With me parked on your front porch

every evening? Anyway, we've been married a whole year now, and I'll say married life's great. All we need now is a home." They have a charming apartment up on the boulevard, but Lloyd, manlike, insists there isn't half enough room to sprawl himself and his things around. He wants his dreams visualized in a mansion for his girl wife; but Gloria, restraining him with true wifely economy, insists upon a tiny bungalow.

Gloria is more ethereally lovely off

the screen than on, with her petal-white skin, red hair, and big, blue eyes. There is a wistful charm to her that is reminiscent of Mae Marsh in the early part of her career. Just now at eighteen she is trying very hard to be grown-up and matronly, in spite of a hang over of childhood. When Lloyd, who is about four years older, talks in mechanical terms of pistons and ignition and carburetors, she nods learnedly and makes him marvel anew at the brilliance of this little wife of his—though Gloria whispered to me the other morning when I took her driving that she didn't know a piston from a spark plug. Lloyd wants her to learn about such things, and she dutifully tries her best, though she much prefers baking marshmallow cake and going to the movies. Accustomed, as are most young girls, to reliance upon mother and older sisters, she has found it the most natural thing in the world to transfer that dependence to Lloyd; and in this day of feminism it is a pleasant thing to see a wife who defers so to her husband's wishes. It makes one think the clock of time is turning backward.

They are just a natural, likable young couple, very ambitious for each other and loyal in every little thought. When I go out with Gloria, every other word is Lloyd; I can't even get her to look at any handsome man who happens to be lunching near by—she is interested in only one male on earth. They seldom go out in the evenings, except to her folks' or to Mother Hughes'.

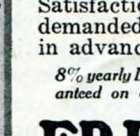
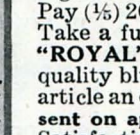
I have never heard her speak ill of any one. Often, when some of us girls are sitting together airing our free and independent opinions of everybody in the picture business, Gloria Hope alone is silent.

"About our work?" I had pried Gloria loose from her husband—the very idea, sitting there holding hands just as if they weren't respectably married!—and brought out my question-barrage, as every dutiful interviewer should even in the devastating presence of young love. "Well, I played with Jack Pickford and with Mae Marsh in some early pictures when I was just a kid." Except for her quaint attempt at dignity, she looked like a child as she spoke, curled up there on the grass by the lake in her blue organdie. "My last Lloyd's big brown ones. "My last pictures were 'Trouble' with Jackie Coogan, and one at Goldwyn's, and Lloyd's last was 'The Brotherhood of Hate,' for Ince, and now we're together with Miss Pickford—"

And so blissfully happy that they aren't thinking of to-morrow at all.

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If You Were Douglas Fairbanks

Continued from page 53

to give the world immortal screen dramas. No. It is, he believes, to spread his one-word creed. Reporters who have been sensible enough to take him seriously have discovered this, though most of them go to see him as they would go to see a vaudeville show. He never disappoints them. He looks at them, analyzes them with a microscopic glance, and then says exactly what he knows they'd like him to say.

When asked what he thinks of New York I have heard him answer: "It must be a success. It's been running over two hundred and fifty years."

But inquire if he has a message for the public, and he says what he feels. "Yes. Tell 'em to remember this: Nothing was ever sincere and bad—nothing was ever insincere and good!

"Most people think the word 'sincere' was invented just to sign letters with. They write it, but they don't mean it any more than they mean the 'dear' at the start."

One enviable truth about Douglas Fairbanks, a fact which will perhaps make you wish more than ever that you could change yourself for him, is that he never works. Making motion pictures, solving production problems that have baffled those employed to solve them, concocting humorous situations and then enacting them, all are play to him. Every moment of the day he is thoroughly enjoying himself. Throughout Hollywood he is known for his long hours of work, but Doug smiles and says he fools them. He simply plays longer than any one, and he doesn't tire any more than a boy tires of playing. Work!—why he *never* works!

You would probably need a lot of alterations before you could fit the Fairbanks identity. Not least among them would be your method of doing things, your way of deciding upon actions, your mode of thinking. His actions are always impulsive, his judgment is always a snap judgment. You come to him for work. He looks at you, shakes your hand, punctures your stiff front with a glance, and asks you your name. If he calls you by your first name, you're hired. If he says mister, you're not. Should you pass the examination, you are immediately taken into the fam-

ily. He starts to show you around the "factory." Outside he suddenly does a complicated and terrifying stunt on an iron railing and asks you if you can do it. If you shake your head feebly and shrink up in your clothes, he simply laughs. If you peel off your coat and try, that's different. It matters not if you miss. You've shown you're not afraid to tackle something you've never tried before. Your stock rises. You go up one. You extort respect.

I saw him hire a director and a French teacher this way. I've sprained my ankle writing for him.

Never does he pause to deliberate and fuss over things. Always spontaneous, he acts on the spur of the moment. One morning on his way to work he spent a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Going out of his way to buy a pack of cigarettes, he passed a studio he liked better than his own. He stopped and bought it. And Mary Pickford, when she recovered from the shock and went to see her new studio, said he got a bargain. Doug laughed. "Sure I did. I gave 'em a fast shuffle. They didn't have time to think.

"Snap judgment is always best," he claims. "Premeditated things, from picnics to murder, always bring the most disappointment and the heaviest penalty. The fellow who stops to look at the bar and think how high it is gets scared and can't jump over it."

While you are thinking of what you would do if you were Douglas Fairbanks, ask yourself a question. You would have all the money you could possibly want; you would be married to Mary Pickford; you would have the respect and admiration of the world; every comfort, every luxury would be yours. Would you, then, keep striving, keep struggling, keep aiming higher? Or would you be content?

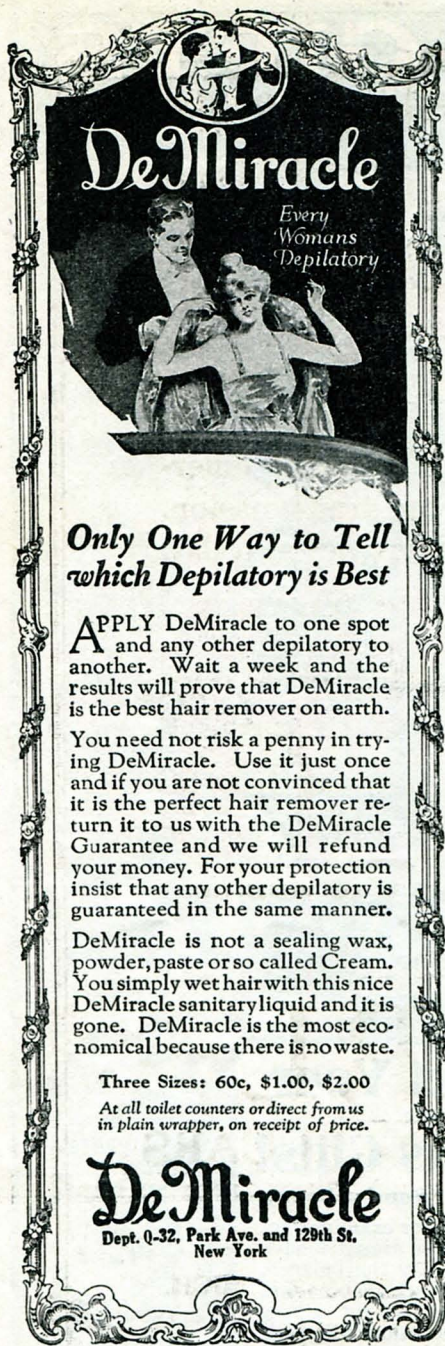
"What I can't understand," I said to Doug one day, "is why in blazes you aren't satisfied. You're successful—you're at the top—but you're always itching to do more. Why?"

Doug smiled as if he were sorry for me.

"The man who would be satisfied with success," he answered, "would have been satisfied with failure!"

Not Many!

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A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

Continued from page 74.

At last William Russell went for some ice cream with the money that was taken for fines, and we ate all we could of that. We kept on playing until we fairly ached from laughing, till at last the party broke up. I left with the gratifying knowledge that I was to meet Helen again when I would have her more to myself, and planning the "Hollywood Party" I would give for my friends when I got back home. I would teach them all the games they play in Hollywood and maybe teach them to have as good a time as you can when the guests are composed of movie players.

There are movie actresses whom I greatly admire, whom I look up to and like to copy; there are movie actresses I have had a wild crush on; there are some whom I just like, and some—just a few—that I dislike; but if I could pick out the movie actress I would like to *pal* with, to have as my best girl chum—I'd choose Helen Ferguson.

This doesn't mean I wouldn't be in the seventh heaven if I could be an intimate friend of any one of the class I mentioned first, but I'm afraid if I could I would be idolizing them so and stand in such awe of them—since I've been so infatuated with them for so long—that they'd never be able to stand having me around. I'd bore them to distraction with my heroine worship.

But you see Helen Ferguson is so real, so friendly, so "regular" that you forget she's a movie actress and just enjoy her.

We went through the Goldwyn studio, stopping to talk to various celebrities. On the way Helen showed us a darling little house she was thinking of buying if the movie business continued to be good.

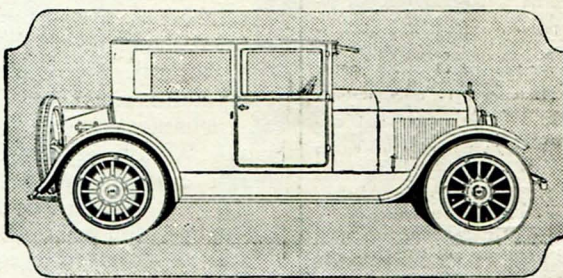
"If it gets any worse than it is now, I guess I'll have to go back to washing dishes," said Helen in fun.

Then we went back to the Ferguson bungalow. I made sure of getting a lovely photograph of Helen before I left. In autographing it, she just expressed my impressions of her. She wrote: "To Ethel Sands—who knows me 'as is,' without make-up 'n' pretense—just Helen Ferguson," but that last, to my mind, is enough for anybody to hope to be.

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Memories on My Own Screen

Continued from page 20



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L. PIERRE VALLIGNY, Room 98, No. 34 West 58th St., New York

to beauty, took the wrap from her. The singer stood revealed in a slip of what looked like onion skin! A sprinkling of beads was ornamental rather than warm.

Later she told me that she wasn't afraid. Nothing, she snapped, impaired her voice. Her tone said there wasn't another like it in the world. Also she remarked that her acting was a gift of God as she never had been taught anything.

But first her appearance as it struck me. Like many who seem queenly on the stage or screen she is not above medium height. It is a matter of long lines and the carriage of her body, whereby she assumes any height she chooses. As for her face, it seemed she could do the same with it. On, not off, the stage. She was a disappointment. Her reputation as an enchantress didn't last when I saw her. Wispy red hair, narrow cold blue eyes, lips that rarely showed her teeth and a face far from soft left me cold in the presence of one whose arts of fascination were based, I'd always heard, on beauty.

In a voice high, rather heady, she spoke animatedly with an English accent, but whatever she said, Mary Garden made it sound like an epigram. An art in itself. Hardly could hers be called a sweet personality, but a vibrant, challenging one. Not charming, but brittle, electric, with a manner straightforward and even blunt.

She told me she had sworn at the late King Edward. A pause to let that sink in, and she added that while in Italy she had received a "command" to sing at Buckingham Palace. She accepted, traveling two days and nights.

"You've had a long journey, madam," said the sovereign.

"A damned long journey, sir!" she replied. She relished telling me quite as much as she had enjoyed telling the king years before.

Miss Garden, as time wore on, continued willing to tell me about herself, though her caprices brought many moods. From these changes I sifted facts which may be new to you as they were to me. She was born in Aberdeen of strictest Presbyterians, and as a child aspired to be a violinist. Her family looked upon grand opera as advanced iniquity, but at fourteen, in Chicago, she decided to be a singer. Mrs. Garden still has her daughter's abandoned violin in a locked case. Her mother opposed her going on the stage, but her father—whom she re-

sembles—realizing that she could not be daunted, encouraged her.

She is a born fighter, she said, and loves to surmount obstacles, yet declared she had never spoken a word in retaliation or gained a step at another's expense. She abominates fat people and fat actors in particular; also women interviewers and female photographers. At that time she raved that Lucien Muratore was the greatest tenor in the world. Her enthusiasm didn't last, however, for last winter's newspapers said that she made his life painful by hissing in the midst of their operatic love scenes, "Pretty boy! Pretty boy!" So Miss Garden's standards of art were flexible, like her moods. What she said of other singers was anything but colorless. In fact, all her conversation with me was given to telling what she liked, what she loathed, what she thought "gorgeous" and what "grotesque," those being her most-used adjectives.

Her lighter moods were very engaging. At a riverside road house far up the Hudson, where she was doing some scenes for another picture, she was in gay good humor. Stretched full length on the grass she watched with great interest the camera man set up his tripod, chatting meanwhile of everything that came to mind—Paris as she knew it, her coming summer at Monte Carlo, her early struggles in Chicago, and so on—suddenly informing her listeners that she was dying for oysters and would have twelve as soon as she got back to the Ritz-Carlton.

At lunch, which for her consisted of an apple and a dried fig—dieting!—she seated herself at the piano and rattled off snatches of "Carmen," while chauffeurs, property men, and the rest of us enjoyed the most expensive cabaret on record. Not stopping at that, she snatched up fork and spoon and with these as castanets, danced and sang the Habanera. Having first refused vehemently to autograph a picture for me, she now did so with merry grace and offered me one of her automobiles in which to return to town. As clearly as I could judge, Miss Garden found studio work irksome and going on location a lark. But never did she fail to be trenchant, rapierlike, though not easy to keep up with.

As for instance when a woman interviewer, widely known, sought her while making the journey from Chicago to New York. Though playing cards in idleness, Miss Garden declined to be seen. She reiterated her dislike for feminine journalists. Ob-

viciously the writer could not be told this, so there was much running back and forth from one to the other, begging Our Mary to relent and calming the caller whose ire was mounting. Miss Garden's ire mounted higher, but finally she said with the air of an early Christian martyr that she would "spare" three minutes. On condition that I remain in the room and "drag out" the intruder.

At the end of half an hour I dragged myself out. Both ladies were still talking—of "reducing" foods, operatic rivals, solitaire, suffrage, dogs, and what not, while the honored guest was plied with cake, bonbons, and nuts sent to the diva who dared not touch them because of peril to her figure.

Inordinately vain of her slimness she not only talked of it, but pointed to it and patted and stroked pet portions of herself. She exulted in the success of her sparing diet and the sinuousness of her body, and seemed as naïve in displaying it as the more natural sort of children are. Hips or no hips—this, in her scale of human values, decided the fate of every woman.

When Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar met at the studio, and with an arm around the other's waist smiled into the camera as if happy sisterhood united them—but the sequel to this must necessarily wait.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thumb-Nail Impressions of the "Hey-You Bunch"

Continued from page 23

manner spied him an' asked him would he like to work in the movie. Would he? Tim fairly chortled with glee—that is, inside of him. Outside, he appeared not impressed at all until the director, who wanted just his type, raised his offer to ten dollars a day. Thus began Tim's career as an extra. And he never saw the Old Soldiers' Home until one day, months later, a friend drove him by in his swell automobile.

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Mary—I don't know her last name—is fat, Irish, and red-headed and has the richest brogue I've ever heard. George Melford discovered her washing dishes in San Francisco, used her in "The Sea Wolf" and advised her to come to Los Angeles. Though she always greets him with: "Aw, ye tell me to come down here, an' now ye give me no wur-r-r-k!" she is earning more money than she ever dreamed of, playing buxom Irish matrons. Mary is very particular about her appearance and suffers real agony if her hair doesn't look just right or her "shoes is a-showin'."

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A Chat with Claire Windsor

Continued from page 43

one said I stayed away from home because Billy cries and annoys me. It was too ridiculous. Billy is a big boy, and he doesn't cry. And it wouldn't annoy me if he did. Have you ever seen Billy?"

I said I had not, but that I had seen his pictures.

"He looks like an angel. I can't imagine him growing up and playing with other children. I think of him as just belonging to me. With Billy, I find all the love I want at home."

She told me about Billy's little ways and Billy's funny mannerisms. When she goes to restaurants to dance, she always saves some souvenirs for Billy. Before we left the Little Club, the manager apologized because he had no toys to send home to "Miss Windsor's best beau." On rare occasions, when Billy goes to the studio, every one gathers around him while Billy, unconscious of the commotion he causes, has a delightful time playing in mother's dressing room.

Of course Miss Windsor likes to keep Billy out of the limelight, but you feel, when you are with her, that she can't help talking about him. And he isn't allowed to go to the studio too often; he might be spoiled. But his mother can't resist the temptation to show him off every now and then. The players who work with Miss Windsor speak of her with admiration and respect; her gentleness and devotion to her son have won her many friends.

I wonder if the fans will think any less of her when they find out that four-year-old Billy is her best beau?

The New Sauce Piquant in Acting

Continued from page 30

the costume rôle of *Danton* in "Orphans of the Storm," may soon blossom forth as a sea captain, not the rough mate-braining kind, but one who has a streak of gentle heroism in his hard soul. Theodore Kosloff, whose studious and magnetic acting ability is now much in demand, gives life and color to the European courtier, instead of the sleek crook such as he portrayed in "Forbidden Fruit."

Then there is Jane Novak, that delicate flower of many a northern trail. She is frolicking among new snows—this time in Europe instead of America. She is playing *Thelma* in Marie Corelli's sentimentally alluring romance of the land of the midnight sun—Norway. And Jane appears in peasant's headdress, with

long billowy skirt, and lace-covered bodice, representative of the country of fiords and deep winter. No doubt her own bohemian characteristics—so often mistaken for Scandinavian—will melt into the glistening pattern woven of soft sunlight, white-hooded seas, and mantling snows.

We also have flashes of Thomas Meighan in barbaric bearskin in "Manslaughter;" Rodolph Valentino as a Hindu mystic in "The Young Rajah," and Agnes Ayres in the long skirt and plumed hat of the Victorian era in "Borderland." These are all modern features, but with a romantic or foreign intermezzo.

Wherever there is a picture of unusual setting or period, there do the ex-aristocrats also forgather. The demand has, it would seem, been increasing for foreign-looking extras and particularly transient blue bloods. Sometimes, the list nowadays looks like a section of Burke's "Peerage" with its Counts d'Abbadie d'Arnast, its Earle of Glancour, and its Countesses Stella de Lante. These are real names. Their possessors you will find in any scene from Gloria Swanson's sporty caricature of the French resort of Deauville in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew" to Maurice Tourneur's psychologically rampant study of British life, "The Christian."

To get ahead in the films nowadays a person has to broaden his knowledge of the world and its affairs, and keep adding to this store all the time. "I never attempt to play a costume rôle, or an unusual character without lots of research," said Raymond Hatton to me one day. He has, of course, assumed many such parts, including several striking potentates from "Joan the Woman" to one or two recent pictures. "When I play a king I am never satisfied with history's accounts of the monarch. I want to know about his antecedents and his associates, and what he did beside kinging. This takes reading up—lots of it."

Most of all, therefore, it is your comprehension of geography and history and worth-while literature that will stand you in good stead in a picture career—all, of course, in addition to an inborn talent for acting, which is something entirely different. Anyway it pays to obtain an intimate acquaintance with times and places through diligent study and observation. And if the explorations of the films into the past and distant lands are continued, you can bet that the chap or the girl with the big mental headstart is going to speed along a lot faster—though I hardly believe this is a new state of affairs—than the dumb-bell.

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 58



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"The Green Goddess." Moreover, the wrong scenario writer might have made the film smug and preachy, but this scenario is so skillful that you don't get the "moral" thrown in your face every moment. Arliss seems to have a magic influence on all his films. I've never seen one yet that wasn't interesting.

"On the High Seas."

Here is Dorothy Dalton, out of chiffons and laces and back in middy-blouses and oilskins again in another story of life on the bounding main which is a sort of third cousin, once removed, to Jack London's "The Sea Wolf." The picture is a fine example of how amazingly interesting a screen production can be at times despite a cheap and silly story. From the very first things begin to happen. Storm and shipwreck, rescue and combat follow each other in such rapid succession as to hold the interest, with no thought of what it's all about. The director and the technical staff certainly deserve most of the credit for this picture. It is only during the last reel, when they are back on dry land, and the inevitable "society stuff" has to be dragged in that the picture sags. But for those who are satisfied with a mixture of excitement and frills, the picture ought to be quite a treat throughout.

"A Woman's Woman."

Mary Alden seems destined to eternal mother rôles and this is a shame because she can play a young and attractive woman so charmingly. Not that I object to mother rôles, especially when they are done as well as this tender and sympathetic actress can do them—in "The Old Nest," for instance. But so many tales of mother love work the maternal passion overtime that you get cynical about it. The authors and directors seem incapable of reasoning about it. Now "A Woman's Woman" didn't seem to have much sense to it. When it came out as a magazine story almost everybody I know was laughing at the author's idea of a modern mother, an idea which must have originated back in the days of Queen Victoria. The story at least was earnest enough to be funny, but some of this flavor has been lost in the film, and the result is not much of anything. The problems are those of a mother who branches out for herself and starts a tearoom and makes a preposterous lot of money, but who decides after all that old ways are best. When

"This Freedom" is filmed, we'll have another of these plays. And I suppose Mary Alden will play it.

"Rags to Riches."

They tell me that this was an old melodrama, but I never saw it or even heard of it until it reached this film form. However, I am more than familiar with the plot. It's the old idea of the pampered darling running away with a gang of thugs and winding up on the farm. Wes Barry is a bright spot in the action—no one can make that kid behave like an old-time actor. Niles Welch is the crook, and Ruth Renick is the daisy-chewing country girl. The film has convinced me of something I have long suspected—if you want an old melodrama to be a hit on the screen you must get a Griffith to do it.

"Deserted at the Altar."

This isn't half the scream that its title suggests. In fact it is quite well done and has moments that are almost convincing. The title is an error of judgment, because it will lure in just the type of people who can't appreciate these fine points and keep out those who can. But, anyway, what with Bessie Love as the gentle heroine and Tully Marshall as the scheming old father, the creaky old incidents take on new life. Among those that creak loudest, is the scene where the jealous suitor breaks up a wedding by bringing in a foundling. It occurred in that awful moment when the clergyman asks if "any one has any just cause—" et cetera. It's a nervous pause, and I'm always glad when it is over. Still I've been going to weddings all my life and nothing has happened yet.

"Pink Gods."

Another jewel melodrama. These tales about the lure of various precious stones never quite convince me, although I suppose there are women who can look a diamond in the twinkles without falling for it. In this picture, diamonds are Bebe Daniels' undoing—she steals them from the South African mine and appears all decked out like a Tiffany window. James Kirkwood plays the hard, handsome mine owner, and Anna Q. Nilsson is the distinguished widow—an older woman as a foil to Bebe. There isn't much that is plausible in the plot but it is well acted by these three and well directed by Penrhyn Stan-laws.

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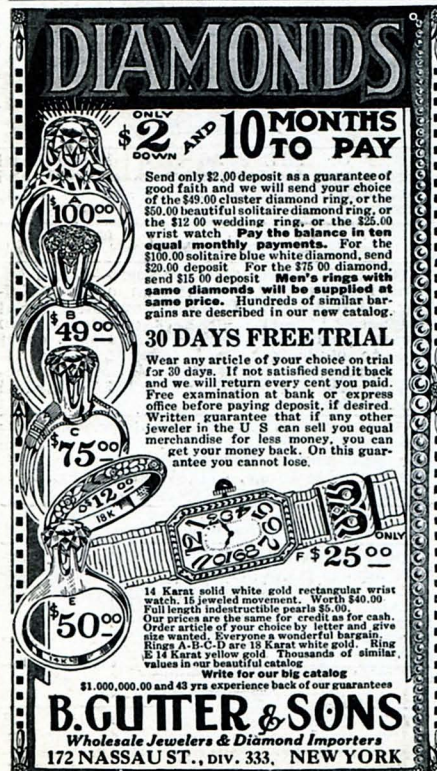


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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

ever think of it again it is simply some little laugh that has made a deep impression on my mind.

The other kind of picture I do not forget very soon, but the more I think of it, the more I realize what a really fine thing it was. Every time I think about it, I find some new point that I had not thought of particularly before. Some points linger on my mind and I don't receive the full benefits of the picture till long after I have seen it.

Of the first kind are the following: "Twenty-three and One Half Hours' Leave," which was the funniest picture I ever saw, "The Fighting Colleen," and "The Poor Simp."

Of the serious kind I have enjoyed these most: "Over the Hill," "The Four Horsemen," and "Humoresque." These pictures made me think.

I see very few pictures that I really enjoy, and usually, when I leave the theater, I have only been bored and I am glad to forget the picture immediately.

LOUIS RONCHETTO.

Box 66, Coalton, Okla.

This Fan is Surely Hard to Please!

A great deal is written about beauty on the screen. But who, on the screen, is really beautiful? As a motion-picture fan I have often wondered. We hear people speak admiringly of the beauty of this or that actress, when she really has no beauty at all!

There are very few beautiful women on the screen, I think. To me ninety per cent of the actresses are almost homely. In fact, of all the many, many screen actresses I can think of only five who to me are really beautiful.

Most actresses of to-day lack gracefulness. They are either too stout or too heavy, too slim or too little. Not so long ago some one mentioned Katherine MacDonald as the most beautiful woman on the screen. Miss MacDonald may have beautiful eyes, but as for being called beautiful, she is, I think, too stout, too heavy. And she lacks gracefulness. It was also said Miss Murray was the most beautiful woman on the screen. She may have beautiful legs and feet and pretty eyes, but Miss Murray is too stout for her height. Her neck is too short. Therefore she is not beautiful.

Norma Talmadge is very attractive, almost pretty, but not beautiful. We cannot call Connie Talmadge beautiful. Her features are too slim. She has a flat, long, and narrow face, and her eyes are too small. Doris May and Shirley Mason? Never. Nazimova reminds me of some one with a weary and worn expression. She has neither looks nor charm. She is too small, and she walks awkwardly.

One cannot help admiring the sweet things about Lillian Gish, but I do not think her beautiful. Welcome, Mary Philbin! You are not beautiful, being a wee bit too small, yet nevertheless you are very, very pretty. I could not help admiring your youthful expression. You reminded me of something very sweet. May MacAvoy, I like your looks, but you're a wee bit too small; therefore not beautiful. Bebe Daniels is to me neither pretty nor attractive. Her forehead is too large, her face is too broad, her mouth is not formed well, her shoulders are too large, she is also too stout and she lacks gracefulness.

It seems to me that Agnes Ayres has

been almost plain looking in her last few pictures. Her face is too large.

When I write again I shall also mention the five who are the only beautiful actresses.

ELLA NIKISHER.

651 Kenesaw Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

More About Stars' Photographs.

In your October number of PICTURE-PLAY, "Sincerity," of Venice, California, mentioned that she sent a dollar for photographs of her favorites, which I think is a very nice thing to do if you can. But when you are only a young girl and only get a dollar-a-month allowance, what are you going to do? I think when you send a star a quarter the star ought to send you something, but to my sorrow I have often been disappointed. Over a year ago I sent a quarter to Norma Talmadge and have received nothing. I am sure it was addressed correctly as I always look to be sure two or three times, and I haven't heard of any mail robberies in the East in a long time. This winter a girl in school got one free, and so I can't understand why I didn't get one for money.

Two years ago I got one from Lillian Gish for nothing. This year, after seeing "Orphans of the Storm," I sent twenty-five cents. That was in April, but I haven't received the picture or my money back.

In a letter from Dorothy Brown in the same number she asks why Valentino should charge more for his pictures than any other star. He doesn't. I sent a quarter and got a big picture of him, and I believe it is the best one I have seen.

Before I close I want to tell you how I enjoy reading "What the Fans Think." I can sometimes hardly wait to buy the PICTURE-PLAY, a month seems so very long.

EMILY S. MACKLIN.

Ilchester, Maryland.

A letter from Miss Dorothy Brown in your October issue has raised my ire. In it she says, "Ethel Clayton and Alice Joyce never send photographs, so why worry?" Of Miss Joyce I cannot say, but I am here to stand up for my one and only favorite, Miss Clayton. How many times has Miss Brown written that beautiful lady, and how long ago? Letters sometimes go astray, also, with a mail of two or three hundred letters a day, it is not surprising if some go astray. I would suggest that Miss Brown write again to Miss Clayton, and tell her that she has done so before, and not received a picture. I have a large number of friends who have written Miss Clayton and none of them have ever been refused a picture.

WINIFRED CHURCHILL.

1419½ North Normandie Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

I agree with Mary Eames, of Portland, Oregon, about what to do when the players and stars do not send their photos. It surely is disappointing to send the money and to receive neither picture nor answer to your letter. In July I wrote Rodolph Valentino and inclosed twenty-five cents, the usual fee, for a photo, and I have had neither the photo nor an answer to my letter. Three weeks ago I again wrote and asked if I might not have a reply to my first letter, and to date have not heard from that. That was the first photo I had ever sent for.

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However, I since have written to Norma Talmadge, and yesterday received a very beautiful likeness of herself. It was just ten days from the time I had written her until I received her photo. I have been wondering since if Valentino treats every one the same as I have been treated. I am an ardent Valentino fan, but such things rather cool one's devotion.

MARY BAILLIE MILLER.

1129 Avenue B, Flint, Mich.

From Another Agnes Ayres Admirer.

I wonder what the fans would do without this precious column? It is the first thing I turn to when I purchase the magazine. To my delight I find that I am not the only girl afflicted with "Ayreitis." I, too, am in love with that enchanting goddess known as Agnes Ayres. I agree with her adorer of the September issue. Any one who can resist her charms should indeed consult a brain specialist. She is so sweet that every time I see her I long to give her a hug. Some one says that she has no depth and wonders why people rave over her. Do you know why? Because it is impossible to see her and not love her.

Long may she continue to steal the hearts of not only men but members of her own sex!

MARION EASTON.

West 180th Street, New York City.

Down With Mock Heroics.

I, for one, think that many of the fans are getting wise to trashy sentimentality and mock heroics in pictures. Familiarity with Pollyanna nurslings and pseudo superheroes has bred contempt. Furthermore, we fans are sickened by happy endings dragged in without rhyme or reason. Some impatient fans, to escape an anticlimax, rise and flee before the end, lest their evening's entertainment be marred by an ending devoid of all sense.

Movie fans can be divided into two classes: those who make movie palaces their homes where they can just sit in a static state of inane bliss, blinking without thinking; and those others, less numerous but more ambitious, who attend with the fond hope of getting a broader view of life, or perchance some vicarious experience from their highly paid entertainers. For the first class anything that moves is good enough. The second class is undoubtedly capable of some kind of discrimination; and it is their presence that makes the difference between failure and success; i. e., profit and loss.

Tastes may vary in different communities, but everywhere there is a certain percentage that can tell whether what is offered is good or not. Broadly speaking, the fault, the whole fault, lies with movie fans themselves. So long as producers do not feel the pinch of necessity, they will continue to feed the public with pretty, doll-faced ingénues and manly heroes who cannot act convincingly.

All honor to Mary Pickford for her impersonation in "Suds;" and to Norma Talmadge for her character study in "The Passion Flower;" and to Wallace Reid for his "Peter Ibbetson;" and to Monte Blue for his part in "Orphans of the Storm," with honorable mention of the Gish sisters; and to Rodolph Valentino for his part in "The Four Horsemen" and in "Blood and Sand."

The fact is that stars grow tiresome unless they show marked versatility and the ability to portray faithfully parts entrusted to them.

I wish that the directors could realize that the day of fake heroism is over—where one "superman" beats up a dozen brawny antagonists, or by his lonesome shoots up a whole town, or in a happy-

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go-lucky way indulges in swordplay with a smile of merriment. Nature has its laws and its limitations; and we all know them. Would Sandow, the strong man, attack three traffic cops? Also, what self-respecting hero or villain would draw gun or sword with a merry "Ha! Ha!" Is the business of killing men such a jolly sport? And is it martial, or even seemly and decorous and heroic to shoot a poor bad man while standing on one's head making grimaces at him, or to cross swords while hanging from a chandelier, or while jumping over tables and prancing about like a boy let out of school? Such buffoonery is not in keeping with the self-respect of men of the sword.

J. H. COSTALES.

473 First Street, Brooklyn, New York.

A Fan Who Dislikes Gossip.

At last there is some one who thinks as I do. Griff Gordon, in last month's PICTURE-PLAY, told how he disliked having horrid gossip of the picture players continually placed before him to shatter the fine illusions he had about them. Well, I also feel the same way. I go to the movies and enjoy thoroughly the acting of my favorites. Then I come out, praising them, only to have some magazine or person tell me about some scandal in their lives. Their private lives have nothing at all to do with the acting they do on the screen. To me the actors are friends who, through the medium of the screen, have provided for me a sort of fairyland. I think it is none of the public's business what they do off the screen.

ETHELNE WILLIAMS.

Duluth, Minn.

Indeed We Try to Print Every Shade of Opinion.

In the September issue a letter from G. K. T., of Houston, Texas, entitled "Two Overworked Words," gave me a very hearty laugh. I do not know what G. K. T.'s standard of beauty is, but how can any one who has seen Martha Mansfield, Clara Young, June Elvidge, Bebe Daniels, Olga Petrova, and Hope Hampton class these girls as ordinarily beautiful women, and then claim that Olga Petrova is more beautiful than any of them? It seems to me that Olga Petrova has never been really beautiful, even when she was young, and to-day she has passed by many years the meridian of youth. Clara Young is also past the period, but she still retains a great deal of beauty. Bebe Daniels I do not consider beautiful. Martha Mansfield has certain claims to beauty, but of all the screen stars that I have ever seen in life, Hope Hampton is the most gloriously radiant and beautiful of them all. She appeared at the Stanley Theater here when her picture "Stardust" was being shown, and I fortunately sat in the second row and I was able to judge.

As to the acting ability of stars and their rights to the title, I take exception to G. K. T.'s classification. I do not consider Eva Novak, Miss Dupont, Constance Binney, or Marie Prevost actresses of the star caliber. Katherine MacDonald is a beautiful woman but, to my mind, not a great actress. But May MacAvoy is a splendid actress and a girl of great future. She proved in "Sentimental Tommy" of what ability she was possessed. And I certainly go on record in stating that Hope Hampton is one of the best and most sincere and convincing actresses on the screen, and that she has a very bright future. Lillian Gish is a great actress but only in certain parts. Priscilla Dean does very well in certain stories, but she is not versatile. Betty Comp-

son I consider only a fair actress. She was very good in "The Miracle Man" but since then has not set the world afire. Gloria Swanson makes a very wonderful clothes model, but as an actress of brains, subtlety, and power she is absolutely nil. Lila Lee is only good for certain unimportant ingénue parts.

Fortunately for the world, we are not all of the same opinion, but it is the opinion held by the majority which always controls, and I think as long as you are permitting fans to air their predilections and antipathies, that it is only fair that the stars that each of us like should be championed and defended by those of us who like them.

I am the private secretary to the highest official of one of the largest insurance companies in Philadelphia, and I am therefore giving you the opinion of a woman who is self-sustaining and who comes in contact with a great many fans. Sincerely yours,
 MRS. L. KARRER.

1725 North Bouvier Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Fan Who Treasures Her Photographs.

Although I have been a reader of PICTURE-PLAY for ages, I have never written to this department before. Now, however, the fans' discussion of who among the stars will send photographs to admirers, and who will not, has interested me so much that I would like to tell of my own experiences. When one has the disturbing knowledge that there is just about six thousand miles between the movie colony and one's self, then a mere photograph becomes something more than "a picture of a lady." Yes, it becomes something tangible, something vital—something to treasure and respect. At least, that's how it seems to me. I've never experienced the collecting craze; I have never wanted but one star's portraits, and I have them—eight of them, too! It has taken me four years to get them, and I have written to my favorite at regular intervals of six months, and each time she has acknowledged my letters by sending me one of her exquisite photographs. Sometimes the portrait bears my own name as well as my star's—which proves that she doesn't leave her mail to a secretary, but deals with it personally, which is a sweet thought to the admirer.

I feel very sorry for the poor fans who are not so fortunate as myself, but then so much depends upon the star! When she is one of those beautiful, cultured women whose smile is a benediction, whose unutterably beautiful disposition tries to express itself in her glorious personality; when she has the kind of eyes which look deep into the soul and express an overpowering sympathy—I say when she is all that and more—oh, infinitely more!—then one feels one could ask her anything and not have the appeal rejected. I would not part with my eight portraits of Pauline Frederick for all the gold in the kingdom—it's taken me four years to collect them, but they are worth all that, and to me she is worth all the rest of Hollywood together. God bless her!

KITTY L. BENNETT.

26 Parkside Street, Battersea Park, London, England.

Jump Number One.

Of course, we know she just wants to start something, and just to satisfy her little whims we'll all jump on her. Yes, I'm speaking of Miss Dorothy Brehr, who wrote that "classified likes and dislikes" letter in the November issue of PICTURE-PLAY.

I agree with her up until she says that Claire Windsor and Milton Sills can't act. It must be that she didn't see "One Clear Call," with both of them, or she couldn't truthfully say what she did. In the picture I mention Miss Windsor gives a very fine interpretation of a difficult rôle, and I defy any one to name a single player who could have done better!

Agnes Ayres is also worthy of commendation for her work in "Borderland." I don't actually list Miss Ayres first in my list of favorites, but she was very good in that picture. So much for that.

I agree with several of your correspondents when they advocate keeping your feelings to yourself. I must admit that I haven't done it in this, my first letter to your columns, but I hope that won't bar me from writing again.

Washington, D. C.

K. L. Y.

Still Receiving Letters.

Since you were kind enough to publish my last contribution I've been deluged with letters from the fans—some agreeing with me and others even going so far as to say that I am jealous of Gloria's wonderful gowns! And I am still receiving letters from places like Seckunk, Maine, and Waalawpua, Fiji Islands! However, I've managed to get my neck above them long enough to tell you that any time you want anybody to testify as to the popularity of PICTURE-PLAY, just jot me down at the head of the list!

Newport is very proud of itself these days, for the mighty David W. Griffith chose to honor us with the premiere of his latest picture, "One Exciting Night." He also was here in person, as were Carol Dempster and Foster Strong. "One Exciting Night" is going to be a success, as most of D. W.'s pictures are. It's a mystery melodrama, and, oh, what hair-raising, creepy mysteries! There is a tornado scene in the end which is equal to if not better than the blizzard in "Way Down East." The cast is good, Carol Dempster and Foster Strong scoring the hits. Henry Hull, recruited from the stage, was a disappointment to me.

Please, fans, those of you who like good pictures, and those who don't, don't fail to see this. It will make you feel that the movies aren't in their second childhood, as some of the latest pictures seem to indicate.

HARRY COHEN.

50 Callender Avenue, Newport, R. I.

This letter is mostly "brickbats," but I believe if the producers and stars will read some of the comments made by the fans, they will not foist so many atrocious pictures on us as we have been seeing.

There are several reasons why we do not have better pictures and do not enjoy a great many of the pictures that are released, and I might say one of the reasons is the inconsistency of the producers. Witness, for instance, the inconsistency of:

Famous Players-Lasky, in starring Jack Holt. Mr. Holt gave perhaps the most perfectly polished impersonation of a villain in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," and, to my mind, he should have continued playing parts such as that. I have never been able to sit through a picture in which he takes the part of the hero because I feel he is miscast.

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Casting Milton Sills as leading man opposite some of the young, good-looking actresses. He is far too old to play such parts. A man of his age and looks should play character parts or the part of a father to such stars as Mary Miles Minter, May McAvoy, et cetera.

Casting Thomas Meighan in crook parts. He is about the most sincere actor on the screen to-day and yet those unreal pictures are thrust upon him. It's time the producers realized that crook pictures (outside of such real pictures as "The Miracle Man") are very, very uninteresting and stupid to the majority of moviegoers.

Failure to star Conrad Nagel in place of Jack Holt. Next to Thomas Meighan, I would class Conrad Nagel as the best actor on the Lasky lot.

Failure of the producers in general to realize that Anna Nilsson is the most beautiful and stunning blonde in the movies and one of the very few who can act.

But, perhaps, the presumptuousness of some of the stars is even greater than the inconsistencies of the producers; for instance, the presumption of:

Katherine MacDonald to think that because she is good looking she doesn't have to act.

Clara Kimball Young, at her age, to play the young, kittenish parts she does. She, along with Milton Sills, should be playing the part of a parent to some of the ingénues.

Anita Stewart and Alice Brady to expect to retain their popularity after playing in the poor excuses for pictures that they have been for the past two years.

Gloria Swanson to expect the public to care for more than one of those gilded, elaborate, extravaganza pictures that she is making.

Finally, failure of the public not to acclaim Harold Lloyd the best and cleanest comedian on the screen to-day. But, then, perhaps they all have not yet seen "Grandma's Boy."

CLEVELAND FAN.

The Movies in Lithuania.

I received the following letter about a week ago from our oldest son, Baron Egon de Ropp, an officer of the former Imperial Guard, who had been for nine months in a Bolshevik prison in Petrograd. For six months he lived together with five grand dukes, different ministers and other high officials, and a Russian professor. Only the latter and our boy escaped with their lives; all the others, sixteen men in all, were murdered by the Bolsheviks.

Our boy, with his young wife and their little son, managed to escape from Petrograd and live now in Lithuania.

BARONESS OTTILY DE ROPP.

1318 East Windsor Road, Glendale, Cal.

DEAR LITTLE MOTHER: You asked me in your last letter to write you something about motion pictures in Lithuania, as you thought this might interest your Americans, who are, as you said, "the very best experts in this great new industry and know the whole business from A to Z."

I am sorry to disappoint you, but, really and truly, I do not know much on this subject, although my business takes me all over Lithuania. Besides, to write for the press one must be a real painter in words, don't you think so?

But, to make it short, this is the movie situation here in our young republic:

In Kovno, the residence of our president, seat of the government, and the biggest city in Lithuania, we have three pretty good and three pretty bad Kinos, as we call the motion-picture theaters. Scattered over the country are some

twenty more, and these are simply awful. At the present time the numbers given above are correct, but soon there will be probably many more.

The pictures shown in these "theaters"—what an elegant name for very unelegant places!—are divided into three classes:

First, dramas and tragedies, with or without murders, suicides, or some other convenient and spectacular expedient to put the hero or the villain out of the way. Plenty of tears, big love scenes, touching sacrifices, et cetera.

Second, criminal stories, so strong as to make one's hair stand on end!

Third, idiotic burlesques—comedy is too flattering a name for this trash.

Class number one, that is, the dramas, are for the greater part made in Germany. Their plots are forty per cent clever and one hundred per cent passionate, sentimental, and heart-rending. Seventy per cent of them have very rich costumes, elaborate interior sets, and wonderful out-of-door scenery. These pictures are usually presented at the same show in combination with pictures of class three.

Of class number two, the criminal pictures, sixty per cent are also fabricated in Germany. They are always very confused, complicated, and full of the most extraordinary entanglements, and sometimes—not often—they are quite clever and interesting. Perhaps fifteen per cent of them are of American origin, and these seem to me better than the others. The remaining twenty-five per cent are made in France, Italy, and maybe in some other country. Class number two is also given sometimes in combination with class three.

Of class number three, that is, of the comedies, eighty-five per cent of the so-called comical stuff consists in flying somehow through the air, shooting, jumping out of the windows, from aeroplanes, or express trains into a racing automobile or vice-versa; of explosions, smashing of crockery, windows, and furniture, of turning on a water hose or some faucet on somebody. The plot, naturally, is nil. This kind of stuff is, in my humble opinion, too strong for the average European. We do not like to see a comedian play all the time the rôle of a circus clown, and we demand more of a good comedy. With the ignorant populace these slapstick comedies are quite popular, but I think that we get in Lithuania only such comedy pictures as cannot be put over on the discriminating American public.

As yet we have no movie censors, but the police see to it that really indecent pictures are not shown. Besides, our Lithuanians are neither immoral nor even sensual, and not advanced far enough in "civilization" to demand spicy intellectual food.

The audiences are composed of fifty per cent of the common people, factory workers and some peasants; thirty per cent of the middle class, for the greater part Jewish young people; fifteen per cent of the so-called "intelligencia," and only five per cent of really highly educated people.

In the average, the arrangements and commodities in the movie theaters could be called more than poor, but as there is very little competition the public has to be satisfied with what it is offered.

The price for Kino tickets is from five to twelve marks—about three to seven cents, as the exchange is now one hundred marks for fifty-three cents.

As our Lithuanian exchange is on the same level as the German, the pictures

made in Germany are naturally much cheaper than those we could buy from other countries, especially from America. If your Americans will not hurry up, the Germans will in the near future hold all good business in Lithuania in their own hands, and then "good night" for the other nations.

And now good-by, mother dear. I have worked hard all day and am as tired as a dog. Your big boy,
Radviliskis, Lithuania.

A Vote Against the "Hall of Infamy."

I am riled, simply riled at the suggestion of Ernest Graydon! The very idea of a Hall of Infamy! No siree, I'm not in favor of it. If you can't cheer, don't knock, but write a kindly little note expressing yourself freely to the person responsible for whatever your grievance may be. This will be far more helpful than the broadcasting of knocks.

I cannot agree with little Miss Lorene Stiles that William S. Hart, J. Warren Kerrigan, Bryant Washburn, and many others have seen their greatest days. I'd walk a mile in the mud any old time to see any one of them, and ten miles in the mud to see King Baggot. Aside from your remarks about the old favorites your letter is just a dear.

I have never been disappointed in "personal appearances." I just love to see and hear my friends of the silver screen come to life.

Poor dear little Helen Ferguson! Bless her heart! I just felt so sorry for her when I read her note. I like your work exceedingly, Helen! You were splendid in "The Conquest of Canaan."

To show you how interested I am in "What the Fans Think"—my December copy of PICTURE-PLAY came just as I had started lunch. I held it in one hand and read "What the Fans Think" while I fried pork chops with the other.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. LORENZA STEVENS.

711 Superba Street, Venice, California.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

CLEMENTINE.—No, Clementine, all the scenes in a picture are not rehearsed before any of the film is shot, and there are rarely any rehearsals out of costume. The players come on the set all made up and in costume, ready for a certain scene, which has probably never been gone over before. Half the time they don't even know what it's going to be, as few of the players get a chance to become familiar with the script. The action of the scene is rehearsed several times, until the director is satisfied with it, then the camera grinds and the scene is filmed. So you see the players haven't much chance to build up and perfect their scenes the way stage players do. They have to be quick and get their points across once and for all, without the advantage of an audience's reactions. Of course, they see themselves as soon as the film is developed, but it is too late then to make any changes, unless the scene is retaken because of some imperfection.

LOUISE.—Alma Rubens' next picture will be "Enemies of Women," the Cosmopolitan production which will be made from Blasco Ibanez' novel, and the company will go to Europe to make it, taking in Paris, Monte Carlo, and other cities. One of the most interesting things about the picture is that Lionel Barrymore will play the male lead; also, the potent Nita Naldi will have a rôle, and the rest of the cast includes Pedro de Cordova and Gladys Hulette.

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STUART B. G.—There is no Barbara Medford in pictures that I know of. You must mean Barbara Bedford. Lately Barbara has been dividing her time between the Universal and Fox studios. She is nineteen and the wife of Irvin Willat, the director. Elaine Hammerstein is in California now and will probably stay there for some time, as the Selznick company, for whom Elaine works, moved their entire producing organization to the coast, with the exception of the Theda Bara unit.

T. J.—Well, I should say you do "bubble over with questions." In fact, they seem to run right over and away with you, so that you forget that I'm only one person and can't answer about fifty questions for one fan. However, let's begin, anyhow. Virginia Pearson is back on the screen after a long absence during which she was on the stage in vaudeville. Virginia plays in the Ivor Abrahamson production, "Wildness of Youth." Gloria Swanson's eyes are dark blue and her hair brownish red. Charlie Chaplin is now working on his first big comedy for United Artists. Don't know the title of it yet. Charlie is only five feet four. Doris May is married to Wallace MacDonald, Wanda Hawley to Burt Hawley, a nonprofessional, and Virginia Valli to George Lamson.

CLAUDE D.—I guess I haven't forgotten you, Claude—neither your peculiar (?) characteristic of writing long letters; nor your neat little circles for i's. Gaston Glass still holds all your devotion, I see. He just made one picture for Edwin Carewe, "I Am the Law," his most recent appearance is in the Goldwyn picture, "Gimme," in which Helene Chadwick plays opposite him. Hope you have received your answer and photo by this time.

RUTH ROLAND ADMIRER.—Surely I can tell you something about Earl Metcalfe. He was born in Newport, Kentucky, in 1889 and educated in Cincinnati, Ohio. Earl was on the stage for seven years, playing in stock, vaudeville, and regular productions, and is also a screen veteran, as he started in pictures with the old Lubin company around 1915. And you've just discovered him! Well, you seem to be making up for it with interest. Earl has been married—to Ethel Tully—but is divorced. His hair is brown, he has blue eyes, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and is five feet eleven. "Plunder" is Ruth Roland's next serial after "White Eagle." Yes, I certainly hope that you get a chance to meet Ruth personally some day. I'm sure you'd like her even more.

LILLIAN WALKER FAN.—Good news for you! Your idol is back from Europe and has the leading rôle in a new stage play called "Sweet Petunia." When it gets to New York you can journey over from Brooklyn and realize your dream of seeing Lillian in person and "die happy."

T. H.—Oh, yes, quite a few of the screen players have families. Jack Holt, for instance, has three children, Bryant Washburn has two, Gloria Swanson has a daughter, so has Dorothy Phillips, Cullen Landis has three children, Mary Carr has six, Will Rogers three, Wallace Reid has a son, Conrad Nagel has a daughter, Jane Novak has a daughter, so has Tom Mix, Harry Carey has a daughter, Jack Hoxie has two, Claire Windsor has a son, Milton Sills has two children, Alice Brady has a child, Louise Huff has three, Mae Marsh has a daughter, and so on. So you see, there's just as much of the family spirit in the movies as in any other industry.

CLYDE S.—Ben Turpin was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1874. He is the same height as Charlie Chaplin, five feet four, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Ben has black hair and his eyes, as nearly as I can make out, are brown. "Just Tony" is Tom Mix's latest picture, but he really only plays a supporting rôle in this, as the title part is portrayed by his famous horse, Tony. "The Voice From the Minaret" is Norma Talmadge's latest. She is in Europe at present, and will probably look over locations for "The Garden of Allah," which she expects to film on the other side. The Douglas Fairbanks picture produced just before "The Mollycoddle" was "When the Clouds Roll By."

P. F. G.—Malcolm MacGregor is coming along very nicely, thank you. He has the leading male rôle in "Broken Chains," plays opposite Billie Dove in "Youth to Youth," and will have an important rôle in the Metro production "Cold Courage," adapted from Ben Ames Williams' story "All the Brothers Were Valiant." He has been placed under contract by Metro.

BOBS.—Yes, Corinne Griffith's name used to be Griffin and she came from Mineral Wells, Texas. Corinne is five feet four and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. She has only one more picture to make for Vitagraph and then some interesting things should happen in the way of a new contract for her.

INA.—Robert Ellis has been playing hookey from the megaphone to smile before the camera and has been quite busy making love to various leading ladies. He appeared opposite Dorothy Phillips in "Hurricane's Girl," with his wife, May Allison, in "The Woman Who Fooled Herself," with Alice Brady in the screen version of her stage success "Anna Ascends," and is at present playing with Dorothy Dalton in a new production. Robert was born in the city of a great many movie celebrities, Brooklyn, New York.

J. A.—Pola Negri's first picture to be made in this country is "Bella Donna," and Conrad Nagel and Conway Tearle have the leading male rôles in it. Miss Negri is in Hollywood now, and will probably be there for some time. She was married to a Polish count, but is divorced.

AGNES AYRES ADMIRER.—No, Agnes Ayres does not charge for her photographs, but I would suggest that you inclose return postage. Requests for photos should be mailed to her at the Lasky Studio. There is also an Agnes Ayres Club which will probably be very glad to add you to its membership. Just write to the Agnes Ayres Club, 1311 Hayworth Avenue, Hollywood, California.

S. B. F.—What is interesting to write a movie star? It all depends on you and on the star. I'm afraid you'll have to make up your own letter, S. B. That's one thing The Oracle can't do for you. I shall always be glad to answer your questions, but that's as far as I can go.

ROBERT R.—Sorry, Robert, but I cannot trace the name of the five-year-old picture in which Louise Huff and a dog were on a sinking ship and climbed on a raft and were saved. Perhaps one of my readers will be able to identify it and will write and tell me the name, in which case I will print it later on. Louise is married—very much so. She has three children. Her husband's name is Edward Stillman.

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STORES IN LEADING CITIES

FRANCES C. I.—Katherine MacDonald is shy about her age, so your guess is as good as mine. Betty Compson is not married, nor engaged—at least she isn't engaged at the moment I am writing this. It probably isn't in my nature to "just adore" movie players, Frances, but I can say that I like Gloria Swanson very much. There is an address for Marguerite Clark at the end of The Oracle in this issue.

EVELYN R.—Charles Ray certainly has not three children. He hasn't any. Tell your friend that I hate to disillusion her, but Wallie Reid said good-by to twenty some years ago. He was born in 1892, so figure it out. Yes, he is married—to Dorothy Davenport, and they have a son, Bill, who is four years old. Harold Lloyd is still unengaged to Mildred Davis.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Agnes Ayres, James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson, J. Warren Kerrigan, Lois Wilson, Raymond Hatton, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Leatrice Joy, Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel, Betty Compson, Thomas Meighan, Jack Holt, Theodore Kosloff, Bert Lytell, Lila Lee, Bebe Daniels, Mary Miles Minter, May McAvoy, Wallace Reid, Wanda Hawley, Elliott Dexter, Milton Sills, and Pauline Garon at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Harrison Ford, Percy Marmont, and John Barrymore at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Richard Dix, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mae Busch, Rupert Hughes, Claire Windsor, Helene Chadwick, Rockcliffe Fellowes, and Hobart Bosworth at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Priscilla Dean, Norman Kerry, Mary Philbin, Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Maud George, Frank Mayo, Hoot Gibson, Gladys Walton, Herbert Rawlinson, and Baby Peggy at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Mae Murray, Robert Frazer, Clara Kimball Young, Barbara La Marr, Billie Dove, Laurette Taylor, and Viola Dana at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Martha Mansfield, care of Pyramid Pictures, 150 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City.

Corinne Griffith, Alice Calhoun, Colleen Moore, Earle Williams, William Duncan, Larry Semon at the Vitagraph Studios, Talmadge Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Eugene O'Brien at the Players Club, Gramercy Park, New York City.

Seena Owen, Marion Davies, Forrest Stanley, Lionel Barrymore, and Alma Rubens at International Studios, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Madge Bellamy, Florence Vidor, and Marguerite De La Motte at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Madge Kennedy, care of Kenma Corporation, 120 Broadway, New York City.

Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, Ruth Roland, and Snub Pollard at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Johnny Jones, care of J. K. McDonald Productions, 6642 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Mabel Normand, Mildred June, and Ben Turpin at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Pearl White and George B. Seitz at Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Richard Barthelmess, Lillian and Dorothy Gish at Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Jackie Coogan, Elaine Hammerstein, Niles Welch, Owen Moore, Guy Bates Post, Maurice Flynn, and Kathryn Perry at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Ethel Clayton, Harry Carey, Cullen Landis, Jane Novak, and Johnny Walker at the R-C Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Wesley Barry, care of Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

William Russell, Buck Jones, John Gilbert, Shirley Mason, William Farnum, Tom Mix, and Dustin Farnum at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady, care of Paramount Pictures, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Marguerite Clark, Hope Hampton, and Miriam Cooper at First National Exhibitors' Circuit, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

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